# KINGS OF KĀSHMĪRA

A Translation of the Sanskrita Work Rajataranggini of Kahlana Pandita, Jonaraja Shrivara, and of Prajyabhatta & Shuka

**Volume I**

Jogesh Chunder Dutt

Unlike the Greeks, the Romans, the Arabs and the Chinese, the Indians had no tradition of historical writing. While Indian literature provides a great deal of material for the reconstruction of Indian history, neither Sanskrit nor any other Indian literature included history as one of its main branches.

The only exception to this rule is Kahlana's Rājataraṅgiṇi—a history of Kashmir. Considering the poverty of historical records in India, the value of this rare historical work of singular significance can scarcely be exaggerated.

Every great social and religious revolution, and every great historical event which transpired in India have left their impress on the history of Kashmir. By narrating this history, Kahlana provides us with a historical sourcebook of inestimable value.

The present work is the first English translation of this unique masterpiece. A short resume of the Sanskrit original published by H. H. Wilson was the only available English rendering, but his work in addition to being incomplete, was flawed by the mixing up of inaccurate additions he had gathered from Persian translations of Kahlana.

*(Contd. on the next flap)*

# Kings of Kāshmīra

# KINGS OF KĀSHMĪRA



*(A Translation of the Sanskrita Work Rājataran̓ggiṇi of Kahlana Panditā)*

**(Vol. I)**

**Jogesh Chunder Dutt**

**MITTAL PUBLICATIONS**
NEW DELHI-110059 (INDIA)

First Published in 1887
**Reproduced in India 1990**

Published by K.M. Mittal for Mittal Publications,
A-1/8, Mohan Garden, New Delhi-110059

Printed in India at New Gian Offset Press, Delhi-110035.

TO

MY YOUNGER BROTHER

**ROMESH CHUNDER DUTT**

OF

HER MAJESTY'S CIVIL SERVICE

AND

OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW,

THE PRESENT WORK

IS DEDICATED

*As a token of brother's sincere esteem and affection.*

# CONTENTS.


| | Page. |
|---|---|
| Book I ... ... ... ... ... | 1 |
| Book II ... ... ... ... ... | 26 |
| Book III ... ... ... ... ... | 36 |
| Book IV ... ... ... ... ... | 61 |
| Book V ... ... ... ... ... | 106 |
| Book VI ... ... ... ... ... | 141 |
| Book VII ... ... ... ... ... | 169 |
| Appendix A ... ... ... ... ... | i |
| Appendix B ... ... ... ... ... | ii |
| Appendix C ... ... ... ... ... | iv |
| Appendix D ... ... ... ... ... | vi |
| Appendix E ... ... ... ... ... | ix |
| Appendix F ... ... ... ... ... | [illegible] |
| Appendix G ... ... ... ... ... | xi |
| Appendix H ... ... ... ... ... | xii |
| Appendix I ... ... ... ... ... | xiii |
| Appendix J ... ... ... ... ... | xv |
| Appendix K ... ... ... ... ... | xvi |
| Appendix L ... ... ... ... ... | xvii |
| List of kings ... ... ... ... ... | xix |


## ERRATA.

Page 97, footnote, *for* Appendix [illegible] *read* Appendix L.

" 167, line 22, " K. E. 89 " K. E. 79.

# PREFACE.

SEPARATED from the rest of the world, on the north by the lofty range of the Himálaya mountains, and on other sides by the sea, India has from the earliest period presented to its people a world by itself. And within this vast continent lived from the remotest antiquity a portion of the Aryan race who developed among themselves a degree of civilization unattained by any other nation of antiquity. This people, though originating from the same stock, speaking the dialects of the same language, and following the dictates of the same religion, had early divided themselves into different tribes according to the physical nature of the portion of the country which they each came to occupy. The Káshmírians and the Nepálese who inhabited the mountainous regions of the Himálayas, differed from those who dwelt in the valleys of the Indus or the Ganges, or occupied the deserts of Rájputana or the tableland of Mahárástra. Nor did the division cease here. There were minuter sub-divisions, and the country was cut up into small principalities and tribes, each tribe having a chief of their own, speaking a distinct dialect, settling in a definite tract of country which they generally named after themselves. Houen Sang, the Chinese pilgrim, who visited India in the 7th century after Christ, speaks of 138 such principalities, of which 110 were personally visited by him. These petty tribes seem to have kept up a continual strife with one another, subduing and

being subdued in turn. And many were the tribes that rose to influence from time to time, reducing their neighbours to a state of vassalage, and styling themselves the lords of the seagirt world. Nor were their affairs always confined within the geographical limits of India. They had frequent intercourse with almost all the ancient nations. Their ships visited China and the Eastern Archipelago, and they were visited in turn by Arab ships and merchants who exported Indian commodities to Bagdad, Egypt and Europe. Foreigners also came as invaders, and not unfrequently as travellers.

Of the succession of events which took place among each and all of the numerous tribes that dwelt and are still dwelling in India from the remotest antiquity, we have no authentic records. The Rámáyana, the Mahábhárata and other ponderous volumes, though giving faithful pictures of the state of the people and their habits, feelings, manners, &c., during the periods when those works were composed, yield but little information regarding historical events. The Rámáyana furnishes us with but meagre annals of a single line of kings who reigned in one town, Ayodhya, and its neighbourhood; and the greater portion of the work is devoted to description of a single reign, that of Ráma, a description which outrages sober belief. Mahábhárata likewise narrates the wanderings and wars of the five sons of Pándu, and the narration is mixed with stories of the past mostly of an absurd and romantic kind. Such being the character of the books we now

possess, an attempt to write a history, in its usual sense, of India, must at present remain a hopeless task.

While so much dearth prevails in the department of Indian history, an account of a people who lived from the earliest period in a corner of India, may not, it is hoped, be unacceptable. The present work, it should be stated, pretends to be nothing more than a faithful rendering into English of a history which already exists in the Sanskrita language.* The first part of the book, the Rájataranggini, has been written by Kahlana Pandita, son of Champaka. It embraces the history of the country from the earliest period to the time of the author, A.D. 1148. The next part entitled Rájábali has been written by Jonarája, and brings the history down to A.D. 1412; and this again has been continued under the name of Jainarájataranggini by his pupil Sri Vara Pandita to A.D. 1477. The fourth and last part, the Rájávalipitaka, brings down the history of the country to the time of its conquest by Akbar, and was written by Prajya Bhatta at the time of that emperor. The present translation embraces the history of the country from the earliest times to the reign of king Harsha, A.D. 1101, about one-half of the work of Kahlana Pandita. It is the intention of the Translator to bring down the history in two more volumes to the period of the conquest of the valley by

* The Translator has however thought it necessary to omit from the text such stories as relate to superhuman agencies, and to give them in the form of appendix, in order to preserve the continuity of historical narration.

Akbar. He can, however, hold out no promise to his readers to this effect, as his time is not always at his command.

It is a matter of just regret that the work is disfigured in many places with what in modern times would be considered immodest writing. The time of the author perhaps allowed such writing. However that may be, all that the Translator has to state for himself is that he has not thought himself justified to improve upon his original, and that his only object throughout this performance has been to offer to his readers a faithful translation of the original, with all its beauties and defects.

Mr. Wilson has already favored the English reading public with a sketch of a small portion (first six cantos) of the history of Káshmíra. (See Asiatic Researches, Vol. 15.) But it is after all a sketch, and a sketch made from very imperfect copies; and though its materials are mostly drawn from the Sanskrita work, yet it is mixed up with the whimsical additions and alterations which appear in the Persian translation.

In conclusion, the writer has only to add that in his earlier years he always cherished the idea of writing a complete history of India from original Sanskrita records. Riper years shewed him the folly of such an attempt. His inability to undertake such a gigantic task, even if the materials had not been wanting, should have made him think twice before entertaining such a hope. Nevertheless the idea imbibed in younger days, and fondly

cherished from year to year, the writer has found it difficult altogether to give up. It was for a long time his wish to connect his attempts with a history of India, and this hope or vanity he has now attempted to gratify by the comparatively lighter task of rendering a history which already exists in the Sanskrita language into English. Even while this work was in progress, he was too often and too painfully reminded by the difficulties he met, of his own weakness.

CALCUTTA,<br>13th *August* 1879. J. C. DUTT.

# KINGS OF KÁSHMIRA.

## BOOK I.*

What an indescribable thing, is the merit of a good poet! By means of it, his own fame as well as that of others is immortalised! Who, but a poet can bring back the past in sweet composition, and what can make it intelligible if his art cannot? Although grace has been sacrified in this work, for the sake of briefness, yet there are some things which will please the good. Happy is he, who is without worldliness and envy, and is favored by the Goddess of Learning in narrating the past. I shall include past records in my writing, and the good will not turn away without knowing the usefulness of my work. Modern writers have tampered with the records of the eye-witnesses of past events, and it requires skill, therefore, to write a history of the past. To write the truth is my object.

---

* An invocation to Hara and Parvati, with which the work begins, has been left out.

The elaborate original records were epitomized by Suvrata, in order that they might be remembered with ease, and so the original was lost. The style of Suvrata is tough and obscure.

Though Kshesandra had the powers of a poet, yet through his carelessness, his history of kings has become faulty.

I have seen eleven old works on the history of kings, and also the book of Nilamuni, and have corrected many errors by examining gift-deeds of ancient kings.

Twelve thousand works on the history of kings were compiled by the great ascetic Heláràja.

No mention is made of fifty-two kings on account of their irreligion. Four of these, Gonanda, &c., are named by Nilamuni; Padmamihira following Heláraja gives an account of eight kings, descendants of Ashoka from Lava; and Shrichchhavillaka speaks of five only. He writes, "from Ashoka to Àbhimanyu five kings have been named out of fifty-two." These fifty-two kings, whose histories have not been written because of their evil works, were contemporaneous with the Kauravas and the Kaunteyas of the Kali Yuga. They reigned with might, rode elephants, attained great prosperity, and in their houses were ladies, hidden from view like moon-light in the open day; yet these great men are not now known or remembered, as if they had never been born, simply because poets did not favor

them by writing their histories. I bow to the poet's great art without which the world is dark.

[ The author has taken great pains to fix the date of the original dynasty. We have given his elaborate arguments combating certain then-existing errors on the subject, as well as our calculations fixing the dates of the different reigns and events as deduced from the author's date, in Appendix A. *Translator.*]

Kashmira is studded with high cliffs, and cannot be conquered even by the strength of a good army; and the people are afraid of nothing but of the future world. In winter there are hot baths by the river, in summer the cool river-banks; and the rivers are calm, and not infested with water animals. It is a country where the sun shines mildly, being the place created by Kashayapa as if for his glory. High school-houses, the saffron iced water, and grapes, which are rare even in heaven, are common here. Kailása is the best place in the three worlds, Himálaya the best part of Kailása, and Káshmíra the best place in Himalaya.

The following is a list of gods and holy things which existed in Káshmíra from the earliest time :—

An wooden image of Shiva, the destroyer of vice, to touch which is to gain salvation;

A currentof water which flows at evening over a hill. This can be seen by the virtuous, but not by the vicious;

Brahmá in the shape of fire, which rising from the earth burnt the forest;

The goddess Sarasvatí in the form of a swan in a lake on the top of the Devíbheng Rock whence the Ganges takes its rise.

The shrine of Nandi Kshetra where the spots of sandal, with which the gods performed worship, are visible to the present day.

There, at Nandi, is also Sáradá or Durgá, by seeing whom one gains immediate salvation and the gift of the flowing and sweet speech of a poet.

The country is adorned with gods Chakrabhrita, Vijayesha, Adi Keshava and Isháná. It is full of shrines.

Be it to the glory or shame of the country or the time, we will speak the truth, regarding the history of kings. This book contains accounts of many ancient manners; and what wise men will not feel charmed with it? The triumph of contentment will be apparent if the frail life of man be contemplated. Listen then to this sweet history clearly narrating the actions of kings.

---

For six Manvantaras from Sarskalpa the world lay filled with water, bedded in the lap of the Himálaya, and on the approach of the present Vaívasvatakalpa, Kashyapa invited the gods from above, and struck the earth and caused it to be heaved above the water, and thus established the kingdom of Káshmíra. Then reigned Níla over the Nágas; his royal umbrella was the hood of

the serpent (Nága). There lived various classes of Nágas whose jewels made the city as rich as the treasury of Kuvera. The first king Níla was invited by the Nágas to reign over them. He had a sceptre one and a half cubit long, and had an umbrella placed over him, and a *kunda*.

The history then presents a blank till the reign of Gonanda I. at the beginning of the *Kali yuga*. This powerful king was contemporary with Yudhisthira and a friend of his enemy Jarásindhu. Gonanda I, who ruled in Káshmíra, where the Ganges flows cheering the mount Kailása on her way, was invited by Jarásindhu to help him in his invasion of Mathurá, the capital of Krishna. With a large army they invested that city and encamped on the banks of the Yamuná to the great terror of their foes. On one occasion the army of Krishna was defeated in a battle, but Balaráma not only retrieved the confusion of his army, but made a vigorous attack on the allied force. For a long time victory remained doubtful, till at last Gonanda I., pierced with wounds fell dead on the field, and the army of Krishna was victorious.

On his death, Dámodara I. ascended the throne of Káshmíra, and though possessed of this beautiful kingdom, he was far from being happy; his proud heart brooded on his father's death. While in this state, he heard that the Gándháras had invited Krishna and his relatives to the nuptials of some of the daughters of

their tribe, to be celebrated near the banks of the Indus, and in which the bridegrooms were to be chosen by the brides. While great preparations were being made for the nuptials, the king moved with a large army of infantry and horse, and interrupted the festival. In the battle that ensued, many of the Gándharas were killed, but the king, pierced to the heart with Krishna's *chakra*, perished.

He left his queen Yasabatí pregnant, and she was by Krishna's orders raised to the throne. This step was opposed by his envious ministers, but he silenced them by repeating a verse from the Puranas, to the effect that the girls of Káshmira are Párvvatis. "Know," said he, "that the sovereigns of Káshmíra are portions of Hara, and they should not be hated by the wise even if they be wicked and worldly-minded. Man does not value the woman he enjoys, but the subjects will see in her, their mother and goddess." In due course the queen gave birth to an auspicious male child, and it was a sapling of a family which had well-nigh become extinct. The ceremonies of his birth and coronation were performed by Bráhmans, and he grew up and was named Gonanda after his grandfather. Two nurses were employed for him, one, his mother, to give him milk, and the other to do all other work. His father's ministers would bestow wealth on those on whom he would smile, though the smile of a child is meaningless. If they could not understand his lisping words they left ashamed. They would often

set him upon his father's throne, his feet not reaching the footstool, and while his hair waved in the breeze of the chámara, they would administer justice to his subjects in his presence. It was at this time that the great battle of Kuru Pandava was fought, but he was then an infant, and was not therefore asked to help either of the parties.

After this, the names of thirty-five kings are lost in the sea of oblivion, as their history has not been written because of their irreligiousness.

The next king whose name is mentioned was Lava, a renowned prince. He had a vast and powerful army under him, and probably carried on many wars with his neighbours. It is said of him that the noise of his army made his people sleepless, but lulled his enemies to long sleep (death). He built the town of Lolora which, it is said, contained no less than eighty-four lacs of stone-built houses. Nothing more is said of him than that he bestowed the village of Levara in Ledari on Bráhmanas before his death.

He was succeeded by his son Kusheshaya, who was a powerful prince. He bestowed the village of Kurúhára on Bráhmanas.

His son Khagendra, who succeeded him, was a valorous and patient king. He destroyed many of the Nágas who were his enemies. He founded the villages of Khágikhuna and Musa.

After his death his son Surendra succeeded him. He was a prince of great valor, of pure character, and mild

temper. He built near Darat a town named Saura, and within that town he erected a palace which he named Narendra Bhavana. He died childless.

On his death one named Godhara, born of a different family, became king. He gave away the village of Hastishálá to Bráhmanas.

His son Suvarna, who reigned after him, was a liberal prince; he gave away gold to beggars, and caused a canal which he called Suvarna-mani to be dug at Karála.

His son Janaka was like a father to his subjects; he built Vihára and Jálara.

His son Shachinara, of forgiving temper and of noble mind, then ruled the kingdom; he built Rájágrahára and Shamángásáshanára. He died childless.

He was succeeded by Ashoka, the great grandson of Shakuni, and son of king Shachinara's first cousin. He was a truthful and spotless king, and a follower of Buddha. He caused many stupas to be built on the rocky banks of the Vitastá (Jhelum) at Shushkaletra. On the extremity of Dharmáranya he built a chaitya so high that its top could not be seen. It was he who built Srinagara, which contained no less than ninety-six lacs of beautiful houses. He pulled down the dilapidated wall of the compound of the temple of Srivijayesha and built a new stone wall in its stead. He also caused to be erected two palaces near the courtyard of that god, and named them Ashoka and Isvra.

In his reign, it appears, the Mlechchhas (Scythians?) overran the country, and he retired into privacy and ended his life in devotion.

His brave son Jaloka, said to have been the gift of Shiva whom he pleased by his worship, drove back the Mlechchhas from the country and succeeded in regaining his father's throne. An account of his accomplishments, would astonish even the gods. If a golden egg were thrown into a tank, he could pierce it with his arrow. He knew the art of being under water, by which device he enjoyed the youthful daughters of the Nágas. He was the worshipper of Vijayeshvara, Nandísha and Kshetrajyeshtesha—all, different representations of Shiva. His victory over these foreigners, which gained him great reputation, did not cease with their expulsion from his kingdom, but he pursued them to the sea. Weary of battles against them, he rested at a place where he tied up his hair, for which reason the place was named Ujjatadimba. He then turned his arms in another direction, conquered Konouje, and thence carried to his kingdom, some men of each of the four castes, who were versed in law and religion. Before his time, Káshmíra was a poor country, and justice was not well administered. For the proper administration of the country he created seven new offices, *viz.* : those of Chief Justice, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Treasurer, Commander-in-Chief, Ambassador, High Priest and Augur. He entrusted the government of Dvára and other places to his queen

Ishánadeví. He established eighteen places of worship, and built Váraváḷa and other edifices, and used to hear the Nandi Purana recited by a disciple of Vyása. He set up the god Jeshtharudra in Srinagara, and also worshipped the god Sodara.

It is narrated of this king that one day, when he was going to the temple of Vijayeshvara, he met a woman in the way who asked him for some food, and when he promised her whatever food she wanted, she changed herself into some deformed shape and asked for human flesh. Unwilling to kill any one to satisfy her unnatural appetite, he permitted her to take off what she liked from his own body. This heroic self-devotion seemed to move her, and she remarked that for his tender regard for the life of others she considered him a second Buddha. The king, being a follower of Shiva, did not know Buddha, and asked her who Buddha was whom she took him to be. She then unfolded her mission and said, that on the other side of the hill of Lokáloka, where the sun never shone, there lived a tribe of Krittiká who were the followers of Buddha. This tribe, she continued with the eloquence of a missionary, were never angry even with those who did them injury, forgave them that trespassed against them, and even did them good. They taught truth and wisdom to all, and were willing to dispel the darkness of ignorance that covered the earth. "But this people," she added, "you have injured. There was a monastery belonging to us in which the beating of

drums once disturbed your sleep, and incited by the advice of wicked men you have destroyed the monastery. The angry Buddhists sent me to murder you, but our high priest interfered; he told me that you were a powerful monarch, against whom we would not be able to cope. He said that if you would listen to me, and build a monastery with your gold, you would atone for the sins of which you are guilty in destroying the former one. Here I came therefore and tested your heart in disguise." Krittideví then returned to her people after extorting from the king a promise to build a monastery, and agreeably to his promise he caused it to be erected on the very place of their meeting.

At Nandikshetra he caused a house of Shiva Bhútesha to be erected and bestowed much wealth on it. It seems his last days were spent in devotion. On the banks of the Kanakaváhiní there was a holy place named Chíramochana. Here the king performed his devotions for three nights. At the time of song and dance, one hundred females of his household rose up to dance before the god Jeshtharudra and he bestowed those women on that god. He and his queen died at Chíramochana.

Dámodara II. then ascended the throne; it does not appear, whether this prince was of Ashoka's line or of some other dynasty. He was very rich, and a devout Shaiva, and his glory is still remembered. He contracted friendship with Kuvera, king of the Yakshas, a neighbouring tribe, and caused the Yakshas to build a bridge crossing a

swamp, and gave the name of Dámodarasuda to the city built by him in that swamp. Ambitious to do something uncommonly beneficial to his people, he thought of erecting high stone embankments to prevent inundations, employing the Yakshas in the work. But an accident prevented the accomplishment of his design. One day when the king was going to bathe pervious to performing a Shraddha, some hungry Bráhmanas asked him for food, but he disregarded their request and was proceeding to the river, when the Bráhmanas by the force of their worship brought the river to his feet. "Look!" said they, "here is the Vitastá (Jhelum), now feed us." But the king suspected it to be the effect of magic. "Go away for the present," replied the king, "I will not feed you till I have bathed." The Bráhmanas then cursed him saying that he would be turned into a serpent. When much entreated to withdraw their curse, they so far mitigated it as to say that if the king would listen to the Ramayana from the beginning to the end in one day, he would again be restored to his form. To this day, he may be seen running about at Damodarasuda in the form of a thirsty serpent. Cursed is the power of Rishis, that even such a good king should be destroyed by it. The glory lost by the force of an enemy may be restored again, but that destroyed by the curse of Bráhmanas never comes back.

Then there were on the throne of Káshmíra three kings reigning jointly, namely, Hushka, Jushka and

Kanishka; they built three cities and called them after their names. Jushka also caused a monastery to be built and another town named Jayasvámipura. Though they were of Turashka origin, they yet built several monasteries and places of worship on the plains of Shushkaletra. During their long reigns Buddhist hermits were all-powerful in the country, and Buddhist religion prevailed without opposition. From the death of Buddha Shákyasinha to this time of Lokadhatu, one hundred and fifty years had passed. Nágárjjuna a great Boddhisattva then stopped for six days in the woods of Káshmíra.

Then reigned Abhimanyu without an enemy in the kingdom, and bestowed the village of Kantakoutsa to Bráhmanas. He caused an image of Shiva to be made on which his name was inscribed. He also built a city called Abhimanyupura after his name. It was in his reign that the grammarians Chandrácharjya and others flourished, and wrote the history of this king with his permission. The Buddhists, under their great leader Nágárjjuna, continued to gain strength in the country; they not only defeated in argument the Panditas who upheld the worship, of Shiva, and rejected the duties prescribed in the Nílapurána, but had the influence to discontinue the ceremonies and worship enjoined by it. The Nágas, in consequence, rose in arms, murdered many people, mostly Buddhists, by rolling down ice from the mountains; and carried on their devastations year by year. The king avoided these scenes of tumult, and

retired in winter to such places as Dárvvabhisára, &c. At last Chandradeva, a pious Bráhmana and a descendant of Kasyapa, appeased the tumult by worshipping Shiva who appeared to him in person, prevented the rolling of ice, and restored the rites according to the Nílapuráua. This holy man had on a former occasion stopped a massacre of the Yakshas.

Then came Gonanda III. to the throne, and established the rites of the Nágas according to the Nílapuráná, and the wicked Buddhists ceased to be oppressed. He was a good and powerful king, and infused new life into the kingdom. He was the greatest of his line as Ráma was in his. It is owing to the virtues of the people that good kings are born, and then the parts of the kingdom long dismembered are reacquired. Those who oppress their subjects perish with their dynasties, while those who relieve the oppressed flourish. From a study of the history of this king, the wise will be able to know the signs of prosperity or adversity with regard to future kings. He reigned for thirty-five years.

After him his son Vibhíshana I. reigned for fifty-three years and six months.

Then followed Indrajita.

And then his son Rávana. The Shivalinga set up by Rávana may still be seen. This linga is marked with spots and stripes, and was kept within a temple, and had the power of prophesy; and to it the king dedicated the whole of his kingdom. The reigns of Rávana and

his father together, extended over a period of thirty-fiv years and six months.

Rávana's son Vibhíshana II. then reigned for thirty-fiv years and six months.

Then came his son Nara I., sometimes called Kinnara to the throne. Whatever he did for the benefit of hi: subjects turned, from want of proper judgment, to thei injury. A Buddhist who lived in a monastery in a certain village eloped with his queen; this so enragec him, that he burnt thousands and thousands of monas teries, and gave to the Bráhmanas, who dwelt at Madhya mata, the villages that supported those monasteries. He built a town on the banks of the Vitastá, which he laid out with spacious roads, and adorned with the spoils of other countries. It was crowded with rich shops, and graced with fruit and flower gardens, and the river below was covered with boats.

Now, in this city dwelt a Bráhmana whose wife (the daughter of a Nága)* was possessed of exceeding beauty, in so much that the king heard of her beauty through spies, and became enamoured of her. Not even the fear of discredit could check his wayward heart. Then, again, an accident fanned his passion beyond control. One day while the girl was sitting on the terrace of her house, she saw a horse eating the grain which was left drying outside her house. She called her servants

---

* See Appendix B.

to drive away the animal, but none of them being there, she descended herself, and holding with one hand her veil which was slipping away owing to the haste she made, she drove the horse by pushing the animal with the other. Her palm and fingers left a golden impress on the animal. This the king heard, and, enamoured as he was of her, became more violent. He first employed persons to seduce her, who tormented her with temptation, but to no effect. On this the shameless king blind in his passion, asked for her of her own husband. This failed also, and he received only abusive language in return, from the offended husband. At last he sent some soldiers to snatch away the girl. While the soldiers were attacking the house on the front, the Bráhmana with his wife made their exit by another way, and came to the Nága for help. There he related the insult which the king had intended to offer to his daughter. The Nága became enraged, and in his vengeance burnt down the city; thousands who fled to Chakrachara for shelter were also burnt, and the Vitastá ran polluted with scorched human remains. The king perished in the conflagration.

Meanwhile Ramaní, the sister of the Nága, issued out of her mountain cave and was coming to her brother's help; but when about a *Yojana* from the scene of action, she heard of her brother's success, and returned home after laying waste villages to the extent of five *Yojanas* round. The heaps of stones with which she destroyed the villages

may be seen up to this time and is known by the name Ramanyatavi. After having killed many men, the Nága became disgusted with himself and was hated by others, he retired from the place, and lived on a distant hill, where he dug a tank which may be seen even to this day only during the festival of Amareshvarayatra. Near this tank another was dug named Jamatrisara, which belonged to the Bráhmana, who through the favor his father-in-law was made a Nága.

The passion of the king may appear to the senseless as nothing guilty, but for that passion Nara I. suffered what none ever suffered. When a king, under the pretence of protecting his subjects, oppresses them, he generally meets such a death unawares. For it is known that the anger either of a chaste woman, or of a Bráhmana or of a god can destroy the three worlds. Even to this day, the burnt houses and the tank near the hill Chakradhara remind the people of the occurrence.

This king reigned over a period of thirty-nine years and nine months, and within this short time the town of Kinnarapura became as beautiful as Gandbarvvapura.

It was by mere chance that Nara's son prince Sidha was absent at Vijayakshetra when the catastrophe happened to the king and his capital, and thus his life was saved from the general ruin. He set himself to repairing the ravages done in the last reign. He was of a religious character and led a pure life, and passed his days in peace. The misfortune of his father was an instruction

to him; and though surrounded by pleasures he kept himself clear of all temptations. He disregarded riches, and had his god Mahádeva always in mind whenever he did any thing. After a reign of sixty years he with his servants went up bodily to Mahádevaloka, and the gods for seven days beat drums and published the fact. The servants of Nara came to grief because of their attachment to him, but when they came to serve his son, they were admired by the world because they went with him to heaven. They who take shelter with others always share the same fate with those who shelter them, be it good or bad. The grass, made into a rope, descends into the well, but in the company of flowers ascends on the heads of the gods.

His son Utpaláksha, so named from the beauty of his eyes, then reigned for thirty years and six months.

He was succeeded by his son Hiranyáksha. He built a city called after his own name, and reigned for thirty-seven years and seven months.

His son Hiranyakula succeeded him and reigned sixty years.

And then his son Mukula, sometimes called Vasukula, came to the throne. He also reigned for sixty years. In this reign the Mlechchhas overran Káṣhmíra.

He was succeeded by his son Mihirakula, who was as cruel as Death. Day and night were men murdered by his orders, even in places of his amusement; he relented not even towards boys or women, nor respected the aged;

and his presence and that of his army, were known by the assemblage of crows and vultures that feasted on the dead. Once he saw the breasts of his queen marked with foot-prints of a golden color. This enraged him, and he called for explanation from the keeper of the zenana. The keeper replied that the queen wore a boddice made of Ceylon cloth, and that the Cingalese marked their clothes with golden foot-marks which denoted the foot-prints of their king. Whereupon he reached the Southern Sea and invaded Ceylon. He assuaged his anger by killing the king of the place, set up another, a cruel man on his throne, and returned to his kingdom, bringing with him from Ceylon a picture of the sun named Ushadeva. On his return he passed through Chola, Karnáta, Náta, &c. The kings of these places fled on his approach, and returned to their ravaged capitals after he had gone away. When entering Káshmíra, one hundred of his elephants were startled by the cries of one elephant which had fallen into a den, and the king ordered the hundred elephants to be killed. As the touch of the sinful pollutes the body, so the narration of his history pollutes the speech. One day when he was descending in to the river Chandrakulyá, on his way stood a heavy block of stone which could not be moved. Now, he dreamt a dream afterwards, that the gods spoke unto him, and said, that a Yaksha, (a spirit,) resided in it, and that it could not be moved but by a chaste woman. He then put his dream

to proof, and many a citizen's wife tried to move that stone in vain, till Chandravatí, wife of a potter, accomplished the feat. The king was enraged to find so many women unchaste ; he ordered them to be killed together with their husbands, sons and brothers, three *kotis* in all ! This action is lauded by some, but such massacre should be condemned. That the people did not rebel against their king and kill him, was because the gods defended him.

However he did some virtuous acts ; he set up the god Mihireshvára, named after him, in Shrínagara, and founded a great city in Hola called Mihirapura after his name. He also bestowed some villages on the Bráhmanas of Gándhára, who were equally vicious with the king. These Bráhmanas were so shameless as to cohabit with their sisters and the wives of their sons. They were born of Mlechchhas. It is a wonder that such people ever existed. They sold their wives as they did other articles, and their wives too were shameless enough to live with others. The rainy season pleases the peacocks, and a clear autumn pleases the *hansas;* so he who gives, and they who receive, are of the same temper. In his old age this terror of the world became infirm, and suffered from many maladies. He therefore caused a fire to be kindled, and voluntarily entered into the flame. And at the time of his death he heard heavenly voice proclaimed that even the king who killed three kotis of men entered heaven, for he was cruel to his own person.

Some say that his sins were palliated by his gift of villages. They say that when these Bráhmanas of Darad who were born of Mlechchhas, and who sold their wives, spread themselves in the country, the king established many good rites and extended the kingdom of the Aryas and performed hard *tapa*, and at last gave his body to the flames. He gave thousands of villages in Vijayeshvara to the Bráhmanas of Gándhára. Thus died the king falling into the fire which kindled on swords, rasors &c., and thus he expiated his sins. He reigned for seventy years.

After his death the citizens raised his son Vaka, a very good prince, to the throne. At first they were mistrustful of him as they were of his father, but in course of time they liked him, and welcomed his reign after that of his predecessor, as one welcomes the rains after summer. Virtue returned, as if, from another world, and safety from exile in the forest , and peace and security were re-established in the kingdom. He founded a city named Lavanotsa. At last, Vattá, a female devotee, came to the king one night in the shape of a beautiful woman, and with enticing words persuaded him to be present at a religious festival at her place. There the king went, but instead of witnessing a festival, he with his many sons and grandsons were all sacrificed except one son. A stone, marked with the impression of her knees, as she knelt to sacrifice the king, is still to be seen; and this horrid tale is even now related in the monasteries at

Khíra. This king reigned for sixty-three years and thirteen days.

The surviving prince Kshitinanda then reigned for thirty years.

Vasunanda, his son, then ascended the throne, and reigned for fifty-two years and two months. This prince was the originator of the science of love.

He was succeeded by his son Nara II., who reigned for sixty years.

And he was succeeded by his son Aksha who also reigned for sixty years. He built a holy place called after his name Akshavála.

He was succeeded by his son Gopaditya. His reign was like *Satya Yuga.* He bestowed the villages of Sakhelakhágikáhá·í, Skandapura and Shamángadimukha on Bráhmanas, and some other villages on the Bráhmanas of Dravira. He expelled from his country several irreligious Bráhmanas who used to eat garlic, brought others of the caste from foreign countries and induced them to settle in Vishchika &c., He set up a god named Jeshteshvara. He never pardoned the slaughter of animals except for religious purposes. He died after a reign of sixty years and six days.

His son Gokarna then succeeded him, and set up a god Gokarna after his name, and reigned for fifty-seven years and eleven months.

He was succeeded by his son Narendráditya otherwise called Khingkhila. He set up a god named Bhutesvara,

and a goddess Akshayiní. His religious instructor Ugra set up another god Ugresha, and ten goddesses who were called Matri Chakra. After a reign of thirty-six years and a hundred days, this virtuous king died.

His son named Yudhishthira then ascended the throne; he was called *the blind* on account of the smallness of his eyes. He began his rule over his ancestral kingdom with great care, and maintained the ancient laws of the country. But after a short time, he became exceedingly vain of his royal affluence, took into his favor ignorant and unworthy persons, and became indifferent to the wise servants of the state. In distributing favors, he made no distinction between fools and the wise, and the latter therefore kept themselves away from his court in disgust. To see all alike is virtue in a hermit, but is a fault in a king. The Bráhmanas who were his flatterers soon got ascendancy over him, and made him a mere puppet. His gaity and lightness with these Bráhmanas became dangerous to men, and his favor uncertain and fleeting; for he would abuse those in their absence, whom in their presence he favored, and so he became an object of hatred to men. In short he endangered the stability of his throne. His ministers rebelled, and got the army under their command. They also made alliance with the neighbouring kings, who, encouraged by their offer, and hoping to get possession of Káshmíra, kept themselves as watchful as vultures. The king knew not how to act, nor could any means be devised to keep the kingdom

safe. He at first tried to reconcile his rebellious ministers, but in vain. For the ministers feared that should the king find himself again firmly seated on his throne, he would kill them; their rebellion was openly proclaimed, and they could not recede.

The ministers with their army now laid siege to the palace, sounding their trumpets, and clouding the top of the palace with the banners which waved over their elephants. The king at last came to terms. He agreed to retire from the city. As he issued out of his palace with his seraglio and treasure, and passed the dusty streets, the people wept to see his altered condition. The besiegers, however, robbed him of some of his women and riches. When weary of walking among the rocks, he would sit under the shadow of a tree, and then he would again set out again, to beguile his grief by travelling. Sometimes he would be awakened from his sleep, by the noise of his enemy at a distance, and might be seen creeping into some fountain cavern to hide himself. Often weary of penetrating through woods, or crossing the streams, his tender queens would faint away. Sometimes they would turn their backs and see the kingdom they once enjoyed, and would weep and strike their heads with their palms, and mingle their tears with the waters of the fountains. Sometimes from the top of a mountain they would look on the fair realm of Káshmíra, once their home, and bid a last farewell. Even the birds wept to see them do this. At last some neighbouring

king felt pity for Yudhishthira, took him under his protection, and consoled him for his misfortunes.

Here ends the first book of Rájatarangini by Kahlana, son of Champaka prabhu, the great minister of Káshmíra. There reigned* thirty-eight kings for a period of 1015 years 8 months and 9 days.

* In another place it is stated that only twenty-one kings reigned during the above-mentioned period.

## BOOK II.

[INVOCATION to MOHÁDEVA AND PÁRVATÍ AS ONE.]

YUDHISHTHIRA in his old age relinquished all hopes of regaining his kingdom, and much humbled, abandoned all enjoyments. But others maintain that he was confined by his ministers in fort Agaliká as he was attempting to get back his kingdom.

After deposing Yudhishthira the ministers coronated one Pratápáditya, a relative of Vikramáditya, king of some distant country. Some writers erroneously believe, that this was Vikramáditya [of Oujin], the enemy of Saka. The kingdom was torn by internal discord and was for some time governed by Harsha and other kings. Pratápáditya ruled well and died after a reign of thirty-two years

He was succeeded by his son Jalauka. This prince derived his glory from his father, and reigned with equal glory for the same period as his father, it was like the full moon which succeeds the sun when days and nights are equal.

Him succeeded his son Tungjína, who shared the administration with his queen. This king and queen graced the world as the Ganges and the Crescent beautify the hair of shiva. They governed well the country inhabited by people of the several castes and beautiful as the bow of Indra borne on two clouds. They built a city

named Katika, and raised a temple to Mahádeva Tungeshvara. They also planted trees in the burning plains of Márava. In their reign lived Chandraka a partial incarnation of Váyasa the great poet. He invented a sort of dance. A severe calamity visited the kingdom in this reign, as if to test the noble hearts of the sovereigns. In the season of autumn, in the month of Bhádra, a sudden and heavy frost blighted the *sali* grain that was then ripening, and the consequence was a severe famine which threatened the destruction of the people. Natural feelings were smothered, nor shame nor pride nor nobility was then remembered. Every one became mad with hunger, nor cared for his wife or son or father, but devoured what he could get, unmindful of the solicitations of his wife or child, son or father weak and famished with hunger. Men were reduced to bare skeletons disgusting to the sight; they abused and fought with one another for food, and oppressed with hunger they cast their eyes on every direction eager to satisfy their appetite by destroying every living thing. At this time of distress, the king and the queen showed the greatest humanity; they invited the people to their palace and fed them; they imported rice from other countries, defraying the expenses from their own treasury, as well as from those of their ministers; and fed the people day and night. Every one was taken care of whether residing in houses, or wandering in woods or streets or in the burning ghat. One night when the king found that his treasures were spent,

and there was no rice, he was much grieved and said to his queen: "Surely O queen! for some sins of ours this great calamity has befallen our people. Wo is me before whose eyes these people are dying of hunger; and since I cannot save these our helpless subjects, what is the use of my living? In consequence of much anxious care and attention there has been no mortality as yet. But now that the earth is reduced to poverty and deprived all glory, no means are left to deliver the people from this great calamity. It seems that the end of the world is nigh; the mountain passes are blocked up with snow, and there is no way left for people to go out of the country; and they are doomed to die here. See how the men, the heroic, the wise and the learned have been reduced. How in our days of prosperity, splendour smiled on every side, and now it is gone. Let me perish in the flames since I see no means to relieve my subjects, and I am unable to see them die. Happy are those kings who seeing their subjects as their sons, at ease, can pass their nights in peace." Thus saying, the tender-hearted king fell on his bed, and covering his face with cloth began to weep profusely. There was no wind, and the lamp burnt steadily with a long flame. The queen saw him in that condition and thus consoled him: "How the misfortune of your subjects has turned your sense that you lose your patience and behave like vulgar men! If the evil be inevitable, no one can avert it. But failure reflects no discredit on the great. Women

should love their husbands, ministers should remain faithful, and the king should protect his subjects without deviating his attention to any other affair. Arise O king! my words are never spoken in vain, your subjects' distress is over." When the queen had finished her noble speech, dead pigeons dropped in every house and the people lived on them. The king saw this and relinquished his intention of committing suicide. But lothed to destroy animal life the queen contrived to prevent the supply of these birds. In the meantime the sky cleared up and the famine disappeared. The queen gave the villages of Katímusha and Rámusha to Bráhmanas. The king died after a reign of thirty-six years, and his queen, unable to bear the affliction, perished by burning herself. The place where she died is called Vákkashtataví. There a place of rest for travellers was erected, and many weary wanderers from various countries are fed even to this day. They died without issue. God did not favor them with a son, but what can commemorate them better than their own acts. The sweet sugar-cane bears no fruit, but no fruits could be sweeter. Some say that the queen perished in the flames, because she thought that the famine was brought in by her sins.

They were succeeded by one Vijaya of a different dynasty. He built a town named Vijayeshvara and reigned for eight years.

He was succeeded by his son Jayendra of great fame, whose long arms reached to his knees. He had a minister

named Sandhimati, a devout worshipper of Shiva; but the king led by his flatterers suspected him of evil designs because of his great wisdom. He was forbidden to approach the king, his property was confiscated, and he was reduced to poverty for the rest of his days. Nor was there any officer of the court who spoke to him, for the courtiers are but the echoes of the king. But neither the anger of the king nor his own poverty ruffled his temper; for still he passed his days happily in the worship of his god. Even in his devotions he was not suffered to remain in peace. There was a rumour that the time would come when Sandhimati would reign. His enemies at court hinted to the king that the ex-minister had spread this rumour; and the king, alarmed at the probable consequences, threw Sandhimati into prison, chained with a heavy chain. There he remained for ten years till the time of the king's death. When the last days of the king approached, the pain of his illness was aggravated by his fear that the imprisoned Sandhimati would succeed him, as he was childless. And to remove his anxieties, he intended to execute the minister. But however wisely man may contrive for his good, it is in the power of Fate, to turn it to his evil. If there be a spark of fire, and man wishes to put it out, and if Fate would have it otherwise, the man mistakes the pot of melted *ghee* for water and pours it over the fire. Now by the cruel king's order the executioners impaled Sandhimati in the night, and when the king heard that

the minister was dead, his heart became light; but he died soon after. He reigned for thirty seven years, and died without a child.

The kingdom was for a few days left without a king. At last Sandhimati, [who, it appears, was falsely reported to the king as dead,*] was selected by the citizens to reign over them; and he reluctantly, and only at the request of his *guru*, ascended the throne. Dressed in royal clothes, and midst the shouts of his subjects who scattered parched grain in his way, he entered the capital with his army. An experienced man as he was, he governed wisely, without being taught, and did every thing in a perfect manner. He was not susceptible to the fascinations of women and his reign was peaceful. He was ever pleased with burning incense and camphor; and though regular in the discharge of regal duties, he would often go to visit different Shivas, *viz.*, Bhutesha Bardhamánisha Vijayesha and Ishána and would feel pleasure even in breathing the air that blew from the temple of Hara, bearing the particles of the water with which the steps of the temple were washed, or of listening to the sound of the water as it was poured over the god. He alone knew the happiness which may be derived from visiting the image of Shiva, beautiful in its simplicity, and washed after the morning service. Every day he made one thousand Shiva-lingas. If through

---

* See Appendix C.

any accident he failed to do this, he would order his servants to collect a thousand stones in their stead; and after worship, threw them into a tank or river which looked like Narmadá; and such a collection of stones is still to be seen. He filled his court with Rishis, besmeared with ashes and with *jatás* in their heads, and his country with large temples and large *lingas*, with big images of bulls, and huge tridents. The villages and gifts which he gave away to the gods have however since been reclaimed. In the place for burning the dead, where he was revived into life,* he set up a Shiva named Sandhishvara, and another named Isheshvara after the name of his *guru*. He also raised houses and images, temples and *lingas* at Ksheda, Bhima, Devi, and other places. He alone knew to enjoy Káshmirá purified with images of Shiva and holy places. In the month of Chaitra he used to bathe in a fountain in which the flowers, with which his god was worshipped, were thrown. In the heat of summer he lived in cool retreats in the woods, and there beside a tank he would sit and contemplate on Shiva. In autumn he would worship his god beside some tank, and in the month of Mágha he would keep up nights with the Rishis. A life of continued devotion but ill pleased his subjects, as all his time was spent in devotions, and he had none to spare for the management of his kingdom. His subjects

---

* See Appendix C.

therefore began to look for another whom they could raise to the throne; and they came to hear that there lived an ambitious prince of the line of Yudhishthira, the Blind.

Gopáditya, the king of Gándhara, in the hope of conquering Káshmíra, had given shelter to the great grand-son of Yudhishthira. This exiled prince had a son named Meghaváhana, whom his father sent to the country of East Yotisha to be present at the Sayamvara marriage of the daughter of its king who was a Visnu-vite; and he had the fortune of being selected as the husband of the princess. He was also presented with an umbrella, which was got from Varuna by king Naraka and which cast its shade on none but a paramount king. This connection gave him some importance in the eyes of the people who believed that he would one day rise to power. And after his return with his wife to his father, the ministers of Káshmíra invited him to accept the sceptre of their country, he being the descendant of their ancient king. Sandhimati, otherwise called Aryyarája, found his kingdom weakened by internal disagreement, but took no steps to mend matters. On the contrary, he was anxious to resign his office, believing that his tutelary god had given him a fitting opportunity to relieve himself of his kingdom, and to engage himself in devotion. He thought himself happy that in the midst of the enjoyments of the kingdom, he did not forget his various duties which were yet to be

performed; and he was glad that he would resign the kingdom of his own free will, and was not compelled to do it by force; and that during the long period of his reign there had been no misrule. "Fortunately" he said "I am not grieved to resign my office, nor blame my fortune for it". Thus resolved, and making his mind a kingdom in itself, he one day assembled his subjects and resigned the kingdom into their hands after a reign of forty-seven years, as if he returned to them what was entrusted to him for safe keeping. Many people tried to induce him to retain his office, but in vain. Having once resigned it, he refused to accept the kingdom again. Dressed as a hermit, and, clad in white cloth and without a turban, he went on foot towards the north like a devotee, speaking to none, and fixing his eyes on his feet. Many of his late subjects followed him weeping silently. After he had proceeded more than four miles, he sat down under a tree, and having consoled his weeping followers, he sent them back. In this way he proceeded, loitering at the foot of the hills, and as he went on further his subjects gradually left him. With a few attendants he began to ascend the mountains. At last taking leave of his last weeping followers, he entered the woods, where many a hermit slept in his cavern home. There in the evening he built a cottage beside a tank, and within it made a bed of leaves, keeping his water in a pot made of the same material. The moon shone on the top of the hills, the new grass variegated

the color at the base of the mountains; there beneath the Malliká tree slept the milk women; and there was heard the music of the fountains mingled with that of the goat herds' lute,—all these lulled the weary king to rest. The howl of the wild beasts, and the cry of *karkaretu* told him that the night was past. Rising from his sleep, he performed his morning devotions and repaired to the celebrated shrine of Sodara. There in Nandikshetra he stood before the image of Mahádeva besmeared with ashes, his locks of hair tied, his hand holding a garland of seeds, while the old *rishis* looked on him with surprise. He spent his days in devotions and begging alms.

Here ends the second book of the Rájatarangini by Kahlana, son of Champakapravu, the great minister of Káshmíra. There reigned six kings over a period of one hundred and ninety-two years. From the beginning there were forty-four kings.

## BOOK III.

[INVOCATION TO HARA PARVATÍ AS USUAL.]

AFTER the resignation and retirement of the late king, the ministers who presided over the council of the people, went to Gándhára, and brought with them the renowned Meghaváhana, whom they crowned king; and who afterwards proved to be a good and kind-hearted sovereign; and the expectations that were entertained of him were fully realized. His tenderness for animal life was even greater than that of a Buddhist high priest. He forbade the slaughter of animals in his kingdom, and as compensation to the hunters who lived by killing animals, he paid them money. He performed two yajugas. He built a village named Meghavana and peopled it with Bráhmanas and set up a monastery named Meghamatha. His queen Amritaprabha caused a Vihára named Amritabhavana to be built for Buddhists, and another of his queens Yukadeví, in emulation of her rival, built a wonderful Vihára at Nadavana, one half of which edifice was occupied by Bhuddhist students, and in the other half lived men of the same persuasion with their wives and family. Another of his queens, Indradeví, built a high rectangular monastery and called it Indradevíbhavana after her name. Others of his queens Khádana, Masmá, &c. followed the same example, building monasteries and calling them after their respective names. This prince led an ex-

pedition to compel other kings to desist from killing animals; and carried his arms to the sea, and even to Ceylon, making the subdued kings promise not to kill animals.* When he reached the hill of Rohana in Ceylon, his army rested under the shadows of palm trees. Vibhíshana, the king of the country, met him on friendly terms with songs and loud chantings. Then the king of Langká led the king of Káshmíra to Langká, and entertained him. He forebade the use of flesh among his subjects who, as Rákshasas, largely consumed it. Vibhíshana then gave the king of Káshmíra several flags in which the Rákshasas were represented in a bowing posture. Even to this day on every occasion that a king of Káshmíra goes out, these flags which are called Paradhvajas, are borne before him. Thus he forbade the use of animal food even in the kingdom of the Rákshasas and then returned to his own. From that time none violated the king's order against the destruction of animals, neither in water, nor in the skies, nor in forests did animals kill one another. We are ashamed to relate the history of this good king to vulgar men, but those who write according to the Rishis do not care for the taste of their hearers. The king died after a reign of thirty four years.

He was succeeded by his son Shreshtasena who was soon known as Pravarasena and also as Tungjina. He set up the images known as Mátrichakra and Pravar-

* See Appendix D.

eshvra, and several other images in old places. The prince thought that the whole world was entirely subject to him, and dedicated Trigartta to the god Pravareshvara which he had set up. He ruled over other kings, and reigned for thirty years with mercy. He always liked to use his jewelled sword.

Of his two sons, Hiranya became king, and Toramána assisted his brother in the administration of the kingdom. Now the latter forbade the use of the coins struck by king Vála, and largely circulated the Dínnaras coined by himself. This brought on him the king's displeasure, who looked upon it as a mark of disrespect towards himself, and imprisoned his brother. Toramána's wife Angjaná, daughter of Vajrendra of the line of Ikshaku, shared her husband's confinement, and in the prison she became pregnant. In the fulness of time she was secretly delivered of a boy in a potter's house, being ashamed of publicity. The potter's wife brought up the child, its real parentage being known only to her and to its mother. And at the mother's request the child was called by the name of its grandfather, (father's father). As the child grew up, he disliked the companionship of the sons of the potter's neighbours, and the people often wondered to see him play with the children of the nobility and of the wise. At pastimes his companions would select him as king, and he would keep them under his control, and bestow favors on them, nor would he allow them to do anything wrong. The earth which the potter

gave him to make pots, he would convert to *Shivalingas.* It so happened, that Jayendra, the maternal uncle of the boy, met him one day in his play, and carressed him; but seeing something extraordinary in the boy and perceiving some resemblance in him with his sister's husband, suspected the truth about his birth. The boy did not know him, and remained quite indifferent though informed of his name. Drawn by curiosity, the uncle followed the child and entered with him into the potter's house, and there discovered his sister. The brother and sister looked on each other and sighed and wept in grief. Then the boy asked the potter's wife whom he used to address as his mother, who they were. "Child," said she, "this is your mother, and this your maternal uncle." The child became angry on hearing the account of his father's confinement and acting on the advice of his uncle (who soon after returned to his country) found means to deliver his father from his prison, but the poor man died soon after. His mother then attempted suicide, but was prevented by her son from so doing. He too felt the worthlessness of the world, and set out on pilgrimage. At this time died Hiranya after a reign of thirty years and two months, without leaving any issue.

At this time there reigned a powerful king at Ujjayini named Vikramáditya otherwise called Harsha. He subdued the whole world, and destroyed the Shakas, a Mlechchha tribe. He was a man blessed with uncommon good fortune, and was also a great patron of the learned. Now

in his court lived a great poet named Mátrigupta whose fame spread over many countries. He had visited several courts, and at last fixed his residence at Ujjayini, induced by the liberality and justice of its king, and hoping that his services would be rewarded by one who discerned the merits of persons, and did not favor the hypocritical, the quarrelsome, or the pretentious. The king by his just awards had gained the hearts of all men, and no man of lore had to murmur at the gifts he received of the king. He marked the assiduity of those who served him, and if one could not please him by his work, his labor was indeed futile, like selling ice in the Himálayas. He had no servants to pander to his lust, or to speak ill of others, or who were jealous of strangers. He did not take the advice of conceited or self-willed persons, and even a bad man who was once acquainted with him, loved him. "Since by my good fortune," thought Mátrigupta, "I have come to this king, I see my hopes well nigh fulfilled." So he determined to serve this wise and sober king, and no more to wander about in different courts. Thus determining, he used to attend the court, as ordered by the king, but would not take his seat among the learned. Every one who is learned is not great, thought the king, but this man's earnestness requires special notice. In order to test his merits, the king did not at first show him any favor. He gladly continued, however, to serve the king, and his services were neither too showy nor too meagre, nor was the

king displeased with him. Mátrigupta followed his master like his shadow, in order to gain his favor. He would not look on the female servants of the king, nor sit with those who envied his master, nor would he speak with the vulgar in the king's presence, nor would tell him whatever evil things the envious courtiers had said of the king. He did not mind the jokes of the royal servants, but would patiently serve his majesty whatever others might say to lessen his attachment to his master. He would freely speak of the merits of other men and show his own. He was liked by the courtiers. And thus he passed one year.

One day when the king was going out, he saw this man weak and emaciated, and wearing a torn piece of cloth; and he felt grieved that in order to test his merit he had suffered this poor though worthy and persevering man, wandering friendless in a foreign country, to remain in such affliction; that he had left him to suffer in heat and in cold without taking notice as to how this poor man ate or clothed himself, as to who gave him medicine when he was ill, who consoled him when he was grieved, or who soothed him when he was weary. What could he possibly give in return, that he had subjected him to so hard a test? The king could not think of anything he would give him as an adequate recompense for his services. Thus time rolled on till it was winter, and it was a severe winter. It was dark in every direction, days became short, and the sun hurried to the sea to warm himself in the fire within it.

Now, it so happened that the king awoke in his bed one night; the fire was burning brightly in his room, but the lamp was flickering in the cold breeze, and inorder to stir the lamp he called out for his guards. But all were sleeping at ease, and to his call "who waits outside?" the king only heard the reply, "I Mátrigupta." Then, by the king's order, he entered the splendid room and stirred the lamp. And as he was hurrying out, the king ordered him to wait. Trembling with fear and cold, Mátrigupta waited there. The king then asked him how much of the night yet remained. "One prahara" replied he. "How is it that you know the hour of the night, and why did you not sleep," enquired the king. Considering this to be the opportunity when if he related his condition, his fate would be decided either for good or for evil, Mátrigupta quickly composed a verse and said:—"Sunk in the sea of anxiety, and oppressed by the chilling month, while hunger has mellowed my voice, my lips are quivering, speaking of contentment within; and sleep like an abused wife has fled far from me; and the night to me endureth long, like the reign of a good king." The king heard him, and after consoling him, sent him back to his place, reproaching himself that even after knowing the sorrows of a worthy man, he had not yet resolved what to do. "The man must be grieved to think," said the king to himself, "that I have taken his case so coolly. Though I have been thinking of giving him something for a long time, I have not yet

found out what to give. His good words now remind me that the beautiful kingdom of Káshmíra is at present without a king, and I will bestow that kingdom on him superseding other suppliant kings." Fully bent on this purpose the king despatched messengers privately that very night ordering the Káshmírians to crown without hesitation one named Mátrigupta who would produce his order. And when the messenger had gone, he did not again sleep that night before he had got his order written out. On the other hand, Mátrigupta became disheartened and thought that his conversation with the king had been of no avail. "I have done my duty," thought he, "and my expectation is now at an end; now devoid of further hopes I shall wander about in peace. Through some unavoidable mistake I was led to believe, from what I had heard from others, that this king was worth serving. But fame speaks not the truth. The king is intelligent and bestows riches on those he favors; the king is not to blame, my own sins are the cause of my misfortune. If the shores on which the sea casts jewels cannot be reached in consequence of adverse wind, it is the man's ill-luck and not the sea that is to blame. If one wishes for rewards, he should rather serve the king's servants than the king, for to serve the king is a laborious task. Those who worship the feet of Shiva get ashes from the person of the deity, but those who worship the feet of his bull get gold every day. I do not know that I have committed any fault

for which the king might take offence. He whom business leads to the king derives no benefit unless applauded by the public, while even the low if admired by the public is taken notice of by the king. Particles of water when in sea, are not taken notice of, but when they are taken up by the clouds, and are thrown back to the embraces of the wavy ocean, they look like pearls." Thus thought he, and lost all regard for his master the king. Even the wisdom of the wise is lost in misfortune.

When the day dawned, and the king took his seat in the court, he ordered a peon to call in Mátrigupta. The peons forced the despairing sage into the royal presence, and when he had bowed to the king, the king signed to his record-keeper to deliver him the order. The king then addressing Mátrigupta asked him if he knew the way to Káshmíra. "Go there," said he, "and deliver that order to the ruler in charge of the country." He made him promise by his royal person that he would not read the order in his way. "I will do as you command," said Mátrigupta, and went out of the court, not knowing the good fortune that awaited him. And the king resumed his usual work. The people were grieved to see Mátrigupta travelling friendless and helpless, and blamed the king for employing so worthy a man in this low work of carrying letters. "The foolish king," said they, "has considered this man fit to undergo toils, because he served him diligently day and night in hope of future good. Servants serve their master

in hope of bettering their future, but when the master does not understand their purpose, he thinks them fit only to serve. The serpent in the hope of freeing himself from the fear of Gadura served Náráyana. But Náráyana thought the serpent accustomed to bear heavy weights, and so ordered him to bear the earth. This learned man saw that the king favors the learned, and being himself learned took shelter with him, but who understands human nature so little as the king who has thus employed the learned Mátrigupta? The peacock dances with joy at the sight of the rainbow in the clouds, believing it to be a tail of their kinsman, but the clouds return him nothing but rain drops." Poor Mátrigupta felt neither doubt nor anxiety, he consoled himself with the good omens he met in his way. Once he saw a khangjana bird sitting on a serpent's head; at another time he dreamt that he had ascended a palace, and crossed the sea; and assured himself thereby that the king's orders must be for his benefit. "If I gain even a little in Káshmíra," thought he, "that would be preferable to anything in any other country." In the way he found no difficulty, being hospitably entertained wherever he lodged. At last the snow-white Himálaya, rising to the skies, appeared before him, variegated with diverse trees: and he breathed the air bearing the perfumes of the pines and particles of Ganges water. In Kramavarta he found a drum which can be seen even now at Shurapura. Here, in this populous Kramavarta he

heard that for some reason the ministers of Káshmíra were waiting at that place. He therefore left his old dress, put on a white one, and went to the ministers to deliver to them king Vikramáditya's order. As he went to the ministers auspecious signs were seen, the crowd therefore collected behind him, anxious to see the result of his message. When he arrived at the house, and the door-keeper learnt that he had come from the king of Ujjayini, he quickly informed the ministers of his approach, and with their permission Mátrigupta entered into their presence. And when the ceremony of welcoming was over, the ministers pointed out to him a magnificent seat to sit upon, and asked him about the orders of Vikramáditya; whereupon he humbly presented to them the writing which they received bowing. The ministers then retired to read the order, and returning meekly asked him if his name was the great Mátrigupta. He smiled and replied in the affirmative. Then they called those who were near, ordering them to bring things for coronation. The crowd became great and boisterous like a rough sea. Mátrigupta sat on a golden seat with his face towards the east, and the people bowed to him, and bathed him king. The water streamed along his breast as the Reva along the Vinddhya mountain. When he had bathed and was anointed and adorned with ornaments and seated on the throne, his subjects informed him that when the throne had become vacant they had applied to Vikramá-

ditya for a king, and Vikramáditya had sent him to them. "Now be you our protector." Yet it was not to Vikramáditya alone that he was indebted for a throne; for there were others who helped him to it. "Still" said they "you need not lower yourself in your own estimation by thinking that you are obliged to any for the post you have attained." Mátrigupta heard this and smiled, remembering the benefit he had received from Vikramáditya. That day was passed in giving gifts, &c., and on a subsequent day when his ministers asked him to enter into the interior of his territory, he sent a messenger to Vikramáditya with large presents; and feeling himself ashamed of getting so good a country compared even with that of Vikramáditya himself, he sent another of his servants to him with edible things though of small value, and also sent a verse composed by himself with tears of gratitude in his eyes, to the following effect:—"You who always do good to others, do not wear the appearance of what you do; like the cloud that rains without thundering. Thy favor is known by the fruit."

Mátrigupta then entered into the interior of the country accompanied by his vast army, and commenced his reign. There was no limit to his charity or manliness. Once he made preparations for a religious feast, but when every thing was ready he had not the heart to kill animals; and he forbade the destruction of animals in his kingdom. He prepared a certain kind of food in which gold dusts were mixed, and when he distributed

this food every one was satisfied. His good qualities and bounties attracted more persons to his court than to the court of Vikramáditya. And he bestowed his gifts with judgment. The poet Mentha or Mátrimentha, as he was sometimes called, lived in his court, and composed a work named Hayagrívabadha. This work, when in progress, he showed to the king, but the king did not pronounce any opinion till the book was complete, when the king rewarded the author by bestowing wealth on him, and placed the copy in a golden vessel lest its beauty be lost, so that the poet considered himself doubly paid. He set up an image of god Madhusudhana which he named Mátriguptasvami. The villages which he bestowed on this god were afterwards retaken by Mamma to defray the expenses of building the house of his father-in-law. Thus reigned Mátrigupta for a period of four years, nine months and one day.

Now, on the other hand, the son of Angjana, after he had performed the ceremonies for the salvation of the souls of his ancestors, with the waters of holy places, heard that a stranger had usurped the throne of his forefathers, and was ruling in Káshmíra. This inflamed him so much as to make him forget his grief for the death of his father.* When the prince arrived at Káshmíra, he learnt the state of the country; and the ministers came to him, and were ready to revolt against Mátrigupta. But he declined to countenance their re-

* See Appendix E.

bellion. "I am eager," he said, "to destroy Vikramáditya, but I am not angry with Mátrigupta. For what is the use of harassing those who are weak and cannot endure pain? there is glory in rooting out those who are strong. What can be more frail and feeble than the lotuses which envy the moon, and what propriety is there that such lotuses should be torn by elephants' tusks? It is strange that one should show his valour on those who are not his equal; he who is really great will not be angry with his inferiors." He turned his arms against Trigartta and conquered it, and commenced his march against Vikramáditya. But on his way he heard that Vikramáditya was dead. This news so much afflicted him, that he neither bathed nor ate nor slept that day but sighed and wept for his dead antagonist. On a subsequent day he heard that Mátrigupta had left his kingdom, and had come out of Káshmíra, and was in the neighbourhood of the place where he himself then was. Suspecting that it was some of his partisans who had driven Mátrigupta out of the kingdom, he went to the ex-king clad in a simple dress, and after the ceremonies of welcoming were over, gently asked him the cause of resigning his kingdom. The other replied after sighing, and with a sad smile, "O king, dead is that virtuous monarch who made me king, I am like a sun-jewel that brightens so long as the sun shines on it, but is a common stone when the sun is set." "Who has injured

thee," then asked Pravarasena, "that thou grievest for Vikramáditya, unable to be revenged on those who have done thee harm?" "Who is so strong as can injure me," asked Mátrigupta with dignity, "think not that Vikramáditya poured *ghi* on ashes, or sowed seeds on barren soil." "But," continued he, "even the inanimate objects are grateful to those who do them good. The sun-jewel looks dim when the sun is set, and so does the moon-jewel when the moon is out of sight. I will therefore go to the holy city of Váránasí, and enjoy the pleasures of devotion by being a hermit. For without Vikramáditya the world is dark. I cannot look on it through fear, far less enjoy it." Astonished at his words the young prince replied, "True, O king, that the world has produced jewels, since it is adorned by persons like you; who can understand human nature better than Vikramáditya, since he discovered your noble qualities. Long was the path to gratitude closed, now you are traversing the way. The low and the ungrateful think that it is through their good fortune that they receive gifts from their masters, and they argue that if they had not worth in them, their masters would not single them out, when there were other poor friends. Or if they had not discovered some faults in their masters, and if their miserly masters had not stood in fear of them, would they have given them away anything? But if a small benefit is done to the good, it increases a hundred-fold. Thou, chief of the virtuous, like a tested

jewel, art loved by the good. So do me a favor by not resigning the crown, and let the people know, that I too am partial to men of merit. This kingdom was first given to thee by Vikramáditya, I bestow it on you now, so accept it again." Mátrigupta heard this noble speech, and smiled and said, "I am compelled to be a little uncivil to give expression to my feelings, but though it may be harsh, yet I must say, that I disregard your noble gift. You know my former low position, and I know yours, our present greatness is felt by ourselves alone. You cannot understand the motive which induces me to reject, nor can I understand that which induces you to offer me the kingdom. Being now a king, how can I accept your gift? Or if I had wished to enjoy the kingdom why should I forsake it myself? Shall I slight the gift of my benefactor for mere enjoyment, and leave the duties that befit me now? The benefit which he did to me, I can never repay, it is therefore lost in me. I will now follow him, and show that he was not mistaken in his estimation of me. This is all that I have to do in this world. This then I will perform, and leave off all enjoyment." Then said Pravarasena that he would not touch Mátrigupta's property while he was alive. And when Mátrigupta went to Váránasi and became a hermit, Pravarasena, true to his words, used to send him the income derived from Káshmíra. Mátrigupta, on the other hand, distributed the money in charity to the poor; and thus lived for ten years. Thus three men Vikramáditya,

Mátrigupta, and Pravarasena vied with one another in virtue.

Pravarasena subdued many kings, and his fame spread far and wide like that of Agasta muni, and his army reached the sea in their march of conquest; and the perspiration of his elephants made the waters of the Ganges look like the confluence of that river with the Yamuná. He defeated the people of Saurashtra and upset the administration of the kingdom. His mind was so bent on the acquisition of fame, that he was indifferent to all earthly things, having neither attachment nor hatred towards any object. Pratápasíla otherwise called Shíláditya, son of Vikramaditya, was expelled by his enemies from his father's territory. Pravarasena reinstated him, and brought back the throne of the kings of Káshmíra from the capital of Vikramáditya. Pratápasíla for seven times refused to acknowledge the supremacy of the king of Káshmīra, and the latter had to subdue him seven times. On the eighth occasion, Pravarasena called Pratápasíla a brute and intended to take his life. The latter, however, saved himself by self-humiliation, and suggested that if he was a beast, his life was too insignificant to be destroyed. Pratápasíla also amused the Káshmírian king by dancing before his court like a peacock, and imitating the voice of that bird; whereupon Pravarasena not only took him under his protection, but also bestowed riches on him.

After conquering the world, he lived in the city raised by his grand-father, but felt a desire to found a city in his

own name.* In the village of Sharítaka Pravarasena proposed to build a city. But before he did so, he wished to set up Pravareshvara Shiva, and he employed artisans for the purpose. But an image of Shiva sprung up from the ground from among the instruments of the workmen, and it was named Jayasvámí from Jaya the name of one of the sculptors. The god Vinayaka Bhímasvámí who faced towards the west, without any human agency turned himself and faced towards the east, for the welfare of the intended town. The king further set up images of five goddesses Sadbhávashri and others, each having *shri* after her name. He caused to be built a large bridge of boats on the Vitastá, and from that time the bridge of boats became known to the world. His maternal uncle Jayendra built a large Buddhist vihára named Jayendra vihára after his name. And his minister Moraka, who ruled Ceylon, built a beautiful house named Morakabhavana. The new city which was enlarged by Vishvakarmma and Soma, was raised on the southern bank of the Vitastá, and contained thirty six lacs of houses, it contained several market places, and its high houses touched the clouds, from whose tops, in the rainy season the earth could be seen drenched with rain; and in Chaitra sprinkled with flowers. In this city alone the rows of the houses of amusements were built just on the river, and the hill of recreation was in the centre of the town, from whose top the whole city could be seen. In

---

* See Appendix F.

the hot season the inhabitants of the city could get the cool waters of the Vitastá at their doors. And the royal gifts to the gods of the city were so rich, that they could buy the world a thousand times, The forehead of the king was marked with the sign of *sula* over which his white hairs flowed like the Ganges on the head of Shiva. Thus reigned Pravarasena for sixty years.

His son Yudhishthira II. born of his queen Ratnaprabhá then reigned for twenty one years and three months. One of his ministers named Vajrendra, son of Jayendra, built a village named Bhavachchheda with chaityas &c. He had other chief ministers named Kumárasena &c. of great renown.

He was succeeded by his son Narendráditya alias Lakshmana, born of his queen Padmávatí. He had two ministers named Vajra and Kanaka sons of Vajrendra; and his queen's name was Vimalaprabhá. He died after a reign of thirteen years, after building an office for depositing books and records.

His younger brother Ranáditya otherwise called Tungjina then came to the throne. This king had a mark of *shangka* on his head. He was a very powerful king. He destroyed many of his enemies and devastated their country. His queen's name was Ranárambhá. The goddess Bhramaravasini took birth in human form as Ranarambhá to be his queen.*

---

* See Appendix G.

Ratisena king of Chola, when he went to worship the ocean, found Ranárambhá among the waves, where she was shining like a cluster of jewels. From her childhood she used to speak of heavenly things, and when she attained her youth, many kings sought her in marriage, but her father would not marry her to any of them. And when the minister of Ranáditya arrived as messenger proposing her marriage with his master, Ratisena wished to refuse the suit; but the goddess in human shape asked her father to marry her to the king of Káshmíra as she was born, she said, to be his wife. Whereupon her father without delay, sent her to the house of his friend the king of Kulúta, to which distant country Ranáditya gladly came and married her, and made her the mistress of his zenana. But she being a great goddess, was afraid to touch a man, to avoid which she had recourse to enchantment. At night through magic she used to leave a woman exactly like her in the king's bed, and herself used to go out in the shape of a black bee.

The king raised two temples, and called them after his own, and his queen's name, and caused two images of Shiva to be sculptured there.* He also built a hospital for the sick, and barrack for a battalion. In the village of Sinharotsika there was an image of the sun, which he named Ranapurasvamí, and made it famous. Another of his queens named Amritaprabhá raised an

* See Appendix H.

image of a god on the right side of Ranesha and it was named Amriteshvara, she also set up an image of Buddha within the monastery which was built by Bhinná queen of Meghavahana.

The queen Ranarambhá taught the king the incantations of Shiva Hátakeshvra, by virtue of which one could enter the world below. For many years the king devoted himself to becoming an adept in this art. He retired first to Ishtika, and afterwards to Nandishila; and at last succeeded in his efforts after many years. Told of his success in a dream, he dived into the waters of Chandrabhágá and proceeded to the cave of Namuchi, pursuing his way for twenty-one days through the cavern, he and his citizens came to the dwellings of *daitya* females, with whom they made themselves free. Thus after reigning for three hundred years, the king went to the god of *Pátála* where salvation is certain. On the other hand, when the king and his party were dallying with the *daitya* girls, the queen retired to Shveta Dvipa. Of the many dynasties of kings, the lines of Raghu and Gonanda were the best, and in these Ráma and Ranáditya greatly loved their people. The subjects of both these kings followed them to the next world.

Him succeeded his son Vikramáditya, a powerful king, who set up a Shiva named Vikrameshvara. This prince had two ministers named Brahma and Galuna. The former raised a monastery named Brahma matha, and the latter caused his wife Ratnávalí to erect a Vihára. After

a reign of forty-two years his powerful younger brother Báladitya succeeded him.

Báláditya subdued his enemies, and his powers caused his foe-men's wives to weep. His columns of victory can still be seen, near the northern sea. He conquered Bangkálá, and built a city there named Kalamvya for the habitations of the Káshmírians. And in Káshmíra he built a village named Bhedara in the district of Madava for Brahmanas to dwell in. His favourite queen Vimva set up a Shiva to avert the evils that attend the Vaishya caste, and named it Vimveshvara. His ministers were Kharga, Shatrughna and Málava, three brothers; they raised a temple, a house of gods, and erected a bridge.

Now this king had a daughter named Ananggalekhá; an astrologer seeing her one day with her father prophesied to the king that his son-in.law would reign hereafter, and that the line of Gonanda would end in Báláditya. The king not wishing that the kingdom would pass away from his line through his daughter, tried to oppose fate; and instead of marrying her to a king he married her to a beautiful man named Durlabhavardhana, of the Ashvaghama Káyastha caste, thinking that as his daughter was not married to one of the royal family she would not be able to inherit the kingdom. This Durlabhavardhana was the illegitimate son of Nága Karkota, begotten for getting the kingdom, but the king was not aware of the fact. What the wise neglect, Fate

makes it great. He fortunately became beloved of all on account of his just actions and good intellect, and his father-in-law named him Prajngaditya because of his great intellect, and bestowed much riches on him.

On the other hand the princess being the favourite of her parents, and filled with youthful pride, slighted her husband. Her association with the desolute, her luxurious habits, the frequent visitation by young men, her abode in her father's house, and the mildness of her husband;—all these corrupted her. Having frequent opportunities of seeing the minister Kharga she fell in love with him, and abandoned herself to him. This amour secretly gratified gradually wore off her shame, fear, and dignity, and she gradually became exceedingly shameless. The minister bribed the servants with gifts and honors, and had free access to her appartments, and gratified his passion for the princess to the fulness of his heart. Her husband by her constant neglect of him, came at last to suspect of her bad character. The thoughts of his wife's misconduct reduced him in body. One night he suddenly entered her appartment in order to ascertain the truth. He found her fast asleep in the embrace of her paramour, her bosoms heaving with long breathings. He burnt with anger at seeing her in this state of unpardonable guilt—a sight that would have enraged even others than husband. And swayed alternately by anger and grief, he with great difficulty, and after much deliberation, controlled his anger. The woman whose

passion gets the better of her sense is very pleasant among her female companions in private; looks into the streets; dislikes the sight of her husband and of men like him; slights the anger of her husband; and attends when her husband is ill spoken of; speaks with her female companions when her husband wants her; and praises those who are against him; and turns away from his kisses and cannot bear his embraces, nor feel any pleasure in them; and pretend to sleep when in bed with her husband. They are miserable, thought Durlabhavardhana, who follow love, for men of little wit are undone by it. Who has better control over his passion than he who has duly subdued jealousy which is like spasmodic cholera. "The woman" he continued "is for the gratification of passion, and like other things, can be enjoyed in common; wherefore then a man whose feelings are disciplined, be angry on such account? Women are naturally fickle, and who can keep them under rules? Or what is the use of keeping them so? If the meeting of two persons to gratify a passion is an honorable act, what then is dishonourable? And since one's own body cannot be proved to be his, how can a woman be called "mine?" If she deserves death because she gives me pain, why do I not first kill love which is the prime root of all? And to destroy love, I must destroy jealousy first. For he who has destroyed jealousy, has totally destroyed affection within half a minute." Thus he thought, and wrote on Kharga's cloth the following words,

"Though you ought to have been killed, yet have I spared you; this you should remember." When Durlabhavardhana had gone out of the room unperceived, the minister awoke, and read the writings in his cloth. This moderation of Durlabhavardhana won the minister to his side. He forgot his lust and the princess, and meditated how to repay the goodness by which his life was saved, in so much that he did not sleep well being buried in thoughts as how to repay the goodness of the injured husband.

Now after a reign of thirty-seven years and four months Váláditya died, and with him the Gonanda dynasty became extinct. And while the chief ministers neglected the affairs of the kingdom, the grateful Kharga duly crowned the late king's son-in-law, bathing him with the waters collected from holy places and poured from a golden vessel; and the kingdom thus passed from the Gonanda dynasty to that of Karkota Nága as passed the Ganges from heaven to the head of Shiva.

There reigned ten kings. From the beginning fifty-three.

Here ends the third book of Rájataranggini by Kahlana, son of Champaka Prabhu the great minister of Káshmíra.

# BOOK IV

[Invocation to Hara Parvatí as usual.]

Durlabhavardhana had many children. The queen's bad character was not known to any, and she built a monastery named Anangabhavana. An astrologer predicted that Mahlana, one of the sons of the king, would not live long, so the boy raised a god Mahlanasvámí. The king bestowed a village named Chandra near the hill Vishokakota upon the Brahmanas. He also set up a Hari named Durlabhasvámí at Shrinagara, and died after a reign of thirty-six years.

His son Durlabhaka by queen Ananga then reigned. He assumed the name of Pratápáditya after the title of the dynasty of his maternal grandfather by whom he was adopted as his son. He had a rich minister named Oua, who built a village named Hanumata for the habitation of the Bráhmanas. This powerful king built a beautiful town named Pratápapura, where merchants from many places came and settled; and among others Noua from Rohíta. This Noua built Nonamatha for the habitation of the Bráhmanas of Rohíta. The king was pleased with him, and invited him, and the merchant passed with him a day and a night amidst entertainments befitting a king. When in the morning the king asked how he was, the merchant complained of headache on account of the smoke of the lamp that was burning in his room. And when after

wards the king was invited by the merchant, the king saw that a rich stone, instead of a lamp, lighted his room. Astonished at the luxury and riches of the merchant, and being well entertained by his host, the king spent there two or three days.

One day the king saw Shrinarendraprabha, the beautiful mistress [wife ?] of the merchant, and she being alone in the house, the king felt a desire for her. On the other hand the lady's female attendant pointed out the king to her, and she also became enamoured of the king. This mutual love might have sprung up in consequence of the love that existed between them in their previous birth, or through the interposition of cupid. Hid for a short time behind a pillar, she gazed on the king, and as she went away she frequently looked behind on him. The king returned to his capital, but his constant and anxious thoughts of her made him lean; and though he often rebuked himself, and reasoned with himself, it was all of no avail. "Fie," said the king to himself, "what a sinful affection has grown up in my heart! How powerful is love, that it overcomes reason, and reigns in the heart alone! As a king, I should be afraid of bad deeds, but what sinful temptations have come across me! If the king himself robs another of his wife, who then shall punish the guilty!" Thus reasoning he could neither leave the path of virtue, nor forget the lady. The king's health gave way, and he was on the point of death. When the merchant heard from the

people of the cause of the king's ill health, he thus privately advised his sovereign. Now that he was reduced to that state, virtue should no longer oppose his will, for when life is in danger, there is nothing that should not be done. In such a state even learned men, whose opinion is authority, have yielded. Life should not be forsaken for reputation, for when a man dies, fame is at an end. "O king," continued the merchant, "you need not respect me, for your benefit I can give up my life, why not then, an object of pleasure? If even now you refuse to accept the offer, I shall send her as a dancing girl, for she dances well, and then you can accept her." Thus urged by the merchant and by his own affection, the king, much abashed, accepted the lady.

The queen retrieved her character by many great works, she set up a shiva named Shrínarendreshvara In time she gave birth to a son who was named Chandrápída. This prince by his great virtues cleared the stain of his birth. Often great characters rise superior to their births, even as the white raindrops fall from black clouds. From the blunt hills is derived the sharp steel, and from the cold water springs the sea-fire. She afterwards gave birth to another son named Tárápída, and a third was born of her named Avimuktapída. These princes were also called by the names of Vajráditya, Udayáditya, and Lalitáditya. After a reign of fifty years the king died.

His son Chandrápída, otherwise called Vajraditya, ascended the throne: he performed many good deeds, and was a very virtuous king. He equally possessed power and forgiveness, and similar opposite qualifications. He was rich without the concomitant vices; he equally favored all, and did nothing that frightened his people; and was so modest that he felt ashamed when any one praised him for his good works. He held his ministers under due subjection; and in disputes he always sacrificed his own interest lest he did wrong to others. He made many clear and just laws. Here I must end the description of the virtues of the king for fear of prolonging my narrative. When building a temple to Tribhuvanasvámí, the house of a tanner fell within the boundary marked for the temple, but that man would not give up his house though compensation money was offered to him. At last when the matter was reported to the king, the men in charge of the building, and not the tanner, were held guilty, and they were censured for want of forethought in having commenced the building without obtaining the consent of the tanner in the first instance. They were told either to reduce the plan of the temple or to build it elsewhere, for he, the king, would not commit the sin of forcibly taking another's land. "For it is our duty," said he, "to administer justice, and if we act unjustly who will act rightly?" At this time there arrived a man from the shoe-maker, and was sent to the king by the ministers.

This man said, that the shoe-maker wished to see the king, and if he was held not fit to enter the court, he requested that he might see the king when at leisure, and out of his court. Accordingly, on a subsequent day, the king gave audience to the shoe-maker when out of his court, and asked him if he was the obstacle in the execution of a pious object, namely, the erection of the temple, and added that if he thought his house beautiful, he might have another house still more beautiful, or a large sum of money. Then the shoe-maker replied—"Be not proud, O king, of your learning and experience, but listen to my words according to my judgment. I am meaner than a dog, and you are a great king of the line of Kakutstha, the courtiers will therefore be vexed to see us talking together. The body of the living is brittle, but is strengthened with pride and affection. As you love your body, which is adorned with the ornaments *kangkana*, *hára*, and *augada*, even so we love ours though unadorned. What this handsome palace is to you, that is my hut to me, though through it the sun penetrates. This hut, like a mother, is witness of my joys and sorrows from my birth, and I cannot bear to see it taken away to-day. The grief which a man feels when his house is taken away from him, can only be known to the god who is ousted from heaven, or to a king who has lost his kingdom. Even after all this, if you come to my house and ask for it, then out of civility I shall give it up to thee." The king went to the shoe-maker's house

and bought it. The good are not vain though possessed of wealth. The shoe-maker clasped his hands together and said, that the condescension of the king and the pains he had taken for the performance of a just act were well befitting him; and as Virtue had tested Yudhishthira, so he had tested him. He then wished the king a prosperous and long life, doing such holy deeds and living admired by the pious. Thus the sinless king set up the image of Vishnu named Tribhuvanasvámí. His queen Prakásha built a large Vihára named Prakáshiká. Mihiradatta, the spiritual guide of the king, set up an image of Vishnu named Gambhirasvámí; and Chhalitaka, the mayor of the city, set up a god named Chhalitasvámi for the peace of the town.*

The death of the king occurred owing to some magic performed by a Bráhmana,† whom the king had punished for murder, instigated by his brother Tárápída. It was from this time that the crime of destroying the lives of superiors by magic began in Káshmíra. When the king was at the point of death, the Bráhmana was brought to him, but the king would not kill him, saying that he was innocent, since he was instigated by another. Who does not feel a pleasure in remembering the forgiveness of this king? Fate, by a mistake, had sent him to this world with the kings of Kaliyuga, instead of sending him with those of the age of Truth. The Bráhmana's intellect be-

* See Appendix I.

† The same one whose story is related in Appendix I.

came dull that he had destroyed such a king. This reign, though short, is replete with many virtuous acts. He reigned for eight years and eight months.

The fierce and angry Tárápída after murdering his brother succeeded him. The first act of his reign was a war with his enemies, whom he defeated with great slaughter. His prosperity was a source of annoyance to all. Envious of the gods, and thinking that the Bráhmanas displayed the glory of the gods, he ceased to punish guilty Bráhmanas in order that they might become corrupt. He reigned for four years and twenty-four days. He too was removed by the magic of a Bráhmana. Man dies by the same mischief which he devises for others, just as fire gives out smoke to trouble the eye, but the same smoke transforms itself into water and puts out the fire.

He was succeeded by his youngest brother Lalitáditya. He was a very powerful king, and carried on wars against his neighbours, but did not fight against those who submitted even at the moment of his victory. People fled from the cities which he attacked, and towns became empty as by miscarriage. Almost the whole of his reign was spent in conquest. He carried his victorious arms to the east. He conquered Gádhipura (Kányakubja) where the women were hunch-backed. Yashovarmmá, the king of the place, wisely submitted. But the king's servants were prouder than the king, even as the breeze from the sandal trees is more pleasant than

the spring. Yashovarmmá unfortunately placed his name before that of Lalitáditya in the document of the treaty which was about to be concluded between the two kings; which ran thus—"Peace is established between Yashovarmma and Lalitāditya." This offended Mitrasharma, who was minister of war and peace, as he regarded it as a slight to his master. The king who with his army was waiting with impatience, approved of the conduct of his servant in taking offence, and was so pleased with him that he made him head of the five offices which he created out of eighteen that had existed before, and in which five departments, Sháhi and others were made heads. The five offices are thus named – the Great Constabulary, the Military Department, the great Stable Department, the Treasury, and the Supreme Executive office. Yashovarmmá and his family were extirpated. The poets Vákpati, Rájashrí and Bhavabhuti, &c., who were in the court of the king of Kányakubja, now came over to the king of Káshmíra and used to chant songs to him. Kányakubja, from the Yamuná to the Káliká submitted to him even like the courtyard of his own house.

He marched thence with his army towards the east. He passed Kalingga, where elephants were caught. And then he came to Goura. Thence he reached the Eastern Sea, and pursued his course along the coast towards the south, conquering as he went. Karnáta submitted on his approach. A beautiful Karnáti lady named Rattá who ruled supreme in the south, her territories extending

as far as the Vindyá hills, also submitted to him. The army then rested on the banks of the Káverí beneath the palm trees, drinking the water of cocoanuts. Thence he marched to Chandanádri. And then the king crossed the sea passing from one island to another; and thence marched towards the west, the sea singing the songs of his victory. He then attacked the seven Kramuká and the seven Kongkana which suffered much thereby. His army was anxious to enter Dváraká situated on the Western Sea. The army then crossed the Vindyá hills and entered Avanti where there was an image of Shiva named Mahákála.

Lalitáditya, finding that almost all the kings had been conquered, turned towards the north, and had to fight his way with the haughty kings in that direction. He robbed the king of Kámvoja of his horses. In the mountains of Bhuskhára the horses of the king became excited at the sight of the horse-faced women of the country. He thrice defeated Dussani and subdued him. He then conquered the Bouttas, and in whose naturally pale colored faces no further sign of anxiety was visible. He also conquered Darad. Here the soft wind charged with the scent of Raindeer cheered his army. Before he approached East Yotishapura, the inhabitants left that place. Here the king saw the forest in fire. His elephants then passed through a sea of sand. Here was the kingdom of the females, and it was governed by a female; and the soldiers became impatient for the women. The queen

submitted and came out to have an interview with the invader, and trembled before him, it is not certain whether with fear or in love. The people of North Kuru fled to the mountains for fear of Lalitáditya.

Rich with the spoils of conquest the king returned to his country. He gave Jalandhara and Lohara and other small provinces to his adherents. To mark his conquest, he obliged other kings to wear a symbol of subjection, which they bear to this day. The Turashkas commemorate the fact of their being bound by generally clasping both their hands behind their backs, and shaving the front part of their heads. To prove the inferiority of the people of the South, he caused them to wear in their clothes a tail which touched the ground. There was not a town or village, or island, or river, or sea, where he did not raise triumphal monuments. These monuments he named according to the event or the time. When he set out on his expedition, he felt certain of conquest, and built a town named Sunishchitapura, or the "City of Certainty." When in his pride of conquest, he built another named Darpitapura, or the "City of Pride," in which he set up an image of Keshava. And when his conquests were over, and he was enjoying the fruits of his victories, he raised another city which he named Phalapura (*phala* signifying fruit or effect). He completed Parnotsa and built a house for amusement named Krirarama, the name indicating the purpose of the building. In the kingdom of the females he set up an

image of Nrisingha—unsupported by any thing but placed in the air between two loadstones, one above and one below. When he was out in conquest, his viceroy built a town after the king's name, but he incurred the king's anger. In this town of Lalitapura, there was an image of the sun, to which he bestowed the city of Kányakubja with the adjoining lands and villages. At Hushkapura he built an image of the god Muktasvámí and built a large monastery with a stupa for the Buddhists. He set out on his conquest with one koti (ten millions) of current coin. On his return he bestowed eleven kotis to Bhutesha for his purification. He raised the stonehouse of Jeshtarudra and bestowed many villages and lands to it. He also planted a series of machines at Chakradhara to draw water from the Vitastá. Also he raised a strong wall of stone round the temple of the sun. He erected a town adorned with vines, and another for the spiritual benefit of the people, and bestowed it with many villages to god Vishnu.

He built a beautiful town named Paribásapura. Here he set up a silver image of Vishnu, named Shípariháсakeshava, and another of gold named, Shrímuktakeshava, also an image of Maháraha, the mail of this last image being made of gold. He also set up a silver image of Govardhanadhara. He planted a single piece of stone fifty-four cubits high, on which was planted a banner, on the top of which he set up an image of Garura. He likewise built a temple of Buddha, which had a square

court-yard, also a chaitya, and a monastery. The image of Muktakeshava was built of eighty-four thousand *tolas* of gold, that of Shríparihásakeshava was built of eighty four thousand *palas* of silver. The image of Buddha which he set up was built of eighty-four thousand *prasthas* of brass. The monastery which had a square court-yard and the chaitya, were built for eighty-four thousand pieces of the current coin. The rich king built gods of gold and silver by the side of the great gods of the country. The jewels, furniture and villages bestowed on the gods were beyond estimation. His queens, ministers and dependent kings also set up hundreds of wonderful images. His queen named Kamalavatí, who was very rich, set up a silver image of Vishnu named Kamalakeshava. His minister Mitrasharma raised an image of Shiva named Mitreshvara; and Kayya a subordinate king of Láta, built a god named Shríkayyasvámí; he also erected a vihára named Kayyavihára, where Sarvvajngamitra a Buddhist attained the purity of Buddha. Another of his ministers named Tuskhárashchaugkuna raised a vihára named Changkuna, a stupa high as the mind of a king, and a golden image of Buddha. Ishánadeví, wife of the minister just named, caused a canal to be dug, whose waters were clear and beneficial to the healthy as to the sick. Chakramardiká, a favourite queen of Lalitáditya, built a town named Chakrapura containing seven thousand houses. A Bráhmana named Bhappata set up a god named Bhappateshvara, and

other individuals set up Karkatesha and other gods. The prime minister Changkuna built in another place a vihára with a chaitya; and Ishánachandra the physician and brother to the wife of Changkuna, having obtained wealth through the favor of Takshaka, built a Vihára.*

The king further caused a permanent asylum for the poor to be built at Parihásapura, to which he presented one lak and one plates filled with food. He also caused a town to be built in a barren place that thursty men might find water there. He invited prudent men from other countries, and brought Changkuna brother of Kangkanavarsha, an alchymist, from Bhuskhára. The king exchanged with this man a statue of Buddha which he brought from Magadha for certain jewels of mysterious properties.† This statue Changkuna placed in the monastery which he built, and can be seen to this day, surrounded by iron railings.

The king who was a good horseman, once rode to the woods to break a new horse. There, in a solitary part of the forest, he found a beautiful woman singing, and another dancing. When they had finished their works, they bowed and went away. The king for some days continually went to the same place, riding on the same horse, and saw the same sight. One day, being questioned by the astonished king, the girls replied, that they served in a temple, and lived in the village of Shukha-

* See Appendix J. † See Appendix K

vardhamána, and according to the instructions of the matrons of the place, they danced there. "Tradition speaks of a temple in this place, nor can we, nor any one else say more as to why the temple is invisible." The king heard this and caused the place, pointed out by them, to be dug. After an excavation had been made, the king on being informed by the diggers, came there and saw a dilapidated temple with closed doors. And when the doors were opened, he found two old images of Keshava, and an inscription to the effect that they were built by Ráma and Lakshmana. By the side of the temple of Parihásakeshava, the king built a separate house of stone where he placed Rámasvámí, one of those two statues. His queen Chakramardiká asked for the other statue Lakshmanasvámí from the king, and placed it beside Chakreshvara.

When the king set out in his wars, a man with fresh wounds laid himself down before the elephant on which the king rode. His hands were scratched, and his nose wounded and bleeding, and he begged hard to be saved. The kind-hearted king asked what had happened to him. He replied that he was the faithful minister of the king of the sandy Sindhu, and that he was beaten by the king because he advised him to submit to Lalitáditya. The king of Káshmíra determined to chastise the king of Sindhu, and caused good surgeons to attend on the ex-minister. The ex-minister told the king that after suffering the injury he had received, he did not care to

live, except for the sake of vengeance, and that when he was revenged, it was fitting that he should die, bidding farewell to the joys and griefs of this world. "But it is meet," said he, "that I should injure him more than he has injured me. How can you," he then continued, "reach that country sooner than in three months, or reaching his country, how will you maintain yourself against him? I will show you a way by which you can reach that country in half a month, but no water can be had by that route, so you will have to carry water for your army. My friends there will give no alarm of your approach, so you will be able to capture the king with his ministers and his females." Thus saying, he led the king's army and entered a sandy desert. When fifteen days were past, the store of water became exhausted. Still the king pressed on for two or three days more, but finding that the soldiers were suffering from want of water, he said to the guide that more days had passed in the way than he had mentioned, and that the soldiers were almost dying for want of water. He then asked how much of the way was yet remaining. Then replied the guide smiling, "Askest thou of the way to the country of your majesty's enemy, or to that of Death? For the benefit of my master I have disregarded my life, and have devised this plan, and have brought you and your army to the way of death. This is not merely a barren place, but a terrible sea of sand, no water can be had here, who will save you

to-day ?" Hearing this speech, the whole army became motionless like a *shali* crop destroyed by hail stones. The king heard the lamentations of the frightened soldiers and lifted his hand to stop their cries and said, "I am glad, O! minister, to see your devotion to your master, but on me your deception is in vain, as the blow of the iron on the stone Vajramani; and you will now grieve for your falsehood as one does who grasps a flame mistaking it for a jewel. As the sound of a thunder opens the Vidura ground, so look at my order waters will spring from underneath the ground." The king then began to dig the earth with a *kunta*; and as Shiva with his spear made the Vitastá flow, there he brought out from *pátála*, a river the life-hope of his soldiers, which relieved them. The ex-minister of the king of Sindhu, his labours now being abortive, and wounded as he was, returned to the country of his master, where Death entered after him; for the king of Káshmíra defeated the wily king of Sindhu, reduced him to the condition in which his minister had appeared before him, and devastated his country. The river Kuntavahiní, which the king struck out in the desert, and which ran according to the wants of the king through various tracts, is still flowing in Uttarápatha.

Though there are thousands of wonderful anecdotes of this king, I do not narrate them for fear of lengthening the history. Time and country give some traits to the character even of the great; as even noiseless and deep rivers clatter when passing over rocks, and their clear

water is turned muddy in the rainy season. Is it the fault of Kaliyuga, or of the throne that even this prince showed some bad traits in his character?

Once, when dwelling at Parihásapura in the company of his women and intoxicated with wine, he told his ministers that if they wished to increase the beauty of his city, they should burn Pravarapura, the city built by king Pravarasena. His orders could not be disobeyed, and the ministers hurried to the place and set fire to the dry grass and heaps of grain at Vátulánaka. The king saw from his palace the burning flames and laughed loudly. Even a good man, when filled with envy, sees things belonging to others, as more plentiful than they really are; as the eye afflicted with *Timira* sees moon &c., double. For if it were not so, why should this king, who built numberless cities, consider the single one built by Pravarasena to be fit to be destroyed. But when he became sober he grieved at the sin committed in burning the town. Grief in the heart corrodes the body as long as life remains, like fire within the hollow of a dried-up tree. On the morning when his ministers saw him repenting, they removed his grief by assuring him that they did not burn the town. The king was glad to learn this fact, as one is to see his son whom in dream he thought he had lost. He then praised his ministers, and instructed them not to obey him when he issued orders under the influence of wine. The world is like a woman of the town, and the king

like her temporary lover. Fie to those who for their own pleasure want to please such a king; but those who disregarding life, prevent the king from following a wrong way, hallow the world.

On another occasion the king assured the king of Gaura of his safety by the god Shríparihásakeshava, but afterwards caused him to be murdered by wicked men at Trigrámí. The people of Gaura were then very powerful, and for the death of their king they were ready to give up their lives. Some of them entered Káshmíra under the pretence of visiting Sarasvatí, and having collected themselves into a body besieged the temple of Parihásakeshava. The king was not then in the city, and the priests seeing that they intended to get an entrance, shut up the gates of the temple. On the other hand the people of Gaura seeing Rámasvámí, whose temple stood by the side of the other, built of silver, and mistaking it to be Parihásakeshava, tore it from its seat and broke it to atoms, scattering the pieces on every side. They were, however, overtaken by the soldiers who were in the city, and were killed at every step. They were cut to pieces—their sable bodies besmeared with blood fell on the ground. Thus they died nobly for the love of their king. What cannot gallant men do? They came all this distance, and perished for the death of their king. Even Vidhátá cannot exhibit such heroism. And at that age kings had several such devoted and powerful servants. The favourite god Parihásakeshava

was thus saved by the destruction of Ramasvami. The place of the latter is vacant to this day, but the glory of the heroes of Gaura fills the whole world.

Thus passed the days of the king; the greater part of his reign was spent outside his kingdom. Anxious to see no one but himself king in the world, he again led an expedition against Uttarápatha. The orders of this king were obeyed in realms where the sun did not shine. The ministers for a long time had no intelligence of him, and the messengers whom they had sent returned with the following message from the king.—"What a mistake it is on your part to expect my return when I have entered these regions? What business have I to enter my own kingdom leaving behind the new kingdoms which I conquer every day? The river issuing from its source terminates in the sea, but the career of him who conquers for the sake of conquest has no termination. I am instructing you what you have to do, and reign accordingly. Let not the great men of the country effect a quarrel among you, for like atheists they have no fear of the future world. The people who dwell in the caves of mountains should be punished even without fault, for if they can get money and fortify themselves they will turn out formidable. Let not the villagers get grain more than would suffice them for one year, and let them have no more bullocks than what is required for cultivating their lands, for if they gain more than they require for the year, these cruel Damaras will become powerful

enough to set aside the orders of the king, and shall become strong before the sovereign can know of it. When the villagers have clothes, wives, eatables, elephants, ornaments, horses and houses like the citizens; when kings neglect to watch important forts; when they are not able to know the hearts of their servants; when the *jigeers* are granted to soldiers in one district only; when the Káyasthas are united to one another by marriage; when kings see their officers behaving like Káyasthas; then you will know for certain that the people's lot is going to be changed for the worse. After careful consideration follow my advice, and let not outsiders know of this. As by scent the nearness of an elephant is known, and by lightning that of the thunder-clap, so by care the heart of man can be ascertained. My sons Kuvalayáditya and Vajráditya are the same to me, but being born of different mothers, there is difference in their intellect. The elder should be anointed when he is strong, still if it be necessary you may disobey his orders. If he leaves his kingdom, or commits suicide, remember my words, let none of you be grieved. My younger son you should not raise to the throne, or if you do never disobey him. And though he be oppressive still you should guard him. To my youngest grandson, the boy Jayápíra, you should always say, 'be like your grandfather.'"

The ministers, understanding his purpose and despairing of his return, bowed to his orders and wept. One

day Changkuna after much weeping said to the people—"Anoint Kuvalayápíra, for the king is dead." He learnt the fact by magic; for though the minister was at a distance yet by force of good fortune he could accomplish difficult things. Although the sun be clouded, yet expands the lotus; though the clouds be at a distance, yet they cool the sunbeams. The great have some secret powers, not apparent to others, by which they can effect difficult things from a distance. The king died after a reign of thirty-six years, seven months and eleven days. Some say he perished at A'ryánaka by an untimely fall of heavy snow. Some again maintain that in order to keep up his glory he burnt himself when in a danger. Again, there are others who are of opinion that he with his army entered the abodes of the gods through Uttarápatha. As the history of the acts of this king is strange, so also is the history of his death. When the sun sets, some say he enters the sea, others say he enters into fire, some again say, that he goes to another world. Even so when the great are dead the tidings of their death proclaim their greatness.

Lalitaditya was succeeded by Kuvalayápíra born of queen Kamaladeví. He ennobled his royalty by charity, as the serpent brightens his skin by casting off his old slough. His reign was for a short time darkened by his quarrel with his equally valiant brother. The quarrel for some time remained undecided owing to their dependants very often changing sides for money. At last the

king overcame his younger brother and also the dependants who took money from both sides. Now, having maintained peace in the kingdom, and gaining strength, he was ambitious of making foreign conquests. But at this time one of his ministers, either remembering the instructions of the late king, or through pride, disobeyed Kuvalayápíra; at which he was so angry that he could not at night sleep even for a moment, and thought not only of killing him but several of his partisans. But afterwards when his anger was assuaged, he wondered how he had ever thought it fit to take so many lives And he thus questioned himself—"Who ever lives in peace after committing crimes for the sake of self? What reasonable man wants to violate the path of virtue for his ungrateful person? None takes notice of the changes time brings on him. The immortal beings laugh at us, for they found us yesterday thoughtlessly laughing in childhood; to-day they see our beards grown and our faces looking red like copper in anger; and to-morrow they will behold our countenance and hair disfigured like the head of an old goat." Thus thinking on the mutability of man, and valuing peace, he left his kingdom, and went into the woods of Plakshaprasravana. At the time of his departure he wrote on his seat the following line which show his asceticism—"Go to the woods, fix your mind in devotion, for the riches you see are perishable, and of short duration." This seer-king may be seen by the

good even to this day at Shrí hill and other places. When the son of his master thus left the kingdom, the minister Mitrasharmmá with his wife drowned himself for grief in the waters of Vitastá. This king reigned for one year and fifteen days.

Him succeeded his brother Vajráditya also called Vappiyaka or Lalitáditya, born of queen Chakramardiká. The cruel temper of this king contrasted strangely with the gentle character of his brother. He robbed Pariháspura of many gifts with which his father had adorned it. This luxurious king had many females in his zenana. He sold many people to the Mlechchhas, and introduced their evil habits. After reigning seven years this vicious king died of consumption, the effect of his debauchery.

His son Prithivyápíra by queen Mangjariká then came to the throne. He was a great persecutor of his subjects, and reigned for four years and one month.

He was dethroned by his step brother Sanggrámápíra orn of queen Massá. This prince reigned only seven days. These two kings did not benefit the kingdom.

After the death of Sanggramápíra, Jayápíra the youngest son of Vappiya or Lalitáditya, ascended the throne. This prince remembered the words of the ministers, "Be like your grandfather," which they used to repeat to him according to the direction of king Lalitáditya I, and being ambitious of conquest, he collected an army and set out of his country. Arriving at the gate of Káshmíra with his feudatory chiefs, he asked the old

men there as to the numerical strength of the army with which his grandfather had set out. The old men smiled and said, "What is the use of asking that question? For that which was then accomplished cannot be repeated again. He had one lak and twenty-five thousand litters of war with him, while you have only eighty thousand."* But the king did not think the conquest of the world difficult with the army he had collected, as he thought times had much changed since the days of his grandfather. The old men found in him the spirit of his grandsire. When the king had gone far out of his country, his wife's brother rebelled and ascended the throne of Káshmíra. On the other hand, many soldiers who had not much loyalty in them, and longed for home, daily deserted his army and returned to their country. Thus deserted, yet resolved to show his personal valor, the king made a solemn vow. Through his pride which was not yet humbled, he surmounted the frowns of fortune. Sending his feudatory kings who followed him, to their respective countries, he with a few followers went to Prayága. There having ascertained the number of his horses, he presented one lak minus one to Bráhmanas with rich offerings. And there on the banks of the Ganges he erected a monument marked with his name, and an inscription to the effect that he who should be able to present one lak of horses might pull down Jayápíra's monument, and erect his own. The Ganges still laves with its waters the monu-

ment marked with the name of Jayapira. He then ordered his soldiers to return home, and separating himself from them, went out alone one night, and entered the city of Paundravardhana, the possession of Jayanta, the king of Gaura.

Long peace had made the citizens rich which it gave him delight to see. The king knew dancing, and naturally enough wished to see a dance, and entered the temple of Kárttikeya. For a time he sat on a stone at the door of the temple. He had an air of majesty in him which the people perceived and wondered, and they moved aside from him. It so happened that the dancing girl Kamalá saw with wonder the beautiful king, and his uncommon mein. She also marked that he frequently touched his shoulders and concluded that he must be some great man travelling over the world in disguise. "May be," she thought, "he is a king or a king's son or born of some high family who is accustomed to take betel from behind him, since he is frequently touching his back. The elephant shakes his ears though there be no black bees, the lion looks behind as he goes though there be no elephant near, the peacock dances though the clouds be dispersed; thus habit makes one work though there be no cause for so working." Thus thinking she made a sign to a bosom friend of hers, bidding her to approach the king; and when he placed his hand on his back as before, Kamalá's friend placed a betel there, which the king took, and

putting it to his mouth looked back and saw her. He asked her by a movement of his eyebrows who she was. She replied his question. He was pleased with her sweet conversation; and when the dance was over, she accompanied him to Kamalá's house. The king was struck with Kamalá's courteous behaviour, her tenderness and beauty. Now when the moon had risen, she took her guest by the hand, and led him to her bed room. There lying on a golden couch, the girl, drunk with Maireya wine, practised her arts on the king, but he did not touch her. And when she became ashamed of her forwardness, the king clasped her to his bosom, and gently said: "It is not, O! beauteous-eyed, that you have not touched my heart, but owing to my present misfortunes I am obliged to offend thee by not responding to your caresses. I am your servant, your simplicity has bought me, and you will soon know my history, and then excuse me. Know that I have vowed not to enjoy pleasures till I have done my task." So saying he played a tune with his fingers on the couch, and sighed and recited a verse: "Whose lust of conquest is not satisfied, can he think of woman? The sun does not come to his spouse in the evening without conquering the whole world." When he had finished the recitation, the girl took him to be some great man. On the morning when the king was about to depart, Kamalá requested him not to go, and gave him a lodging in her house.

Once the king went out to a riverside to perform his evening prayer, and it was late when he returned, and

found the whole household extremely anxious on his account. When he asked the cause of their anxiety, Kamalá smiled and said :—"At night there comes a great lion which kills many lives ; day by day it destroys man, elephant, horse, and you being late we were apprehensive of your safety. Be he king or prince, no one stirs from his house at night." The king smiled at her tale. That night passed, the king went out of the city next evening, and waited beneath a large Banyan tree for the lion. From a distance he spied the animal looking like the very smile of Yama moving about. He shouted in order to draw the attention of the beast, and at that deafening noise, the lion yelled and approached, his mane shaking, his eyes burning, and his ears erected. He lifted up the forepart of his body and opened his mouth. The active king thrust his hand up to the elbow into the mouth of the lion, and cut inside his chest. The lion vomited blood and died of that single stroke. The king washing his blood, and hiding the wound in his elbow, slept as before in the house of Kamalá. In the morning king Jayanta heard that the lion had been killed, and urged by curiosity, went out to see it. There he beheld the huge carcase of the animal killed by one single person, and felt sure that he who had destroyed it was more than man. He was, however, surprised when a follower of his gave him a *Keyura*, [an ornament worn on the upper arm] taken out from the mouth of the lion, marked with the name of Shríjayápíra.

How came he here? Asked the king, and the city became alarmed at the information. After assuaging the fears of the citizens, king Jayanta thus addressed them—"Why are you afraid, O men of little sense, now that you should be glad? It is rumoured that for certain reasons the powerful king Jayápíra is travelling in the world alone under the false name of prince Kallata. I have no son," continued the king of Gaura, "and am resolved to marry my daughter Kalyánadeví to him. He ought to be sought after, and if he be found without seeking, it will be as one who seeks for jewels and finds the island where there are all precious stones. He must be in this city, and he who will be able to give any information about him will obtain in return whatever he desires." The citizens, trusting in the word of their truthful king, made search after Jayápíra, and at last informed Jayanta that the king of Káshmíra was stopping in the house of Kamalá. The king with his ministers and his ladies came to the place, and with due attention conveyed him to his palace. And then he married him to Kalyánadeví. Jayápíra then subdued the five kings of Gaura, and made his father-in-law paramount over them. The army which he had left behind under the command of Devasharmmá, the son of Mittrasharmmá, the minister of his grandfather, joined him: and at the request of his general he returned to his country with his wife and Kamalá. On his way he defeated the king of Kányakubja, and took away from him his splendid throne.

When he entered Káshmíra, his brother-in-law Jajja, who had usurped his throne, came out against him. An obstinate battle was fought for several days at the village of Pushkaletra. During these days the dwellers of the villages and forests who could not brook the usurper, flocked to Jayápíra, who was beloved of his subjects. In the course of the battle, one Shrídeva, a villager, and a Chandála by caste, sought for Jajja. They pointed out to him Jajja riding on horseback in the thick of the battle, but being thirsty he was drinking water from a golden vessel. "Now Jajja is killed by me," cried out Shrídeva as he struck him with a stone tied to a sling. When he had set out for battle, he had said to his mother that he was going to help the king, and had asked for food. His mother laughed, but he resolved to kill Jajja. Jajja's army seeing him struck down to the ground with stone, and motionless, left him dying. Thus he reigned for three years in the kingdom which he gained by rebellion. He lived in anxiety, dreading the arrival of his powerful foe. The riches of merchants last not, if they appropriate what is entrusted to them, nor of prostitutes, if they deceive their paramours nor of kings, if they get the kingdom by rebellion. After the death of Jajja, Jayápíra reigned, and by his good works he attracted the hearts of the good. His queen Kalyánadeví founded a town named Kalyánapura on the field of her husband's victory. The king founded a city named Mahlánapura, and set up a large image of Keshava,

and Kamalá also raised a city named Kamalá after her name.

The king made several improvements in the kingdom. He introduced such sciences as were long forgotten in the country, even as Kashyapa brought the Vitastá, and encouraged his subjects to cultivate learning. He invited learned men from other countries and employed them in collecting the fragments of Pátanjali's commentary on the annotations of Kátyáyana on Pánini's grammatical aphorisms. The king himself used to take lessons from Kshíra, a Professor of Grammar. He never liked nor tolerated self-praise, but valued the praise of the learned. The title of *pandita* was more prized in his reign than that of the king. He listened to whatever learned men said, and so the inferior kings who had any favor to ask crowded in the houses of the learned. Such was his assiduity to get together learned men, that men of lore became scarce in the courts of other kings. In Shukradanta's house of charity, where boiled rice was distributed, one learned man named Thakriya was made the head. Another learned man named Udbhatabhatta was made the president of his court on a daily pay of one lak of dínáras. He made Dámodaragupta a poet, who had the art of procuring women, his principal minister. The poets of his court were Manoratha, Shangkhadatta, Chataka and Sandhimána; and his ministers were Vámana and others. Once the king dreamt, when in deep sleep, that the

sun was rising from the west, and he knew thereby that some virtuous *panditas* had entered his kingdom. This noble and eloquent king appreciated learning in which he took so great a pleasure. What joys can those kings feel, who, like blind bulls, are bent only on satisfying their appetites. As the embrace of the wife who is determined to follow her lord to the other world, is to the dead when placed on the funeral pyre; as the juice of the sugarcane is to one who has lost his taste by *Mahámoha* disease; as the scent of the garland is to the dead; even so is the grandeur of learning to the senseless.

The king once ordered one of his messengers to get five Rákshasas from Ceylon. The messenger who was none other than his minister for war and peace, fell overboard the vessel, and was swallowed by a *Timi* fish; but he tore the bowels of the fish and reached the shore. Vibhíshana, king of Ceylon, gave him five Rákshasas and sent him back to his country. The king bestowed much wealth on the messenger, and caused the Rákshasas to fill up a deep tank, and build a fort named Jayapura which equalled heaven in beauty. The king set up three large images of Buddha, a monastery, and an image of a goddess named Jayádeví in that town. He also set up images of Ráma and his brothers, and of Vishnu reposing on a snake. Some say that the king caused the tank to be filled up by his workmen, and employed the Rákshasas in doing some other work. Once the king dreamt that Vishnu asked him to cause a city

like Dváravatí to be built surrounded by water, and he built a town so surrounded, which the people, even to this day, call Abhyantarajayapura. In this city, Jayadeva, who was at the head of the five departments [mentioned before] built a monastery; and A'cha, the son-in-law of Pramoda the king of Mathurá, who was subject to the king of Káshmíra, set up an image of Mahádeva named A'cheshvara.

The king again set out for conquest. He had a large army with him; his elephants appeared as a continuation of hills as far as the sea, and his army stretched from the Himálaya to the Eastern Hills. At night Summunirája, and others with the Chandálas kept watch over the army. The king adopted the name of Vinayáditya and founded a city in the east named Vinayádityapura.

Kings may be great and brave and persevering, yet sudden dangers often render their fortunes doubtful. Once disguised as a hermit, the king entered the fort of Bhímasena, king of the East. He was, however, recognized by Siddha, brother of Jajja, and understanding that the king had come as a spy, he gave information to Bhímasena who, all of a sudden, captured and confined him. Here fate overcame the efforts of man. Jayápíra, however, did not lose his presence of mind in this great danger, and began to plan his escape. It so happened that, at this juncture, a disease caused by spiders, broke out among the people of Bhímasena. The disease was contagious, and fatal in its effect, and persons

attacked with it were deserted by their fellows. Jayápíra heard of this, and caused his men secretly to bring something that increased bile; he ate it and had an attack of fever; and applying the juice of Vajra [a species of Euphorbia] he produced eruptions on his body. Now the guards reported to Bhímasena that the king of Káshmíra had an attack of what they thought to be the prevailing disease, and Bhímasena apprehending danger therefrom, sent out Jayápíra. Thus effecting his escape, he captured the fort.

Aramuri, the learned and wily king of Nepála, wished to engage himself in war with Jayápíra. When the king of Káshmíra entered Nepála, Aramuri collected his army, and without submitting retired before the army of Káshmíra. Jayápíra not caring to fight with other kings, pursued Aramuri through various countries like a falcon that follows a pigeon, sometimes gaining and sometimes losing sight of his enemy's army. Having conquered the countries around, he encamped with his soldiers by the side of a river that flows into the sea within a short distance. Thence he continued his march towards the Eastern Sea for two or three days, his banners flying in the breeze which came from the sea. After which he got within sight of the Nepála army encamped on the southern bank of the river, under the Nepála umbrella. The anger of Jayápíra was roused at the sight of the army of the enemy, and on hearing their notes of war. And finding that the water in the river was only knee-

deep, and not knowing the nature of the place, he descended into the river. When he had gone half way, the flood tide came in, and immensely increased the bulk of the water, the place being near the sea. His army consisting of men, nágas, horses, elephants, were borne away by the current. The king's ornaments and clothes were swept away, and he was carried by the stream to a great distance, but he kept himself above water by swimming. The cries and shrieks of the army, mixed with the roar of the waters, filled all sides. At this opportunity the king was quickly picked up by the enemies by means of leather bag, and thus to their great joy he was captured. The favors of Fortune and of clouds own no law, for Fortune often bestows great favors, but in the next moment causes mishap; and clouds, while assuaging the heat of a long summer day, hurl down thunderbolts. The king of Nepála confined him in a high stone-built house on the banks of the Kálagandiká, and appointed his faithful guards to watch over him. The king of Káshmíra once more in danger, and not knowing what to do, burnt with grief. The confinement was so strict that neither the moon nor the sun could see him. But by some means he saw that the river was nigh, and he planned his escape. Even to this day the kind-hearted *panditas* remember the lines which the king then composed regarding his condition.

Devasharmmá, the proud minister of Káshmíra, was grieved to think of the humiliation of the king, and de-

termining to rescue his master at the risk of his life, sent a sweet-tongued messenger to Aramuri, and offered to give up to the king of Nepála the wealth and the kingdom of Jayápíra. And when messengers from Nepála came to him, and arrangements were made, he with the Káshmírian army entered Nepála. He reached the Kálagandiká, left his army on its banks, and crossed the river with only a few followers. He was introduced into the Nepála court by the feudatory kings, and was well received by the king who caused him to sit down in his presence. But as he was weary with travelling, the king soon dismissed him. Devasharmmá came to his lodgings and there passed the remainder of the day. On the next day, he and the king after drinking retired to privacy to settle their affairs. The minister told the king of Nepála that the accumulated wealth of Jayápíra was with the army, the fact being known to the king of Káshmíra alone, and to some of his faithful officers. "I wish to hear from the king of Káshmíra," continued the minister, "where he has kept these treasures, by holding out to him the hope of his being set free if he would give them up. I have not therefore brought the army here, for if they to whom the riches are entrusted be with the army, it will be impossible to get the treasures. But if the soldiers be brought here one by one and seized they may give out the secret." Thus deceiving the king of Nepála, he with the king's permission went to Jayápíra. He was grieved to see the king,

and clearing the room of all others, asked his master if he still kept up his spirits. "You may succeed," said he, "if your courage fails thee not." "When I am thus unarmed," replied his master, "what can I do though I possess courage." "If your courage has not been lost," rejoined the minister, "the danger can be got over. You can leap from this window, and cross over to the other side, for the army that is there is yours." "Without a leather bag," said the king, "the river cannot be crossed, and if a leather bag be thrown from this height, it will burst, so your plan is useless; and after being thus humiliated I do not wish to die without first chastising the foe." "Wait for two *dandas*," said the minister, "and then come alone and you will see the plan I propose to cross the river, and follow it without fear." The king then retired and passed the usual time

of the room, then entering it alone he found his minister lying dead on the ground, with a piece of cloth tied round his neck; and on it was written the following sentence—"I am but dead to-day, my body is stuffed with air, and will be for you a leather bag which will not break; ride on me and cross the river. I have tied a cloth round my thighs, thrust your legs within it up to your thighs." The sentence was written in the blood of his body, which he had taken out with his nails. At first the king was surprised and grieved at the sight, but after a while he availed himself of the opportunity, and plunging into the stream, reached the

opposite bank. There, being master of his army, he, within a short time, destroyed the king of Nepála, and overran his country, even before his guards knew of his escape. It is strange that the hour which gave birth to the rebellious Jajja, gave birth also to the virtuous Devasharmmá who was like his father Mitrasharmma. The king in spite of his victories thought every thing lost, because of the death of his minister, who was to him like the strange jewel, the possessor of which cannot be killed. In his conquests, he forgot his humiliation, but he could not forget his minister.

The king then conquered the country of women, but prided more on his conquest over his passions on that occasion. From this kingdom he brought the seat of Karna. He raised a building for the court of justice; and being distant from his treasury, he created another treasury office, which accompanied him in his march and was called Chalaganja, or travelling treasury. His kingdom extended to the four seas. He again returned to his country, and surrounded by his feudatory kings, enjoyed the glory he had attained.

The king discovered a copper ore* in a hill at Krama, from which he brought copper, and caused one hundred koti minus one dínnáras to be struck in his name. He alone, the king prided, who will strike a hundred koti coins will beat me. Thus he ruled to destroy the

* See Appendix D.

pride of kings, and left a task to be accomplished by other princes.

Unfortunately for his subjects, the king left the path of his grandsire, and walked in that of his father. The Káyasthas advised him that it was useless to undergo the fatigues of foreign conquest when he could accumulate wealth in his own country. The king took their advice, and began to oppress his subjects. Shivadása and others of his treasurers excited his cupidity. Thenceforth he spent the revenues of Káshmíra according to his pleasure, and as advised by the Kayasthas. The devices by which he had conquered other kings, were now employed to enslave his own men. The measures which had formerly been intended for the comfort of the good, were now adopted for the oppression of the people. He murdered many persons; and excepting those who flattered him, no one spoke well of him, even in dream. Prostitutes and kings both commit sins: the one cruelty and the other fickleness. Their senses are obscured by sins. The one is not grieved even to kill his parents, the other to embrace low men. In this way the king reigned for three years with such cruelty, and plundered even the cultivator's share of the harvest. His gain overturned his senses; he considered the Káyasthas his friends, though they gave him but a small share of the plunder, appropriating to themselves the rest. Even Bráhmanas who always have great patience, began to oppose the king. Some of them fled from the country

as the king began to kill many of them; but at last they combined and stood together, and the king could not destroy them, though he continued to plunder them. The king's character was greatly changed, and he was spoken ill of in poetry by the *panditas.* The cruel king once ordered that ninety-nine Bráhmanas should be killed in one day. And when he was sitting on the banks of the Chandrabhágá after having forcibly taken possession of Tulamula, he was informed that ninety-nine Bráhmanas had perished in the waters of that river. From that time he ceased to take possession of lands granted to Bráhmanas, but he continued to take possession of those possessed by men of other castes.

The Bráhmanas who dwelt at Tulamula once came to say something to the king, but were struck in his presence by his door-keeper, and consequently were very angry. "Bráhmanas were never insulted before, even in the presence of Manu, Mándhátá, Ráma and other great kings;" they said, "and when angry they can destroy in a moment the heaven with Indra, the earth with her mountains, and the nether world with its Nága—chief." The king who would not ask for advice, and was deserted by his feudatory kings, replied with supercilious pride. "You cunning people who eat by begging, what pride is this of yours that you pretend to do what the Rishis did." The Bráhmanas were cowed down by his frown, but one Iitti thus replied: "We conduct ourselves according to the times, as you are a

king, even so we are Rishis." The king scornfully enquired: "Art thou the great Rishi Vishvámitra or Vashishta or Agastha?" And, as if flaming with anger, the other replied, "If you be Harishchandra, Trishanku or Nahusha, then I am one of those you mention." The king then answered with a smile, "the curse of Vishvámitra and others destroyed Harishchandra, &c., what will your anger effect?" The Bráhmana struck the earth with his hand, and said, "will not my anger bring down Brahmadanda on thee?" Then said the angry king, "let fall the Brahmadanda, why delay it longer?" "O cruel man,! there it falls." And no sooner had Iitti said so than a golden bar from the canopy fell on the king. The wound degenerated into erysipelatous inflammation, and insects generated on the suppuration. He suffered great pain, the sample of what he would have to suffer in hell. After five nights, he, who had courted danger, died. Thus the king who used to punish without fault, was chastised by Brahmadanda and perished. This powerful though fickle king reigned for thirty one years. Kings thirsting for wealth, and restrained by no limits, take to evil ways, like the fishes which thirsting for muddy water leave their place and go on the dry land. The latter are caught by fishermen, and the former are sent to hell. His mother Amritaprabhá set up a god named Amritakeshava for the salvation of his soul.

He was succeeded by his son Lalitápíra by queen Durgá. He was a very sensual king, and did not attend

to royal duties, and in his reign prostitutes obtained influence, and evil ways were prevalent. The ill-gotten wealth of his father was spent by him on dancers, actors, &c. Bad men gained access to the palace as friends of prostitutes, and taught him the art of pleasing the public women. The king cast aside his crown and royal ornaments, and lived in the company of females. Those who could joke and speak of women, were his favorites, not warriors or learned men. His passion increased with his enjoyments, and he thought his father was inanimate, because when he conquered the kingdom of women, he did not touch them. And pleased with the embraces of women, and surrounded by his temporary companions, he laughed at his ancestors who had felt a passion for conquest. The king rewarded his gay companions because they derided old men so as to prevent them from approaching the king. In his court, and accompanied by his courtezans, the king shamed his old ministers with loud laughter and jokes. The wicked king clothed his noble ministers with clothes marked with the foot-print of prostitutes. One proud minister named Manoratha, unable to reform the king, ceased to attend his court. There is no way left but to desert a bad king, for it is useless to oppose him or to concur with him, or to grieve for him, or to work his evil. The king took back from Bráhmanas the places named Suvarnapárshva, Falapura and Lochanotsa. He reigned for twelve years.

He was succeeded by his step-brother Sangrámapíra, son of Jayápíra, by queen Kalyána. He assumed the name of Prithivyápira, and reigned for seven years.

After him Chippatajayápíra, otherwise called Vrihaspati, the infant son of Lalitápíra, was made king. He was born of Lalitápíra's concubine named Jayádeví, the daughter of Kalpapála an inhabitant of Akhuva. This daughter of Kalpapála had been taken away by Lalitápíra on account of her beauty. The maternal uncles of the present king named Padma, Utpalaka, Kalyána, Mamma and Dharmma now ruled the kingdom during the king's infancy. They were all young. The eldest held the five principal posts, and the others held other posts. The orders of Jayádeví, mother of the king, were obeyed by her brothers. She set up a god named Jayeshvara. The wealth saved by parsimonious kings is soon squandered by some successor. The king spent but a small sum, but his uncles appropriated the whole. The wealth which their sister had gained by means of her beauty was now spent by her fortunate brothers. But as their nephew grew up, they apprehended their destruction. And these wicked men after consulting together, killed their nephew by magic, in order that they might rule the kingdom. The king died after reigning twelve years.

After his death, his uncles were puffed up with pride and could not brook that any one among themselves would

reign. They wished to set up a puppet king, but they could not agree in their choice, and so they quarrelled. Tribhuvanapíra, son of king Vappiya by queen Meghávali, though the eldest, was not crowned, because all did not agree. This Tribhubanapíra's son named Ajitápira by Jayádevi, was raised to the throne by Utpala in opposition to his colleagues. But the king could not please all the five brothers equally, for when he spoke to one of them the rest were displeased. The five brothers who appropriated the revenues of the realm, set up many houses of gods in the city. They with their sons ruled the kingdom which may be said to have been without a king. Utpala set up a god named Utpalasvámí, and built a town named Utpalapura. Padma set up a god named Padmasvámí, and a town named Padmapura. The wife of Padma named Gunadeví, built two temples, one within the city, and the other at Vijayeshvara. Dharmma set up a god named Dharmmasvámí, and Kalyánavarmma set up Kalyánasvámí, an image of Vishnu. Mamma set up a god Mammasvámí, and gave away as gift eighty-five thousand cows with calves, and five thousand dínáras with each cow and calf. Who can estimate his wealth, much less the accumulated wealth of all the brothers? Their charity made every one desire and pray for their riches, by whatever means acquired, whether by plunder or by honest means. The houses of the gods built by them were far larger than other temples which stood beside them. From the

Káshmírian era 89,* when their nephew died, till now they reigned without opposition for a period of thirty six years. After this a battle was fought between Mamma and Utpalaka, and it was so obstinately fought that the Vitastá was choked with dead bodies. The poet Shankuka described this battle in his work named Bhuvanábhyudaya. Yashovarmma, the son of Mamma, defeated his opponents. The victorious party then dethroned Ajitápíra and crowned Anangapíra son of Sangrámápíra. Unable to bear the ascendancy of Mamma, Sukhavarmmá son of Utpala, began to aspire to the kingdom. After three years Utpala died, and Sukhavarmmá raised Utpalápíra son of Ajitápíra, to the throne.

Ratna the minister for peace and war, who had amassed much wealth, set up a temple for the god Ratnasvámí. Nara and other proprietors of the village Vimaláshvá, who were the judges of Dárvábhisára, &c., lived at the latter place as princes. The line of Karkota became almost extinct, and the family of Utpala began to thrive. When Sukhavarmmá was, through his prowess, on the point of becoming king, he was murdered by his envious friend Shushka. Shura the minister, then thought Avantivarmmá son of Sukhavarmmá, to be fit for the throne;

* With the exception of the calculation of date at the beginning of the book, which will be found in our Appendix A. this is the first instance where the author has given a date to an event. The Káshmírians calculated era by centuries. Here the year 89 signifies the 89th year of the century which was then current.

and in order to prevent disturbances among the people, he in the Káshmírian era 31 † deposed the reigning king Utpalápira, and raised Avantivarmmá to the throne. This man obtained with ease the kingdom for which his father and grandfather had tried so hard.

The water of coronation was poured on his head from a golden vessel, his golden ear-pendants glittering as if the sun and the moon were whispering advices in his ears; and at the time of his being crowned he was surrounded by the princes of his race.

Here ends the fourth book of Rájatarangini by Kahlana son of Champaka Pravu the great minister of Káshmíra.

There were seventeen kings of the line of Karkota, who reigned over a period of two hundred and sixty years, five months, and twenty days. Altogether there were seventy kings from the beginning.

† This is of course the 31st year of the next century.

## BOOK V.

### [INVOCATION.]

AVANTIVARMMA cleared the kingdom of all enemies, and by his good behaviour pleased the good. The minister obeyed the orders of the king, and the king complied with the requests of the minister. The king was forgiving and grateful, the minister devoted to his master, and without vanity. Such a union is rare. The wise king, although he had obtained a kingdom, did not forget his past condition and used to meditate in the following manner :—" The regal dignity inspires ambition in great minds, and leads men to crime. There is none who is favored with royal dignity but feels misery in the end. How can she (Fortune) who rose from the ocean along with the courtesans of heaven, learn to be faithful to one. She has no affection, and has followed no king to the other world though long solicited. The stores of golden drinking vessels of departed kings no longer belong to them ! Why do not kings feel ashamed to eat from plates from which others have eaten before them ? Who does not fear to look on the huge plates of silver marked with the names of departed kings ? Who can feel pleasure at the sight of those unholy necklaces which have been taken out from the necks of dying kings ? And who does not feel terrified to touch these ornaments left by them with their regrets and lamentations at the time of their death ?

Wealth is purified when bestowed on proper persons." Thus thinking, the king broke the golden ornaments and things, and gave them to Bráhmanas. One Brahmana instead of saying, "admirable O! king," when he received the gift, addressed him by name and said "admirable O! Avanti!" The king was so pleased at this that he bestowed much wealth on him. The king gave away everything in charity retaining only his *Chámara* and umbrella, and thus he spent the accumulated wealth of his predecessors.

His brother and brother's son rose against him several times, but he defeated them in battle, and having restored peace in his kingdom, he divided his wealth among his friends and servants, out of affection towards them. Out of his affection too for his step-brother Súravarmmá he raised him to the dignity of heir-apparent. This Súravarmmá bestowed the villages of Khadhuyá and Hastikarna to Bráahmanas, and set up images of two gods named Súravarmmasvámí and Gokula. The holy king also set up a Matha, the pride of the world, and bestowed the village of Panchahasta on Bráhmanas. Another brother of the king named Samara, set up images of Ráma and his brothers as well as one of Samarasvámí. The two younger brothers of Súra named Dhíra and Vitrapa who were accountants, built up two temples named after them. These two brothers went up bodily to Kailása, the heaven of Shiva! Sura had a door-keeper

named Mahodaya who set up a god named Mahodaya soamí. It was in this temple that Rámaja whose school of grammar was then celebrated, was employed as expositor. Prabhákaravarmmá, the king's minister, built a temple of Vishnu named Probhákarasvámí. He had a tame *shuka* bird who accompanied other *Shukas* and brought many pearls; whereupon the minister built the celebrated Shukávalí.

The minister Shúra patronized learning and encouraged the learned, and many learned men were brought to the court in royal carriages drawn by pair, and were well received. The following authors flourished in this reign:—Muktákana, Shivasvámí, A'nandavardhana and Ratnákara. Kritamandára the bard of the minister Shúra used to repeat the following sloka in the court as a hint to his master. "This is the time to do good, while fortune lasts, for fortune is naturally fleeting, and danger is always at hand, and when danger comes, there will be no more opportunity to do good." Shúra raised many edifices, and among others one for Hara-Párvatí, a figure half male and half female, at the shrine Sureshvarí. This temple was very strongly built. And having set up the god Shúreshvara, he built the temple Shúramatha, as high as his own mansion, for the dwelling of devotees. He built a beautiful town named Shúrapura and brought there the celebrated drum which was in Kramavartta. Ratnavardhana, his son, set up an image

of Shiva named Bhúteshvara at Sureshvarí, and built a matha within the enclosure of Shúramatha. Kávyadeví, his wife, set up a Shiva named Kávyadevíshvara at Sureshvarí.

The king who had no vanity in him, allowed his brothers and Shúra and Shúra's sons to bear the royal arms. The king was from his childhood a Vishnuvite, but out of regard for Shúra he inclined towards Shivaism. He built the town of Avantipura at Vishvoukasára the shrine where the souls of the dead receive salvation. There, before he became king, he had set up the image of the god Avantisvámí, and after becoming king he set up that of Avantishvara. And out of his silver bathing vessel he made three seats for three gods, Tripureshvara, Bhútesha, and Vijayesha.

His minister Shúra was so devoted to him, that he cared neither for his life nor for virtue nor even for his son in the service of the king. One day, when the king had offered his offerings, befitting his wealth, to god Bhúteshvara, he saw that the wild Utpalasháka vegetable had been placed by the priests on the seat of the god. And when the king asked the reason, they fell prostrate, and clasped their hands, and replied:—"In Lahara there lives a fiery and strong man named Dhanva who is as beloved of Shúra as his own son. He always worships gods and has the power to bring down rain. Now this person has taken possession of the villages attached to the temples and consequently this wild vegetable is

all which can be had, and which has been offered to the god." The king pretended not to hear the above, and feigning to be suddenly attacked with colic pain, left worship, and went out. But Shúra guessed that there was some reason for the king's leaving off the worship and getting a sudden attack of colic pain, and began to enquire into the matter. And when he learnt the true reason he became angry. He entered the temple of Bhairava which was near the temple of Bhutesha, and in which was Mátrichakra. There he prevented the people from crowding, and encircled by a few followers, he repeatedly sent messengers to bring Dhanva. Dhanva, cruel though brave, arrived with his infantry. But no sooner had he entered the temple than the armed men of the minister severed his head from his body, even before the god Bhairava. The minister threw the bleeding body into a neighbouring tank, and went out to assuage the anger of the king. The king heard that the minister had beheaded him whom he had loved as his son, and wondered, and his anger abated. And when Shúra enquired about the health of the king, he replied that his pain was gone. The minister then raised him from his bed and caused him to finish his worship. Thus the minister who understood the motives of the king, was ready to serve him and even to sacrifice his own life, although not ordered to do so. The king and the minister were never angry with each other, and never have a king and a minister like them been seen or heard of.

For ten years during this reign, animals did not kill one another; in so much that Patina fish left the cold water, and basked fearlessly under the autumn sun on the banks.

In this reign lived Shríkallata and other sages. And though their history is long, yet I shall relate briefly the anecdote of one of them as it concerns the present history. Káshmíra, intersected with many rivers and lakes, was never a very productive country. It was owing to the vigourous efforts of Lalitáditya that the country was drained in some places and the produce of the land had been a little increased. But after the death of Jayápída, the kings who succeeded were feeble, and the waters again increased to their former bulk. And the consequence was a famine. Paddy was sold at one thousand and fifty dínnáras per khárí.* To save men and animals from this calamity, Suyya, one of the sages, was born. No one knew of his birth; and it was apparent from his actions that, although born in the Kali Yuga, he was not born of man. Suyyá, a chandálí by caste, was on one occasion sweeping the dust from the roads, when she found a new earthen pot covered; and on raising the cover, she saw a boy lying in it, and performing Japa; and its eyes were like lotus leaves. She thought that some unfortunate mother must have left the beautiful child there. While she was thus think-

* 32 seers = 1 drona, 16 dronas = 1 khárí.

ing, suddenly, and out of affection for the child, the milk came into her breast. Without polluting the child with her touch she lodged it in the house of a wet nurse of the Shudra caste, to whom she gave money enough for its support. The child was named Suyya; and when he grew up and was educated, he became the tutor of boys in a rich man's house. He was, for his good conduct and intellect, considered as chief in the circle of the learned. One day, when some people were grieving on account of the recent floods, he remarked that he had intellect, but not money, and he could therefore give no redress. This speech was reported to the king by his spies, and the king wondered, and caused him to be brought before him. The King asked him as to what he had said. He fearlessly repeated that he had intellect but no money. The courtiers pronounced him to be mad; but the king, in order to try his intellect, placed all his wealth at the disposal of this man. Suyya took out many vessels filled with dinnáras, and went by boat to Madava: There in the village named Nandaka, which was under water, he threw a pot of dinnáras, and returned. Although the courtiers pronounced him to be undoubtedly mad, the king heard of his work, and enquired as to what he did afterwards. At Yakshadara in Kramarájya he began to throw dinnáras by handfuls into the water. The Vitastá was there obstructed by rocks which had fallen into its bed from both its rocky banks; and the villagers who were suffering from scarcity, began to search for the

dinnáras, and in so doing removed the rocks which were in the bed of the river, and cleared the passage of the water. No sooner had the water flowed out than Suyya raised a stone embankment along the Vitastá, which was completed within seven days. He then cleared the bed of the river, and then broke down the embankments. The passage was now quite open, and the river flowed easily, and rapidly towards the sea, as if anxiously and eagerly, after this long detention; and consequently the land again appeared above the waters. He then cut new canals from the Vitastá wherever he thought that the course of the river had been obstructed. Thus many streams issued out of one main river, even like the several heads of a serpent from one trunk. Sindhu which flowed from Trigrama to the left; and Vitastá on the right were made to meet one another at Vainyasvámi. And even to this day the junction made by Suyya near this town exists; as also the two gods Vishnusvámí and Vainyasvámí at Phalapura and Parihásapura situated on either side of the junction; and the god Hrishíkesha whom Suyya worshipped, just at the junction. And to this day may also be seen the trees which grew on the banks of the river as it flowed before, distinguished by marks of ropes by which boats were tied to them. Thus Suyya diverted the course of rivers. He raised a stone embankment seven *yojanas* in length; and thereby brought the waters of the Mahápadma lake under control. He joined the waters of the lake Mahápadma with

those of the Vitastá, and built many populous villages after having rescued the land from the waters. The low lands which he protected by embankments are to this time called Kundala, and there the harvest is very plentiful. Even to this day when the rivers become narrow in autumn, marks of the pillars which were erected by Suyya may be distinguished. When the waters receded, the jars of dínnáras which he had thrown in deep water at Nandaka, were found again. He examined several places and iriegated many villages, the produce of which did not depend on rains, by means of artificial canals cut from the Chanula and other rivers until the whole country became fruitful. Thus Suyya benefited the country such as even Kashyapa or Valadeva had not done. Before his time, paddy sold in Káshmíra at two hundred dínnáras a Khárí even after a bumper crop, but since his time the same quantity has sold at only thirty-six dínnáras. He built a beautiful city after his own name on the Vitastá where it issued from the Mahápadma lake, and he made a law that as long as the world existed the fishes and birds of the lake shonld not be killed. He bestowed the village of Suyyákundala to Bráhmanas, and erected a bridge Suyyásetu after the name of her who had found him in the street. Avantivarmmá and other kings built thousands and thousands of villages on the land thus rescued from the waters.

King Avanti reigned well even like Mándhátá. He was at last attacked with a mortal disease and retired to the

shrine of Jyeshteshvara on the hill of Tripuresha. There on the approach of death he manifested a leaning towards Vaishnavism. He died listening to the Bhagavadgítá, and meditating on Vishun's heaven. His death happened in the month of Ashára, on the 3rd day of the bright fortnight of the moon, in the year 59 of the era.

On his death all the members of the family of Utpala aspired to the throne. But Ratnavardhana the Royal guard raised Shankaravarmmá, son of the late king, to the throne. The minister Karnapavinnápa became envious, and raised Sukhavarmmá the son of Suravarmmá to the dignity of heir-apparent; and so the king and the heir-apparent became enemies to each other, and consequently the kingdom was frequently disturbed by their quarrels. Shivashakti and other warriors refused offers of wealth, honor, &c., from the opposite party, and remained faithful to their master, and died for him. Honourable men never desert their party. After much trouble the king prevailed at last. He defeated Samaravarmmá and others, on several occasions, and acquired great fame.

Having thus beaten and subjugated his own relatives, he made preparations for foreign conquests. Though the country was weak in population, he was able to set out with nine hundred thousand foot, three hundred elephants, and one hundred thousand horse. He, whose command had been ill obeyed in his own kingdom a short while before, now began to pass orders on kings.

His army was joined by the forces of tributary kings, and increased as he went on. On his approach the king of Dárvábhisára fled in terror and there was no fighting. The Káshmirian army caught several lions and confined them in a fort, a sort of abode in which they had never lived before. The king then marched for the conquest of Gurjjara. Prithivíchandra the king of Trigarta hid himself, but his son Bhuvanachandra, on whom the king of Káshmíra had bestowed wealth before, came to pay homage. But when he saw the large army of Káshmíra, he became afraid of being captured, and accordingly turned and fled. The king of Káshmíra, whom the historians describe as a very handsome man, was regarded by other kings as Death! Shankaravarmmá easily defeated Alakhána king of Gurjjara who ceded Takka a part of his kingdom to his conqueror. The king of the Thakkiyaka family took service as guard under the king of Káshmíra. The latter caused the kingdom of the Thakkiya king which had been usurped by the king of Bhoja to be restored to him. The king of the country which lay between Darat and Turushka, (as the Aryavarta lies between Himálaya and Vindhya,) Lalliya Shahi by name, who was among kings even as the sun is among stars, and was also lord over Alakhána, did not submit to the king of Káshmíra, on which the latter drove him out of his country.

After his conquest, Shankaravarmmá returned to his country, and built a town named after him in the pro-

vince of Panchasattra. In that beautiful town he also set up two images of Shiva, Shankaragaurísha and Sugandhesha—the former named after himself, and the latter after his queen Sugandhá, daughter of Shrísvámí, king of Udakpatha. One Náyaka, a learned man, built another temple to Sarasvatí in the neighbourhood of the above mentioned temples. Poets purloin from each other's poetry, and the great rob other men of their properties and thereby increase the beauties of their own works. In order to adorn this new-built town, the king conveyed into it beautiful things from Parihásapura. The sale of beasts for which the town of the Pattavas was celebrated, now went on in this new-built city. Ratnavardhana the minister, who had raised the present king to the throne, set up a Shiva named Shríratnavardhana.

It is strange that the king who had once done glorious acts, now began to do things which were evil. He became avaricious, and began to oppress his subjects. His treasury was empty, and in order to meet the heavy expenses of his luxury, he at last, and after consultation with his advisers, commenced to plunder the temples. He raised money from towns, houses, and villages, and created two offices named Attapatibhaga and Grihakritya.* He cunningly appropriated the money which was set apart for the purchase of incense and oil for the use of the temples. And

* The duty of these officers appears to have been to help him in his extortion. According to Dr. Goldstücker they were revenue officers in Káshmíra where duties were levied on perfumes, sandal wood, oil &c. The Doctor regards these offices as one and the same.

on pretence of superintending temples he plundered sixty-four of them through their headmen. He took lease of villages attached to the temples, but appropriated all the income without paying anything to the gods. The king gave only one-fourth of what had hitherto been given annually to the courtiers for the cost of their food, blanket &c.; and this was more than what he wished to give. When he found village officers absent from their posts, he fined them one year's pay through the respectable persons of the villages. He also fined innocent rural officers their year's pay. Thus he introduced heavy and impoverishing imposts in villages; these imposts were of thirteen sorts. He impoverished villages by collecting the monthly salaries of his Káyasthas who were given to cruel extractions, and by various other means. From the savings made by reducing gifts to temples as also from the fine imposed on villages, he managed his household expenditure. He established five camps and a sixth named Lavata the principal treasury, on spots where the various industries of the country were carried on.

When the subjects were thus severely oppressed, the king's son Gopálavarmmá took compassion on the people and one day thus spoke to his father :—"O father! the boon which you promised to grant me before, and you are a truthful man, I ask of you now. The steps which you have adopted through the advice of Káyasthas, hardly leave any hope or means to your subjects to live upon. It is not

likely that any good will come to you in this or in the next world from your tyranny. Who can say what effect these oppressive acts may bring in the future world? But in the present world there is nothing but mischief. People suffer from the avarice of kings more than from famine, disease, &c. When the king is avaricious, no one wishes for his welfare. Charity and kind words can conquer the world, but avarice destroys charity and kindness. The avarice of kings destroys their beauty, length of reign and power. The inheritors of an economical man thrive; but no servant will do good to him who is not grateful. Even his own men try to kill him who has gathered immense wealth. What unpleasant things may not be effected by avarice,—as by enemies? Avarice is the cause of disgrace to kings, so desist from such avarice" Having heard the gentle words of the prince the king smiled and calmly replied "your advice against tyranny has roused in me the feeling I felt of yore. When I was young like you, I was a prince, and, like you, loved the subjects. According to my father's direction, I used to wear iron mail in summer, in winter I could not wear warm clothes, and was made to go about with my feet bare. Hunters who used to go before me, saw me walking by my horse, my feet torn with thorns, and eyes filled with tears, and spoke ill of my father. But my father said that he had risen to the dignity of a king from a low position, and that he knew how to appreciate the labors of those who served in dif-

ferent capacities; and that after undergoing such pain myself I should be able to know the sufferings of others, which otherwise I should never be able to appreciate, being born rich. I, who have thus been schooled by my father in hardships, am now oppressing my people after getting the kingdom. As the sentient being, when born, forgets the pain which it felt when in the womb, even so the king, after getting a kingdom, forgets the thoughts he used to entertain before. Therefore, grant me a boon that after getting the kingdom you will not be more oppressive than I am." When the king had said thus, the courtiers who were there, smiled and looked on the prince, who held down his face in shame.

The king was unwilling to make presents and therefore kept himself aloof from the company of learned men, while Bhallata and other minor poets attended his court. Good poets did not get any pay from him, but Bharikolavata used to get two thousand dínnáras as his salary. The fact of the king's birth in a family of Kalpapála was betrayed by his vulgar words which were like those of a drunkard. His venerable looking minister Sukharája behaved like an actor on the stage, in order to do things according to the wishes of the bad king. The king fearing a rebellion, killed during night the innocent and heroic chief of Dárviábhisára, Naraváhana and his servants. Twenty or thirty of this wicked king's sons died without any disease, through the curse of his subjects. Kings who oppress their subjects lose their

wives and children, wealth and life in a moment; and I shall narrate hereafter how even his name has been lost by his cruel deeds.

He built a town named Pattana, and made his minister Sukharája's nephew (sister's son) lord of Dvára, but that man lost his life at Bíránaka through his own carelessness. This incensed the king, and he marched upon, and devastated Bíránaka, and entered Uttarapatha. He conquered many kingdoms on the banks of the Indus, and when the affrighted people of these places submitted, he returned. When he was entering Urasha with the inhabitants of the place, and his army lay encamped, an arrow of a hunter came from the top of a hill and accidentally pierced his throat. When on the point of death, he ordered his faithful men to lead back the army to his country. He was carried on a *karniratha*. His sight became dim, but he knew his weaping queen Sugandhá by her voice, entrusted to her care his boy Gopálavarmmá, and expired as the arrow was extracted from the wound. His death happened on the way, on the 7th day of the dark fortnight of the moon in the month of Phálguna, in the year 77 of the Káshmírian era.

Sukharája and others safely conducted the army through the hostile countries, concealing the fact of the king's death. By some contrivance made by means of a cord, the king's dead body was made to bend to the feudatory princes who bowed to him. After six days the

army reached Vallásaka, a place within the Kashmirian territory, where being free from fear, they performed the funeral rites of their dead king. Surendravati and two other queens perished on the funeral pyre, as also the grateful Válávitu and able Jayasinha, and two servants Láda and Vajrasára. Thus perished seven persons in the flame.

Then the virtuous and truthful Gopálavarmma, began to reign under the direction of his mother Sugandha. Though he was yet a boy, and lived among the vile and the seduced, yet he did not contract any bad habit. His mother was now a widow, and living in luxury, asked Prabhákaradeva, a minister (treasurer), to her embrace, and bestowed on her paramour wealth, rank, and three good districts. The treasurer robbed the queen of much wealth and built a town Bhándápura at Sháhirájya. The reigning Sháhi* disobeyed his orders to build the town, on which he changed the name of the country to Kamalaka, and gave it to Tomaráua the son of Lalliya. Returning thence he entered the capital, proud of his victory and of his intrigue with the queen. In the pride of his victory, he constantly insulted warriors with harsh words. No one was allowed to enter the palace as long as he was there as if it were a house of ill fame. The young king came to know of this

* *Sháhi* is the corruption of the mahomedan title *shah*. See journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal for 1874, Part 1. Page 104. Where Firuz Shah is translated into the Sanskrita as Pheruja Sáhi.

affair at last; and once accidentally met the minister who was robbing him of his wealth and honor. The king then examined the treasury, and there being a deficit, the treasurer explained that the amount wanting had been spent in the war with the Sháhi. The treasurer was afraid of the king, and caused magic to be performed by his friend Rámadeva, through the influence of which the king was burnt to death. He reigned for two years. The evil work of Rámadeva being known, he became afraid of punishment and committed suicide.

Sangkata, the brother of the last king, and like him, picked up in the streets, then became king; but he died in ten days.

The dynasty of Shangkaravarmmá being now extinct, the queen Sugandha at the request of the subjects began to reign herself. She built a town named Gopálapura, a temple Gopalamatha, and a god Gopálakeshava; and another town named after her. Nandá, the widow of the late king Gopalavarmma, and born of high family, devoted herself though young to the services of god-Keshava. She was then in the family way, and her mother-in-law hoped for a son. But the death of the child which happened after delivery grieved the reigning queen, and she was anxious to make over the kingdom to some one of the family. The foot soldiers formed themselves into companies here and there. Sugandhá reigned for two years with the help of her Ekánggas.

The Tantris* were her ministers. In order to make over the kingdom to some worthy person, she invited to council the Tantrís and the Ekánggas from among her ministers and the captains. As the line of Avantivarmmá was extinct, she selected Nirjjitavarmmá, son of Sukhavarmmá by Garggá, and grandson of Shuravarmmá, in the hope that being her relative, he would act according to her directions. But she was opposed by some of her ministers as her nominee was unfit for the kingdom on account of his bad habits. For he used to squander money in nightly dissipation and to sleep during the day, and was moreover extremely idle. In the meantime the Tantrí infantry separated themselves from her party, and made Pártha, son of Nirjjitavarmmá, a boy of ten years, king, and expelled the queen out of the country. The ministers who were insulted by the treasurer Prabhákaradeva, the queen's paramour, thought themselves avenged by the expulsion of the queen. She was driven out of her territory and spoiled of her possessions, left the capital weeping. Those of her servants on whom she relied, now joined the enemy. However in the year 89 of the Káshmírian era, the Ekángga soldiers combined together and brought back Sugandhá who was then dwelling at Hushkapura. Hearing of her approach the Tantrís who

---

* Ekánggas and Tantrís are evidently two sects of people who played conspicuous parts, though for a short time, in Káshmíra at this period.

were in favor of Pártha, went out at the end of Chaitra to fight with the ex-queen's men. On the 90th year the ex-queen's army was signally defeated, and she was captured when in the act of fleeing. She was afterwards murdered in a deserted Buddhist Vihára. Strange is the unsteady rise and fall of fortune!

Anarchy now prevailed, and life and property became insecure. The king being a boy, his father "the idle" was his guardian; he took bribe, and joined the ministers and oppressed the people. Feudatory kings began to out-bid one another in giving bribes, and serving the Tantrís, and to carry on sanguinary feuds among themselves. The kings of Káshmíra had formerly conquered Konouje and other countries, but now her kings bribed the Tantrís that they might be allowed to live. The sons of the minister Meru who set up an image of Vishnu named Shrímerúvardhana, now engaged themselves in a deep plot to usurp the kingdom. They got wealth by oppressing the people. The eldest of them Shangkaravardhana entered into friendship with Sugandháditya and secretly robbed the palace.

Now it so happened that when the people were numerically reduced, the Autumn harvest of Sháli corn was destroyed; so that one khári of grain sold for one thousand dínnáras. Consequently in the year 93, there was a great scarcity, and many died of the famine. Hardly could the waters of Vitastá be seen, so thick did the swollen corpses of men float on its waters. The bones

of the deceased lay thick on every side like one vast field of the dead. At this time, the ministers and the Tantris became rich by selling rice at high prices. That minister was the king's favourite, who at this time sold the people and bribed the Tantrís. The king's father "the idle" felt himself at ease though he saw men in trouble, even like a person sitting within a warm chamber, and seeing persons outside battered by the storm in a wood. Many subjects were murdered by the king. Happily the kings of this time reigned for short periods only; even as bubbles in the rain-water. Sometimes Pártha reigned setting aside his father by the help of the Tantrís; and sometimes his father set him aside by the same means. The wives of "the idle" took Sugandháditya as their paramour. Vappata, one of the queens of "the idle," gave her lover Sugandháditya much wealth. The sons of Meruvardhana, had, in the hope of acquiring influence in the kingdom, married their beautiful sister Mrigavatí to "the idle." And she too accepted Sugandháditya as her lover. This man used to visit his paramours by turns; and as each wished to get her son coronated, each gave him wealth, and yielded her person to him.

In the year 97, in the month of Pousha, the Tantrís set aside Pártha and set up his father "the idle," their protegé to the throne. But in the month of Mágha next year he died after having coronated his infant son Chakravarmmá. The Tantrí infantry, then in favor of Pártha, fought with the Ekánggas of the opposite side for the

kingdom. Queen Vappata, mother of the infant king, was his guardian for a short time, but then her mother took care of the child for ten years. During the infancy of the king his bad character was not apparent.

In the year 9 (of the next century) the ministers set aside Chakravarmmá, and raised to the throne Shuravarmmá son of "the idle," by queen Mrigávatí. His maternal uncles, sons of Meruvardhana, had no affection for him. They withheld what was due to the Tantrís, and hence became the cause of his deposition. Though the king was a good man, yet he was no favourite of the Tantrís, for they received no money from him. After a year he was deposed, and the Tantrí infantry got much wealth from Pártha and again made him king. A public woman named Sámbavatí, who had set up a goddess named Sámbeshvarí, and who knew the art of arranging the Tantrí army, became the favourite of Pártha. Chakravarmmá waited his time, offered large wealth to the Tantrís, and in the year 11 in the month of Ashára was made king again. The foolish Chakravarmmá reposed much power on the sons of Meruvardhana who were known to be bad. They and the conspirators enjoyed the kingdom, setting aside Pártha and other kings: they took much land from the kings, they dethroned the king's father and brother, and even injured their relatives with whom they were related by mutual marriages. The king made Shangkarabardhana, the eldest of them, Chief Justice, and made Shambhu-

bardhana, another of them, the head of the office of Grihakritya. In the month of Pousha of the same year, he failed to pay the Tantris their due for want of money, and fled in fear.

The king having fled to Madava, Shangkarabardhana with the intention of becoming king, sent his brother Shambhubardhana to the Tantrís as messenger. But the latter having promised large wealth to the Tantrís, came to an agreement with them, and caused himself to be made king, thus out-witting his elder brother. The large fish eats the smaller fry, the heron eats the large fish, and the fowler kills the heron.

Chakravarmmá, spoiled of his glory, entered one night into the house of a headman of the Damara tribe, named Sangrama, living at Shrídhakka. He knew his guest to be the king, and made his homage to him, and gave him his own seat. The king, now humbled, and driven from his kingdom, asked him for aid. "Who counts the Tantrís or grass in battle" said Sangráma "and what are we not capable of doing in your service? But if we help you now, you will kill us afterwards, for kings do not remember the services done to them after the work is done. As the woodman, when he descends from a tree, cuts down the branches which helped him to ascend, even so are kings. He, whose intellect and patience helped the king to rise, is feared by him on account of those very virtues lest they bring about his fall. In the days of prosperity, the king

forgets the past services of those who aided him in his danger, and remembers their faults if they chance to commit any. Kings when powerful, kill through shame those very followers who had seen them in disease, hunger, pain, and in fear of enemies &c. Though the king be a good one, yet nothing can be expected from him, for evil councillors speak evil of others. The king's mind may be averted from evil during the day time, but none can avert his mind from the teachings of his queen, his instructor by night. What is infused with difficulty during the day, the king like a white ass forgets during the night. Every one who approaches the king, becomes the object of his avarice, and afterwards his victim. The king destroys those near him, not those who are afar. No one can know beforehand the evil propensity of kings who wait their time. The lion stoops when he kills, the serpent embraces when it bites, and the devil smiles when he destroys. Even so the king praises when he murders. If you do not oppress us afterwards, I shall march with my army along with you even tomorrow morning." The king felt abashed, and replied: "You who are doing me this service will be kept as safe from harm as my soul." Then they both put their legs on the bloody skin of a sheep, and with swords in their hands embraced each other. On the morning Chakravarmmá followed by innumerable Damaras, marched towards the capital. The Tantrí infantry placed Shangkarabardhana at their head, and

went out on the 8th bright lunar day of Choitra to meet the enemy. Chakravarmmá made rapid marches unostentatiously and in disguise. A sharp fight ensued outside the town of Padmapura in which Shangkarabardhana was killed by Chakravarmmá who rode a horse. On his death, the Tantrí army fled in every direction. But Chakravarmmá overtook them in their flight and beheaded them with his sword. In this battle the Tantrís lost five or six thousand men, who were killed by Chakravarmmá, and remained under the shadow of vultures' wings. Who did not admire the Tantris who rose and fell together? There too perished Shangkarabardhana with his greatness and his followers. These Tantrís who perished there had once ruled the proud and unapproachable kings of a great family at their will, as the snake-players do the snakes. They of whom kings had begged for their very life were thus humbled; and these cruel evil-doers who had once insulted Chakravarmmá, and put him to grief, were now destroyed by his deep-felt enmity.

On the second day Shambhubardhana collected the broken army of the Tantrís; but in the meantime Chakravarmmá entered the capital followed by his captains; the ministers and the Ekánggas and soldiers covering the roads from all sides and coming from several directions with loud din. Chakravarmmá rode amidst his cavalry, holding the reins of his horse and his turban in his left hand, and in his right the sword, which reflected the

sun's rays on his ear-pendent. His iron mail pressing on his throat made his face red and terrible. He checked the greedy soldiers who were plundering the shops, and pacified the frightened inhabitants of the place. The sound of the kettle drum, and the cry of blessings of the people deafened the ear. When the king, flushed with success, was seated on his throne, Bhubhata brought Shambhubardhana bound, and to show his zeal for the king, killed him in the royal presence. Shambhubardhana had rebelled against kings who were like fathers to the people, and thereby had destroyed them. He was the king's enemy and had protected men who had violated the laws of virtue.

Now Chakravarmmá having got the kingdom and destroyed all his enemies, became vain and cruel. He loved flattery and those who flattered him. Soothed by flattery, and considering himself a god, he did many foolish acts. At this time a foreigner named Rangga who was a good singer, and of Domva caste, came to his court. He was made to wait outside, while the guards seated the ministers and petty chiefs according to their ranks, a space being left in the front of the king. The court was crowded with white turbans, and illumined with lamps, and the cool night breeze blew. The ladies of the zenana wishing to hear the song, peeped through windows, their lips smelling of Asava wine. The Domva followed by his train then entered the court. He had two beautiful daughters Hangsí and Nágalatá, on whom all gazed with

eagerness, and they too cast their glances of love on all sides as if for the second time they scattered flowers in the court. The court rang with the song of the singers singing the praise of the king and "Long live the king," "Victory to the king," &c. The two girls tuned the flute to the tune of Pangchama, and sang without moving the head or the eye; and it appeared as if only one person was singing. The king gazed on them without moving and steadfastly. The girls marked the king's emotion; and sang more charmingly. They and the king interchanged their thoughts by their glances. One of the courtiers marked the king's feelings and thus encouraged his passion. "As the Maireya wine, O king, is perfumed by camphor, so is the song, by the lips of these two girls. The moon kisses their white teeth as they sing; they by their motions, songs and glances charm even the gods. One of them, knowing that we are speaking of them, is smiling and looking at us; the other is singing with down-cast face, her ear-rings waving, while she makes voluptuous gestures. Happy is the youth for whose absence such women sing in loneliness. How can, according to the dictates of Shástras alone, every thing be accepted, and one thing only be discarded. It is no sin to see beauty, to hear song, but how can it be sin to touch her." The passion of the naturally restless king, thus encouraged by the words of the courtier, became violent. Courtiers often lead kings to evil path, even as lions are misled by clouds. If sophist courtier

could not beguile fools, who would have wandered in hell. The king who was as liberal as Rádheya (Karna) but on unworthy objects, pleased the Domvas with the presents of Hára, Keyura and Kundala (ornaments) and went to the inner apartments. Fie to them who spend their wealth on simple songs mistaking them for poetry. The beauty of harlots, of the rainbow, and of the ordinary song abideth not long. The king could not rest satisfied without those two girls. They too, while they were singing, embraced the king, at which he felt ashamed. The perspiration caused by his passion made the king's body cool, and it seemed as if the warmth of his good fortune left him.

Hansí was made his principal queen. Those who ate the remnants after her meal became good courtiers. The ministers who served the Domva were promoted to the posts of judges in the courts of justice &c. Some of the Domvas, on account of their ignorance were not created ministers; others who knew of politics managed the kingdom. The newly created ministers were thieves. The queen and the favourites were of low caste (literally;—those who cooked dog's flesh.) Every thing was unusual in the kingdom. The queen after the menses gave gifts of her clothes stained with her blood, and the ministers entered the court covered with these clothes and felt themselves proud. Some determined to oppose the king, and did not take the food tasted by these low caste people, and they were considered as of

high caste like those who drink the Soma juice. Surely no powerful gods existed in the country, for then low caste people could not have entered the temples. On the Tiladvádashí day the principal queen visited Ranasvámí followed by the proud people of her caste. The orders of these people, because of their connection with the king, were obeyed as king's. The king bestowed the village of Helu to Rangga, but the Patta (clerk) did not write out the gift. Rangga entered the court of justice, and angrily asked the clerk, calling him the son of a female servant, why he did not write out the gift. Terrified at the anger of Rangga, the clerk wrote out the gift at last. What law is not upset when the king is bad?

The king asked what expiation would palliate his connection with the low caste women, and his gay companions made him perform some ludicrous acts. His courtiers advised him that cold is destroyed by cold, and crimes by crimes. In order to palliate his connection with low caste women, he corrupted the wife of a Bráhmana who had been fasting for a month for some religious purpose. Some Bráhmanas were still more vicious than the king; they ate in the king's house, and received gifts of villages from him.

The king erected Chakramatha for the Saivas, but he died when it was half finished, and his queen completed it after his death which happened in the following manner. The ungrateful king who loved the low caste women, forgot past benefits and privately killed many innocent

and faithful Dámaras. Some of the Dámara thieves therefore were seeking an opportunity and pretence to assasinate him. One night they found the king unarmed in the privy near the room of his principal queen. Having got this opportunity they quickly hurled on him numerous sharp weapons from all sides. He was dosing, but was quite awakened by the fall of the weapons, like a man sleeping by a lake and suddenly thrown into it, and he began to bawl aloud. He searched for his weapon but in the meantime he was severely cut. He fled to his bed-room, followed by his pursuers. The queen embraced him weeping, but his enemies killed him in her embrace. Instigated by the other queens, the murderers smashed the knees of the dying king with a stone. On the 8th day of the bright moon in the month of Jaishta of the year 13, the king was killed like a dog by villains.

Sharvata and other ministers then raised Unmattávanti son of the wicked Pártha to the throne. This king was worse than his predecessor. Sarasvatí stops here in fear of contamination by narrating the sinful acts of this king, but I shall lead her as one leads a frightened mare. This monster was the destroyer of his father's line. He used to strike his ministers on their heads, and those who could produce sounds by their noses became his chief ministers. The shameless ministers used to please him by flattery &c., and these ministers in time became kings. Parvvagupta became the king's greatest favourite by dancing naked in the court. Since the revolution

caused by the Tantrís, kings, as Parvvagupta perceived, had become powerless, and he aspired to the sovereignty. He contracted friendship with minister Bhubhata, and the four principal ministers Sharvata, Chhoja, Kumuda and Amritákara who were robbing the treasury with the intention of becoming kings. The king made Rakka of celebrated valor his chief minister. The king had witnessed in a battle the singular prowess of this man, then fighting on foot. Rakka saw the goddess Shrí in the tank near the window of the house of Sangráma, the Dámara chief; and he raised an image of the same shape as he had seen, and named it Rakkajáyá.

Guided by the advice of Parvvagupta who wished to clear the country of all enemies, and then to usurp it, the king began to destroy his kindred. He plundered his father Pártha who was supported with his family by the gifts of the beggars of Jayendravihára where he resided. The king closed up the doors of the room where Shangkaravarmmá and his infant brothers were, and thus starved them to death. He then intended to murder his father; and gave gifts of clothes &c. to some of his ministers who favored his view, the rest he confined with chains. One night according to the king's orders, Pártha was surrounded by ministers, captains, Tantrís and Káyasthas. They shut the door and murdered his wife, and also murdered her infants weeping and embracing their mother. The minister Kumuda and other favourites of the king dragged Pártha by the hair, naked

over the gravel which cut his body, and murdered him helpless, unármed and naked, lean for want of food, and crying. The king heard the news of his father's death, and on the morning went to the spot out of curiosity accompanied by his ministers, and was glad to see the occurrence of the previous night. The courtiers prided themselves and pointed out the wounds which each of them had inflicted. With the king's permission, Parvvagupta told his son Devagupta to paint the king with his father's blood whereupon the young man sent a knife into the dead man's limbs and the blood spouted out and smeared the person of the king. This made the king laugh long.

After the murder of Chakravarmmá the Dámaras plundered the country. The king again raised the wicked Káyasthas, who oppressed the country, to high posts. Advised by evil ministers, he learnt the use of arms by striking off the breasts of prostitutes. He ripped open the wombs of pregnant women to see the fœtus, and he hacked the limbs of blacksmiths, in order to try their strength. Bráhmanas accepted from him gifts of villages, either through avarice or through fear of life.

The king was attacked with consumption, a disease befitting his cruelty; and he suffered great pain as long as he lived. Not only were his subjects glad of his death, but so also were his fourteen queens. The king died during summer of the year 15.

A foundling was then seated on the throne, and he was falsely declared by the female servants of the zenana to

be the son of the king, and was named Shuravarmmá. This infant was placed in charge of the ministers, the Tantrís, the Ekánggas and the captains. Kamalabardhana lord of Kampana, who was then residing at Madava, and who alone was capable of subduing the Dámaras, was the enemy of the late king. On the 7th bright lunar day of A'shádа, the king set out to visit Jayasvámí. Kamalabardhana informed of the fact by his spies, took this opportunity to approach the capital with his captains; and besieged it with the Ekánggas and Tantrís. His army had been wearied in subduing the Dámaras, in the way, but were still able to overcome the enemy here. They defeated one thousand horse of the enemy with a smaller number of their cavalry, and entered the city unopposed. Hearing of this defeat the soldiers deserted the infant king; and his mother fled with him. The victorious prince either through sins of past life, or through the evil council of the bad ministers, did not ascend the throne. He retired to his own house wishing to be coronated some other day. Afterwards he collected the Bráhmanas, and asked them to select some countryman of theirs, young and worthy to be their king, expecting foolishly that they would select him. Who is more to be pitied than he who finds some rare and beautiful woman alone and without enjoying her then, sends a female messenger for her on a subsequent day; or he who leaving suddenly got wealth, wishes to acquire it on a subsequent day by fair means. The Bráhmanas covered with thick

blankets, looking like hornless bulls, and with their beards burnt with smokes, met at Gokula. And now that the line of Utpala was extinct, they began to discuss as to whom they would select. But on account of difference of opinion they could not bathe (coronate) any one, except their mutual beards with spitting (the effect of hot discussion.) Kamalabardhana appeared before them in order to remind the Bráhmanas of his claims but they pelted at him. During the five or six days that they passed in discussion, there came many courtiers to the Bráhmanas with many followers and loud music and with banners and umbrellas in their carriages. Kamalabardhana now repented.

The widow of the late king who had murdered his father, sent officers to the Bráhmanas to urge the claims of her infant son (who had lately been dethroned by Kamalabardhana,) whom she had been concealing. Víradeva had a son named Kámadeva in the village Pisháchakapura. This Kámadeva bore a good character, and used to teach boys in the house of Merúvardhana. In time he became the treasurer, and his son Prabhákara soon became the treasurer of king Shangkaravarmmá. Prabhákara who was the paramour of queen Sugandhá died in the subsequent revolution. His son Yashaskara became very poor, and went out of the country with his friend Phalgunaka; but dreaming a good dream he returned to his country hopeful. The messengers who were sent by the widow of the parricide, selected him, and sent

him, because of his eloquence, to the Bráhmanas. But no sooner had the Bráhmanas seen him, than they all of a sudden cried out loudly—"let this be king," and they soon bathed him king. Providence ordains, that when the bamboo forest is burnt up by forest flame, the roots are saved by a shower. When a tree is blown down by the wind, the roots are preserved being embedded in rocks. If the son of Pártha guided by his servants had not destroyed his own line, if Kamalavardhana had not upset the grandson of Pártha, how could Yashaskara, the beggar wandering about the country, become king? The people crowded in the streets to see him king, whom they had once seen going on foot alone like a common man. On his way towards the palace, he heard the blessings of gazelle-eyed women without feeling pride; and he entered the palace surrounded by sun-like white umbrellas, and things made of silver looking like moon and stars, and hearing the blessings of women with which the palace was resounding. Thus he commenced to reign.

Here ends the fifth book of Rájatarangginí by Kahlana, son of Champaka Pravu, the great minister of Káshmíra.

There were eight kings of the line of Kalpapála beside foundling, some females, and ministers, who reigned, altogether extending over a period of eighty-three years and four months.

---

## BOOK VI.

### [Invocation.]

The first act of this new king Yashaskara was to order his door-keepers to send away the Bráhmanas who had selected him king, as he did not like to be disobeyed by any one. To the Bráhmanas themselves, who were frightened by the door-keepers, the king said, clasping together his hands, "you have bestowed the kingdom on me and you should be respected as gods; remain proud of your action in having bestowed a kingdom, but come not to me unless on business." This act of the king made the Bráhmanas think him to be unapproachable; and they forgot the familiarity which existed when he dwelt with them.

King Yashaskara enforced the old laws and practices long out of use in the kingdom; and the country became devoid of thieves, so that the doors of the houses of merchants were kept open during the night, and travellers were undisturbed in the streets. Under the king's supervision the servants of the State who used to steal so largely, lost their posts and had merely to superintend agriculture. The agricultural people had never occasion during this reign to come to court; nor Bráhmanas reading the Vedas, to take up arms. Bráhmanas who chanted the Sama Veda did not drink wine, nor did they, who performed *tapa* have wife or child, or keep animals or corn. The astronomer, the physician, the courtier, the priest,

the minister, the spiritual guide, the ambassador, the judge and the writer were all learned men in this reign.

One day a Bráhmana who used to perform the rites of Práyopaveshana came to the king and said that he was an inhabitant of Káshmíra, that he had been rich before, but through misfortune had been reduced to poverty. His debts had increased and he was harrassed by his creditors, so that he had sold his house to a rich merchant and paid up his debts by selling every thing and had gone out to travel in different countries. But considering, said he "that my wife should be supported, I retained possession of a well with a staircase ( part of the house) that she may live by letting the place on hire to those who in summer may like to keep betels and flowers there. After wandering for twenty years in different places, and having acquired some little wealth I have again returned to my country. I found my wife deprived of her beauty, and getting her livelihood by serving as a female servant to some one. I asked her why she had undertaken service, since I had left her the means of livelihood. She replied, that when I was gone the merchant had driven her out of the well and staircase by beating her with a stick. 'What other means is left to me,' she said and stopped, and I was sunk in grief and anger on hearing the account. But the judges are in every step deciding in favor of the defendant. I do not understand justice, I have not sold that place, and am determined to have it or die. I who, am a poor man,

shall die at your door; and if you fear sin, judge rightly. The king then sat on his seat of justice, and called in all the judges and began to investigate the matter. The judges said that they had several times adjudged the Bráhmana's case, but that he had lost his suit, that he ought to be punished, and that he did not admit the justice of the decision because of his cunningness. The king saw the sale-deed, and found that the well with the staircase had been sold along with the house. But the king thought that the plaintiff was in the right. After thinking for a moment, he began to amuse the courtiers with his conversation; and in the midst of the talk, he from time to time took jewels from several persons as if to examine them; and in the same way he took a ring from the defendant to look at it. Asking them all to wait for a moment, he on pretence of washing his feet, withdrew from the room, and sent one of his servants with the ring and proper instructions to the house of that very merchant. The king's servant went to the account-keeper of the trader and asked him for the accounts from the year in which the sale of the house was effected. The account-keeper thought that the merchant might have some necessity for the accounts, gave them over to him, taking from him the ring. Among the items of expenditure, the king saw that a sum of a thousand dínnáras had been paid to the court writer, and knowing that the fee of writing document was small, wondered as to why the merchant should have paid so

large a sum. He at last came to the conclusion that र had there been changed to स* The king showed the accounts to the courtiers, and caused the court writer to be brought; and having assured him of his safety, he proved the fraud to the court. The courtiers admired the king, and the king gave to the plaintiff, the house and wealth of the merchant whom he exiled out of his country.

Once upon a time when he had said his evening prayer, and was going to take his meal, a door-keeper, afraid to report thus untimely said that a Bráhmana had now brought a complaint; that he had told the Bráhmana that the court time was over, and he should lay his complaint the next day, but that the Bráhmana threatened to kill himself unless he was granted an audience that day. Without taking his meal, the king ordered him to be brought in. The poor Bráhmana when questioned, said that after travelling in various countries, and acquiring one hundred gold Rupakas he had returned to Káshmíra his native land, as he had heard that it was then well governed. "Owing to your administration" he said "there is no thief in the way; and last night being weary of travel I stopped at Lavanotsa and slept be-

* In the sale-deed of the house it originally stood thus "सोपान-कुपरहित" *i.e.* the house was sold "without the staircase and the well," but changing र into स which is not at all a difficult performance it became "सोपानकुपसहित" *i.e.* "together with the staircase and the well."

neath a road-side tree in a garden apprehending nothing. When I rose in the morning, my bundle containing my little property fell into a well which I had not seen before. Bereft of wealth and sunk in grief I was throwing myself into the well, but the people prevented me. One brave and determined man asked me as to what I could offer him if he could get out the money. 'That money is yours, and whatever you wish, you can give me out of it,' I said in despair. He descended and brought it up, and gave me two pieces, and took ninety-eight himself. The case now depended on the verbal contract made and the people blamed me for making the contract; the laws being strict on the point. Your laws are bad and so I shall die at your door." The king enquired as to the make and the name of the man, but he replied that he could only describe his face. The king then said that he would do what the Bráhmana desired, the next morning, and dined with him that evening. When the merchants of Lavanotsa sent for by the king arrived, one of them was pointed out by the complainant as the offending person. When questioned, that man corroborated what the Bráhmana had said before, but pointed to the existing law and the agreement made. The Bráhmana had engaged himself by his promise, and the people waited to see the result of the case. The king then sat on the seat of justice and ordered ninety-eight pieces to be given to the Bráhmana and two to the other person. He explained that instead of saying, "give what you will," the

Bráhmana said "whatever *you wish*, you may give." Now this avaricious person *wished* for ninety-eight pieces but gave the Bráhmana only two pieces, which he did *not wish for*. Thus the king adjudged cases.

Though in this manner he taught justice to others, he became an object of ridicule on account of his conduct, like a physician who prescribes good diet to others, but himself takes bad food. Though the king was pure, yet he did not desert those who during the last reign had taken of food polluted by Domba. He exacted money through four policemen who again helped one another. This truthful king killed some foot soldiers though they laid down their arms before the shrine of Shríraneshvara. He was so glad on the death of his elder brother that many wise men who were near him thought that he had caused his brother's death by magic. He made a courtesan Lallá, supreme over all his chaste wives and subjected himself to her control. Goodness finds no entrance into the heart of women. It seems as if for that reason Vidhátá has made their breasts finely round outside. Knowing that they feel equal affection towards the good and the bad, Vidhátá has made them externally beautiful. This Lallá though favored by the king, used to receive even one chandála constable to her embrace. Yet there must have been some quality in that constable that she being a queen should condescend so far in his favor. Possibly she might have been born a chandála, or possibly he was a lucky man. No one knew how they

first fell in love. One officer named Hádi only knew of their love, having seen them looking on each other with a peculiar glance. The king at last found out through his spies that the rumour of their love was founded on truth and in penitence, he wore skin of a deer (Krishnasara) and did penance. Those near him entertained suspicions, because through the excess of his affection he did not kill her in anger. The king became contaminated with sin by being near to those servants who had eaten (in the previous reign) out of the Domba's plates.

The king thought that it was owing to some virtue committed in his previous birth that he had obtained the kingdom in the present, although not born in the royal family. Ambitious of obtaining kingdoms in his future lives, he bestowed his wealth on Bráhmanas. He raised a school in the place of his ancestral worship, for the education of the children of Aryya countries, and he gave *chámara*, umbrella and treasures to the Principal of that school. On the banks of the Vitastá he bestowed fifty-five villages to the Bráhmanas.

At last the king was attacked with a bowel complaint. He discarded his son Sanggrámadeva as not being born of him, and crowned Varnata son of Rámadeva, and grandson of his uncle, and placed him under the care of the ministers, Ekánggas, and petty kings.

Those who aspired to usurp the kingdom on the accession of the infant Sanggrámadeva to the throne were disappointed. The new king was, however, endangered

by the wiles of Parvvagupta. Though living in the capital he did not even send men to enquire after the health of the dying king. Whereupon Yashaskara became angry, and repented his choice and tried through his ministers who were there consoling him, to set up Sanggrámadeva to the throne. On the morning Varnata was, by order of the dying king, taken out bound from his room where he had been during the night with bars fastened. The room had eight pillars. When the disease of the king became acute, he nominated Sanggrámadeva as his heir, and leaving his capital went to the temple he had built. In his last moments, and when he knew his end was approaching, his servants deserted him, and he was left, bereft of his crown and arms, clad in red cloth, and with his hair and beard growing. When on the approach of death he set out of his capital to die, he took with him two thousand and five hundred pieces of gold; Parvvagupta and other four persons robbed him of this money and divided it among themselves, even before the king was dead. Oppressed by the pangs of the disease, rolling about in his bed within a dark small room of the temple, still retaining his sense, and seeing his own men turn against him, the king lived for two or three days more. But his servants and friends intending to usurp the kingdom, hurried him out of the world by poison. Of all his wives, the chaste Trailokyadeví died with him. Another version of the king's death is, that when superintending the conduct

of the Bráhmanas and mendicants of his kingdom, he found one Bráhmana named Chakrabhánu at Chakramelaka, engaged in some vile act. The king was roused with virtuous indignation, and caused the Bráhmana's forehead to be marked with the foot of a dog. This Bráhmana's maternal uncle Víranátha was the king's minister for war and peace; and he somehow killed the king. This version cannot be trusted, as it appears to have been got up by the Bráhmanas in order to prove the strength of their power by examples from past history. For they say that the king died seven days after the marking of the Bráhmanas forehead, while as a fact he suffered a long time from disease. Or, if you maintain that he died of some other disease, then it may be as well believed that he died through the curse of Varnata and others.

After reigning for nine years, the king died in the twenty-fourth year of the Káshmírian era in the month of Bhádra, on the third dark lunar day.

Parvvagupta, Bhubhata and four others, now set up the infant Sanggráma, the crooked feeted as king, and making his father's mother guardian of the infant king, exercised great influence in the kingdom. But in course of time Parvvagupta murdered the king's grand-mother as well as his five colleagues, and gradually came to exercise the supreme powers both of the king and of the minister. He served the infant king with attention, and regaled him with good food, &c., so that simple minded men

did not believe him to be an enemy of the king. Those whom king Yashaskara had kept at distance for fear of rebellion, were now employed for the destruction of the present sovereign. Parvvagupta dyed his black beard with saffron as kings used to do. He feared to destroy the prince publicly, on account of the Ekánggas, and therefore employed magic. One night he heard a Divine voice saying "On the first day of Chaitra, the kingdom will come to you lawfully, but if you attempt otherwise, your life and your line will soon be at an end." He was afraid his magic would be fruitless. He feared the Ekánggas, and lived in great bewilderment and excitement day and night, and his senses were well nigh lost. One day when the paths were unfrequented by men on account of a heavy fall of snow, he collected an army and besieged the capital. He killed the loyal minister Rámavardhana who was obstructing his son Buddha. The ancestral Belávitta then pulled Parvvagupta by garlands of flowers from the throne, and threw him on the ground. Vakranggdhrisangráma* was then murdered by Parvvagupta in another house, and his body, with a stone tied round the neck, was thrown during night into the Vitastá.

On the twenty-fourth year of the Káshmírian era, in the month of Fálguna, on the tenth dark lunar day Parvvagupta seated himself on the throne. He was the son

* The crooked feeted; but Vakranggdhrisangráma according to the French edition means Sangráma of the crooked limb.

of Sangrámagupta, son of Abhinava, the Divira, who inhabited the other side of the hill of Vishoka. Those who were determined not to see him king, came in the morning and bowed to him. While the minor chiefs, the Ekánggas, the ministers, the Káyasthas, and the Tantrís were afraid of him, and gave up all idea of further resistance. A big drum which was in the care of Madanáditya, the Ekángga of the descendants of Suyya, was broken through carelessness. On this the king became angry and insulted him by disrobing him. Madanáditya shaved his hair and beard, and became a hermit. Even to this day his descendants are dwelling at Tripureshvara. The king was avaricious and encouraged the servants who harassed the people. And with this ill-gotten wealth he set up a god named Parvvagupteshvara near the temple of Skanda.

There was a noble minded and wise lady among the females of the king Yashaskara. This chaste lady evaded the embraces of Parvvagupta on various pretexts. "If you complete" said she to Parvvagupta "the temple of Yashaskarasvámí, only half done by my late husband, I shall comply with your request." Puffed up with pride, the king completed the temple within a few days. But the queen perished in the fire lighted for the consecration of the fane; and when she died, flowers were showered on her from the heaven and whoever looked on her with lustful eyes was struck dumb. The king pined in disappointment, and was attacked with a disease, in

which he continually felt thirsty. . Avaricious men, although they know that they are here but for a short time, do not leave their habits. The king on account of some virtues committed in former life died at the shrine of Sureshvarí, thus relinquishing on the thirteenth day of the dark half of Asháda, in the year twenty-six, the kingdom which he had obtained by rebellion. If some portion of the future punishment were not visible in this earth, who would desist from sin?

His son Kshemagupta succeeded him. This king was a great drunkard and naturally wicked, and was rendered still more so, by his evil associates, even as clouds shed a deeper darkness over a moonless night. Phalguna and other wicked courtiers who served him, dressed themselves as richly as the king. Though the king was addicted to wine, women and dice, and his courtiers stole enormously, yet his wealth was not exhausted; and it is strange that the king still remained so rich. Is it not strange that Shrí ( wealth) should even for a day love the lotus, whose friend is the affectionate black-bee who loves honey and sucks it from the bud? Vámana and other courtiers of the family of Jishnu tempted him like the devil. The king became a scoffer of others, addicted to other people's wives, and covetous of other people's wealth. He plucked the beards of those who waited on him, spat at them, abused them and struck their heads with his fists. Women became his favorites by yielding their persons, the hunters, by knocking about in

the woods, and his courtiers by their indecent speech. The court was filled with the prostitutes, the cunning, the foolish and the rebels; and was unfit for the wise to approach. The king was made to dance by the sons of Jishnu, like an idol in a machine; and they called him scatterer of *kangkana* and so induced to scatter away to them that kind of ornaments. They attributed faults to the innocent, showed new things to the king, insulted noble persons by striking their heads with fists, and thereby received favors from the king. They exposed the rounded breasts of their wives and thereby induced the passionate king to their houses, and there got out money from him by dice. In expectation of money, the shameless courtiers brought their wives to the king, and afterwards asked him whose wife had given him the greatest pleasure. Among the courtiers, Hari and Dhurjati were prevented by their mother from bringing their wives to the king, and so they became beggars. Thus the courtiers made their wives unchaste, and themselves objects of ridicule. They sacrificed their long-standing friendship with others, and sometimes they even lost their wealth. What was it then that they so eagerly pursued at such sacrifices? Bhatta Phalguna had been the minister of king Yashaskara; he now served the present king, but the advices of this minister who had set up Phalgunasvámí and other gods, were ridiculed by the king.

Old Rakka, the lord of Kampana thirsted for vengeance and entered among the evil courtiers of the king. He set fire to the Jayendravihára in order to kill Sanggráma the Dámara who was inside the building. And in order to make his name lasting, he brought the images of Buddha from the burning monasteries and other stones from delapidated temples; and set up Kshemagaurí-shvara by the side of the road leading to the market. When a man dies, another enjoys his wealth, making it his own; but he thinks not that after his death it will again go to a third person. Fie to the lust of wealth deepened by ignorance. The king bestowed thirty-six villages which were attached to the several monasteries that were burnt, to the lord of Khasha.. Sinharája, governor of fort Lohara, married his daughter to the king. This girl's name was Diddá, and her mother's father was the Sháhi, and the king was greatly addicted to her. This Sháhi received much wealth from the king, and set up Bhímakeshava. Diddá and Chandralekhá daughter of Phalguna, the lord of Dvára, became jealous of each other.

The king made ill use of advice and instruction in the use of kuntas (a sort of bayonets) which he used in fox hunting. People often found him wandering with his dogs, and with men carrying traps and boxes, and with Domvas, and wanderers of the woods. He spent his days in fox hunting in the forest of Dámodara at Lalyána, Shimika, &c. One night, on the fourteenth day

of the dark moon, while thus hunting he saw fire issuing from the mouth of a yelling she-fox. This frightened him and brought on the Lutámaya fever which ended his life. In his last moments, he went to the shrine of Varáha in the neighbourhood of Hushkapura. In this shrine he built the temple named Kshemamatha, and another named Shríkantha. His body became like *masura* (a sort of lentil) on account of Lutá, and he died in the bright lunar fortnight of the month of Pousha) in the year thirty-four, after a reign of nine years.

His infant son Abhimanyu then ascended the throne under the guardianship of Diddá who trusted the great ministers of the kingdom. In this reign a great fire broke out near the market of Tunggeshvara, and consumed large houses from the temple of Bardhanasvámí to the other side of Bhikshuki, all the tract in which the devil had laid his thread.* It burnt the houses which the impure king and his Domba and his Chandàla relatives had made impure.

The guardian mother of the king was not a wise woman, she could not judge right from wrong. When her husband was living she quarrelled with the daughter of Phalguna the chief minister. When her husband, died, she saw that his other wives perished with him, and was advised by Phalguna to follow their example. But another humane minister, named Naraváhana,

---

* See Appendix F.

entreated her, when she was weeping by the funeral pyer of her husband, not to die; and Rakka took the sorrowful queen away from Phalguna. Phalguna was now afraid of the queen's resentment, knowing that she bore grudge against him, and was supported by the other ministers. But he had all the authority, and his valor and judgment were marked by all. Now when Kardamaràja went with the bones of the late king to the Ganges, Phalguna, not venturing to stay at the palace for fear of his enemies, intended to stop at Parnotsa till Kardamáràja's return with a powerful army. But when he had reached Kashtavata outside the capital with some treasury guards, Diddá instigated by Rakka, &c., sent some club men, with promise of reward, to kill him. But Phalguna was apprised of it, and returning thence, he collected his army and went to the shrine of Varáha. Hearing that Phalguna had collected his army, and was returning, Diddà and her ministers became apprehensive of an attack. Phalguna lamented the death of his late master at Varáha, and laid down his arms at the foot of the god Varáha. This assuaged the fears of the queen-mother. It is a great sin to serve him who cannot judge right from wrong. To oppose him when he is angry is an act of rebellion. How can the wise show their anger,—by obedience to law, or by resort to arms? Phalguna retired to Parnotsa with his army and the ministers were as glad as boys are when their teacher goes away.

Now the queen of Kshemagupta thought day and night as to how she would destroy her enemy. Parvvagupta, when he aspired to the throne, married his two daughters to ministers Chhoja and Bhubhata. Mahima and Pátala were the issues of these marriages and lived in the palace like princes. They now aspired to the throne, and joined Himaka and others. They were driven from the palace by the queen and went to their homes in anger. On one occasion, when Mahima was away from his house, the queen sent clubmen to drive him out of the kingdom. But he knew it beforehand, and took shelter in the house of his father-in-law Shaktisena. Even there he was pursued and oppressed. Shaktisena was at last able to send back the clubmen, and there in the house of his father-in-law Mahima at last found an open asylum. He was then joined by Himmaka, Utkala and Eramatta inhabitants of Parihásapura; as also by Udayagupta son of Amritákara, and Yashodhara and other inhabitants of Lalitádityapura. Thus there were two factions in the kingdom. In this dilemma, only the minister Naraváhana remained faithful to the party of Diddá. The army of Mahima daily gained strength, and approached the shrine of Padmasvámí intending to fight. Diddá sent her son to Shuramatha and began anxiously to think how to meet the danger. She then gave much wealth to the Bráhmanas of Lalitádityapura, and through their agency prevented a junction between the different detachments of the enemy's army. The Bráhmanas formed themselves

into a body and effected peace between the queen and Mahima. The queen had been hitherto regarded as incapable of action, but the event showed that she was quite equal to the danger. It was known that she was not capable of leaping over the hollow made by the foot of a cow; but like Hanumána, she now crossed the sea. I bow to wealth by which all dangers can be averted. The queen gave Kampana and other places to Yashodhara and others, as bribe. Within a few days Mahima was destroyed through magic, and Diddá reigned supreme.

Now it happened that Yashodhara, lord of Kampana marched with his men against Dhakkana, the Sháhí chief. He forcibly penetrated to the part of the country fortified with mountains and rivers and captured Dhakkana; but confirmed him in his dignity on his paying a tribute. Rakka and others inflamed the Queen-mother against the lord of Kampana; for kings, crystal, and bad women assume the color of those that are near them. By speaking in accordance with the temper of the listener the wicked gain access to the hearts of men, court-flatterers to the hearts of courtezans, and slaves to those of their masters. The queen believed that the protection given to the wily and rebellious Sháhí chief was owing to the bribe given by him to the lord of Kampana. And when the victorious lord of Kampana returned home, the queen sent clubmen to drive him away. Hearing of the insult offered to him, and remembering the former engagement, Himmaka, Eramatta and others became angry, and took offence. But

Naravâhana, &c. did not forsake the queen, so that there was a division in the army as before. When Shuvadhara and the other rebels entered the capital, the queen sent her son to the temple of Bhattâraká. But the rebels through some blunder missed that opportunity of deposing the queen who was then alone. On the next day her people assembled and she was able to make a show of resistance to the enemy. The rebels who had stationed themselves from the temple Jayâbhattâriká to the temple Shúramatha, attacked the queen's men who fled within the capital in terror. At Sinhadvára ( the Lion-gate) they saw the Ekánggas in firm array, who infused courage to the flying men and led them once more on to battle. The enemy moved also. At this juncture Râjakulabhatta arrived and struck panic amongst the enemy's soldiers and encouraged the queen's party by the sound of Túrí. On his approach, the enemy's soldiers fell in great numbers. The gods of war never favor rebels. The powerful Himmaka struck Rájakulabhatta with sword, but the mail of the latter protected him. The queen's soldiers killed Himmaka, and captured Yashodhara. The sword of Eramattaka who was gallantly fighting was broken, he fell from his horse and was captured. Udayagupta, another of the rebel chiefs who was sought by the soldiers to be placed at their head, fled from the battle. The queen's party won the victory. They captured Yashodhara, Shubhadhara, Mukula with their friends, with whom the queen was very angry. Eramattaka had stopped the payment

of tax levied at Gayá on all Káshmirians performing funeral rites in that place. The queen caused him to be thrown into the Vitastá suspending a large piece of stone to his neck, and thus punished him for his evil action. Those ministers too, who from the reign of Gopála to that of Abhimanyu, were rebelling and creating anarchy and murdering kings in the kingdom, were now destroyed by the queen, with their families and servants. She bestowed Kampana &c. to Rakka and others. The great minister Naraváhana thus made the widow queen, sole mistress of the kingdom, and in gratitude to him, the queen addressed him in the assembly of ministers as Rájánaka, a title second only to that of the king. The queen slept after the minister had slept, she ate after he had eaten, she was happy when he was so, and sorry when he was grieved. She always enquired after his health, asked his advice, and gave him whatever he wished to have.

There lived a charioteer named Kupya who had two sons named Sindhu and Bhuyya, of whom the elder Sindhu was a flatterer. He had been treasurer of Parvvagupta, and afterwards became the treasurer and favorite of the queen. He built another treasury office named Sindhuganja. Now this wicked person said to the queen that Naraváhana had very nigh had usurped her kingdom. The queen believed what he said. At this time Naraváhana once invited the queen to a meal at his house. Sindhu insinuated to the queen, that if

she went there, she would be murdered. The queen became alarmed, and asked his advice as to what should be done. She privately returned from the way, to her palace, and intimated as an excuse, that she had just then her monthly courses. The minister suspected the motive of the queen, and the good terms which existed between him and the queen ceased. From that time the evil counsellor sowed ill feeling between them. There is nothing which bad men cannot destroy. Evil counsellors are more foolish than boys, and wiser than Vrihaspati. Fie to the creation of Vidhátá, in which wisdom and foolishness are alike displayed. The queen was ill spoken of by all for this conduct of hers. Naraváhana was so excited by insults, day by day that he committed suicide. What but death is left to the spirited and high minded when insulted by one against whom there is no remedy. On his death, the kingdom became even as night without moon or words without truth.

The queen mother now became hardened by her cruelties, and thought of murdering the children of Sanggráma the Dámara. They therefore fled to their country in the North, killing Kayyaka the lord of Dvára and others employed to murder them. Alarmed at having provoked them, she instead of feeling shame, for the selfish never feel shame, managed to get them again together. Whereupon Sthárieshvara and other Dámaras, both great and low, became alarmed, and waited before the queen. She on her part was again alarmed at the accumulation

of so many Dámaras and called back Phalguna, now that Rakka was dead. Phalguna had once laid down his arms, but he took them up again to administer the country. It is hard to resist the temptation of enjoyment. He had once had conquered Rájapurí and other places, but now that he was old his past glory was of no service to him,—even like a prostitute when she becomes aged.

Jayagupta became the favorite of Udaya, the queen's brother, and his colleague in the court of justice. Other cruel men joined Jayagupta, and began to rob the people. King Abhimanyu was attacked with consumption, although as he grew up, he became learned and wise. His pure character coming in contact with sin, was like Shirisha flower exposed in the sun. He died in the K. E.* Forty-eight, in the month of Kártika, on the third bright lunar day.

The queen was excessively grieved at the death of her son whose infant son Nandigupta became king. For a short time, the queen remained sunk in grief and did not exercise much cruelty. And from that time she became religious. The superintendent of the city, named Bhuyya, brother of Sindhu, and a good man, was her adviser in her pious deeds. She was now once more loved by all, because of her affection towards her subjects. Ministers who allay the cruelty of their sovereigns are scarce. For

* Káshmírian Era.

the benefit of her dead son, the queen built a town, named Abhimanyupura, and an image of a god, named Abhimanyusvámí. She then went to Diddápura and set up a god Diddásvámí, and a temple for the convenience of travellers from the interior of the country. For the benefit of her dead husband, she built Kangkanapura, and there set up an image of another god (Vishnu) of white stone which was also called Diddásvámí. She also built a large house (a sarai) for the Káshmírians and for her own countrymen (the people of Lohara.) She set up a god named Sinhasvámí after her father's name, and built a house for the dwelling of the Bráhmanas of her country. At the junction of the Vitastá and the Sindhu, she built temples and houses of gods, and made the place holy. She built in all sixty-four images of gods. She repaired the part of the city, which was injured by fire; and built stone walls to the temples. Her female servant Valgá of Vaivadhika caste, who used to support this crippled queen in her pastimes built a temple named Valgámatha. Vicious persons may do good things; but that is no guarantee that they will not commit what is evil. The fish which noiselessly play in the river, eat their own species. Peacocks live merely on rain water, but eat snakes which live on air, and the heron who sits still as in silent prayer, devours the fishes who trust him. In one year, the grief of the queen was allayed. She attempted to take away the life of her grandson, a boy bent on his play, by magic. In the K. E. 49 in

the month of Agraháyana, on the twelvth bright lunar day, she killed the child. In the K. E. 51 in the month of Agraháyana, on the fifth bright lunar day, she killed her other grandson named Tribhuvana.

The last surviving grandson Bhímagupta, was coronated by the cruel queen, in order to be murdered. In the meantime the minister Phalguna was murdered. It was through him that her atrocities were partly concealed from the public. She now appeared to the subjects in her hideous character. The character of a woman though born of high family, is low even as a river which rises from the mountain but runs down-wards. Lakshmí born of sea, loves the lily which grows in a tank, even in the same manner, women born of high family, degrade themselves. In a village named Vaddivasaparnotasa there was born one named Vána of the tribe of Khasha. He had a son named Tungga who tended buffaloes. This man with his five brothers came to Káshmíra, and entered the service of the minister for war and peace; and was employed to carry letters. He once brought a letter to the queen, she saw him, and fell in love with him. And though she enjoyed the intimacy of many persons, still she took this man to her favor. This shameless and vicious queen while living with Tungga murdered Bhuyya because he refused to live in criminal intimacy with her. Fie to wicked and hard hearted masters, who have no sense of justice in them. Good work brings no reward, but when any fault is committed both life and wealth are

lost. And to Rakka's son, the shameless Devakalasha who used to procure paramours for her, the queen gave the post of Velávita lately occupied by Bhuyya. Even Kardamarája and others who were warriors and lords of Dvára did the same mean service for her. After a residence of four or five years in the palace, the infant king grew to be a sensible boy. He saw that the laws of the kingdom were bad, and that it was necessary to reform them; and he observed that his grand-mother's character was disreputable. It was owing to the private instructions of Abhimanyu's widow that the young king turned so good. The cruel and sinful queen became alarmed and guided by the advice of Devakalasha, and without feeling any shame, openly bound the king. This act of hers cleared the doubt which the people had of the queen's guilt in respect of the murder of Nandigupta. And having put Bhímagupta to death after much torture, she usurped the throne in the K. E. 56.

Tungga, to whom the queen became every day more and more attached, at last superseded all, and became the chief minister. The old ministers made peace with Tungga and his five brothers, in order to conceal their attempt to effect a revolution in the kingdom. They consulted with the inhabitants of Káshmíra, and called in the son of the queen's brother, the spirited Vigraharája, who again brought in some Bráhmanas to perform certain ceremonies for the success of their effort. The Bráhmanas advised the murder of Tungga, and the

oppressed people began to seek for Tungga in order to kill him. Diddá shut up Tungga in a room, and waited for few days apprehending an attack. She bribed Sumanomattaka and other Bráhmanas with her gold. The intended attack, being thus bought off Vigraharája was obliged to retire. Tungga was once more safe in his place and killed Kardamarája and others who had attempted rebellion. Sulakkana son of Rakka, and other chief ministers were either exiled or allowed remain in the court according as Tungga and his partisans were angry or pleased with them. Vigraharája again began secretly to engage the Bráhmanas to his party. But Tungga came upon them and captured the Bráhmanas who were bribed. One Áditya, a favorite of Vigraharája attempted to fly, but was caught by the soldiers and killed. Vatsarája, a follower of Vigraharája was flying, but was wounded and captured. Tungga bound Sumanomattaka and other Bráhmanas, and sent them to prison.

On the death of Phalguna, the king of Rájapurí became very insolent, which led to an attack on him by the ministers of Káshmíra. In the battle which ensued with Prithvípála, commander of the Rájapurí forces, many were destroyed on either side. Two of the ministers of Káshmíra Shipátaka and Hansarája perished. But Tungga with his brothers suddenly entered the city by another way, and set it on fire. The Rájapurí army as well as Prithvípála and their king were defeated, and the king

now humbled consented to pay tribute to Tungga; so that Tungga recovered the money which was spent in the war. Returning to the capital of Káshmíra, the powerful Tungga accepted the lordship of Kampana and destroyed the villages of the Dámaras.

Diddá fearlessly made Sanggrámarája, the son of her brother Udayarája, Yuvarája. Her selection was made in the following manner. In order to test her nephews who were all young, she threw some fruits among them, and wished to see who could gather most. The princes began to quarrel with one another. She saw that while many of them had gathered the fruits, after being much beaten by their comrades, Sanggramarája had gathered many without being hurt at all. She then asked him the cause of his success, to which he replied; "I set the others to quarrel and gathered the fruits without being hurt. For who does not gain his end by inducing others to danger and keeping himself aloof." The queen heard his wily words, and according to her feminine judgment thought him fit for the kingdom. The hero meditates conquest by strength, and the timid by wiles.

In the K. E. 89 in the month of Vádra, on the eighth bright lunar day, the queen died, and the Yuvarája became king. This is the third change in dynasties effected by women. On the destruction of the Kantaka dynasty (whose history is narrated in this book) that of the Sátaváha flourished; as the mango trees flourish in the pleasure garden drenched with rain when the bad trees

are burnt by the wood-fire. The mildness of Sanggrámarája shewed his patience. And he supported the earth with his arms as the serpent-king does with his numerous heads.

Here ends the Sixth Book of Rájatarangginí by Kahlana, son of Champaka Pravu the great minister of Káshmíra.

There were ten kings during a period of sixty-four years and twenty-three days.

## BOOK VII.

[Invocation to Mohádeva.]

King Kshamapati was very grave and powerful. After the death of the queen, another attempt was made to destroy Tungga. But it failed, and his enemies lived to see his increasing glory. At this time Chandrákara died; he was a great warrior, and worthy of being a minister. He was known to the king. At this time also died the heroic sons of Punyákara in the village of Bhímatiká; and as there were none worthy of the post of minister, the king reluctantly favored the party of Tungga. The late queen, at the time of her death, had bestowed wealth on Tungga and his people, so that they might not quarrel with the king. The king was incapable of work even for the transaction of his duties and entrusted the administration to Tungga, and led a life of pleasure. What more shall I say of the king's meanness! He compromised his glory by making alliance with an unworthy family. For he gave his daughter Lothiká to Prema the headman of the Diddá temple, because Prema was a powerful man and might help him in his danger. So instead of marrying his daughter to a prince, he married her to a beggar Bráhmana.

At Parihásapura the Bráhmana ministers caused magic to be performed for the fall of Tungga. The revolution which was thus caused by a combination among the

Bráhmana ministers, was like the union of violent wind and fire. This the king came to know and felt greatly insulted thereby. They then attempted to destroy the king. Sajja and others were requested by the Bráhmanas to join the conspiracy for the overthrow of the king, and they agreed to it. But when the magical operation was near its completion. The king gained them over by a large bounty, and the conspiracy was divulged. The Bráhmanas fled in fear to the house of Rájakalasha who had instigated the act. Rájakalasha, whose wiles were now discovered, fought with obstinacy. But the Bráhmanas fled by a secret way, and Rájakalasha was overcome. The seven ministers, sons of Shrídhara then maintained the struggle but fell also. After their death, Rájakalasha was defeated by Sugandh[illegible]ha Tungga's brother and was brought bound by order of Tungga. On his way along the Skanda road, his guards made him dance, wounded and disarmed as he was. Another minister named Bhútikalasha (partisan of Rájakalasha), was also defeated and he fled with his son to Shúramatha. He was not captured out of pity and went away broken hearted and accompanied by his son to some other country. Thus the rebellion of Parihásapura benefitted Tungga. When Gunadeva had appeased the anger of the king, Bhútikalasha returned to the country after performing his bath in the Ganges. He obtained a post in the palace and was afterwards secretly employed by the king to assassinate

Tungga. But the secret oozed out, and Tungga came to know of it, and Bhútikalasha with his son was again sent to exile by the king. At this time died Mayyámattaka son of Chandrákara, who was just rising to prosperity. And Prema who was the king's son-in-law, and had done some good to the country died then; as also Ganggá and other favorites of the king. Only Tungga and his brothers survived. Thus perished all of whom Tungga had been afraid. He was like a tree on the side of a river, from whose base the earth is washed away by the waves and which therefore threatens to fall; but the waves bring back the soil and make its base firm again.

Tungga had administered the kingdom justly, and to the benefit of the people, but now his sense began to fail him. He took as his assistant a low-born Káyastha named Bhadreshvara.

He entrusted the management of the king's household to his wicked assistant in exclusion of the virtuous and the high minded. He deprived the Bráhmanas and the helpless and the king's dependants of their livelihood. Even the hardhearted men those who carry the dead &c., feed their own kith and kin, but this man killed his own relations. It was in the month of Chaitra that Tungga took this man into his favor, and in A'shára' Sugandhísiha, Tungga's brother died. He was a great help to his brother and by his death Tungga thought himself deprived of the best member of his body.

Trilochanapála the Sháhí having asked for help against his enemy, the king of Káshmíra sent Tungga to his country in the month of Márgashírsha. He was accompanied by a large and powerful army with feudatory chiefs and ministers and Rajpoots. The Sháhì welcomed them to his country, and advanced to meet them; and they spent five or six days in pleasure and congratulation. Sháhí saw their want of discipline and told them that since they did not mean to fight with the Turushkas, they might remain at ease at the flank of a hill. But Tungga did not accept this good advice and he as well as his army was anxious for the battle. The Káshmírians crossed the river Toushí, and destroyed the detachment of soldiers sent by Hammíra to reconnoitre. But though the Káshmírians were eager for the fight, the wise Sháhí repeatedly advised them to take shelter behind the rock, but Tungga disregarded the advice, for all advice is vain, when one is doomed to destruction. The General of the Turks was well versed in the tactics of war and brought out his army early in the morning. On this the army of Tungga immediately dispersed, but the troops of the Sháhí fought for a while. When these latter fled, three persons were still seen in the field, gallantly fighting against the cavalry of the enemy. They were Jayásinha, Shrívardhana and Vibhramárka the Dámara. And there too was the valliant Trílochanapála whose valor passes description and who though overwhelmed by unequal numbers remained unconquered.

His body bled, and he looked like Mahádeva wrapt in the flames of the last fire with which the world is to be destroyed. After facing his numerous foes clad in mail, he at last retreated, and the enemy overran a large tract of the country. Hammíra though victorious in the field felt himself ill at ease on witnessing the superhuman heroism of Trílochanapála. The Sháhí took shelter in Hástika and made great efforts to retrieve his fortune. Thus have I briefly narrated the fall and extinction of the line of Sháhí, and now the very existence of his kingdom of which I have spoken in the history of Shangkaravarmmá, has become an object of doubt. Fate accomplishes what appears improbable even in dream, and what cannot even be conceived. Tungga returned to his country, but the king of Káshmíra as forbearing as he was devoid ambition, was not angry with him for his cowardly flight in the battle. Still Tungga was very much grieved. His son Kandarpasinha was proud of his wealth and his heroism and lived in a kingly style which gave his father much annoyance.

Vigraharája the king's brother privately wrote to the king advising him to kill Tungga. But the king remembered the last injunction of the late queen, and for a long time remained unsettled. Urged, however, by repeated letters he at last said to the carriers of the epistles that he seldom saw Tungga alone with his son, and if he was found alone the deed might be attempted. "For if you make an attempt on his life when he is not

alone, he will be able to destroy us. So wait till there be an opportunity." The messengers remembered the advice of the king, and tried to find Tungga alone. Within six months from this time the king sent for Tungga, and though he had dreamt an evil dream, still he went out of his house alone with his son. Tungga entered the king's court, and there remained in his presence for a short time, after which he went into the council chamber with five or six servants. He was followed by Pava, Sharka and others, who without saying anything to the king began to strike Tungga with their weapons. Sinharatha, born of the line of Mahįratha was the minister of king Shangkaravarmmá, and was the most dutiful of Tungga's attendants. Though without arms, still he tried to save Tungga by throwing himself over him. But Tungga was killed at the first blow, and the king was rejoiced. The wicked Kangka and Pártha the son of the court Bráhmana Dharmma an enemy of Tungga, were present on the spot. They placed their fingers on their lips, in fear, (perhaps to signify thereby that they would not interfere in the least) and threw down their arms to save themselves. Changga and the other ministers who were also present, though friendly to Tungga and armed, stood still in fear like women. The king cut off the heads of Tungga and his son and threw them outside the palace in order to encourage his own men and dishearten the followers of Tungga, so that they might not in ignorance of their master's fate still

hold out, or set fire to the palace. The servants saw their master's head and fled, very few showed any zeal for their master. One only named Bhujangga son of a Bráhmana feudatory chief entered the chamber and pursued the king from room to room. He broke open the doors and killed twenty warriors in the king's court. There died the treasurer Trailokyarája and the hero Abhinava son of the nurse of Kapyámatta. In the court-yard lay the dead bodies of thirty Ekánggs, followers of Tungga, Padmarája who remained unhurt in the fray, went to some shrine to assuage his grief for the death of his master. Others though they did not venture to fight, were killed by the king's partisans. Chandrákhya who considered himself a warrior, Arjjuna and Deláchakra the Dámara, though they threw down their arms, were killed by the king's party. Tungga died on the twelvth day after the new moon in the month of Ashára. His house and property were plundered by the king. After the death of Tungga and his son, who were not rebels, the wily people gained ascendancy in the palace. Nága the brother of Tungga who had abused the ears of the king with evil council, and was in fact the cause of the destruction of his brother and brother's son, and was ill spoken of by men, was now made lord of Kampana by the king. Kshemá wife of Kandarpasinha, Tungga's son, lived in criminal intimacy with Nága. After four days and when the tumult had ceased, Thinthá a chaste wife of Kandarpasinha, and daughter

of Sháhí burnt herself in the fire. Mangkhaná wife of Tungga fled with the celebrated Vichitrasinha, and Brátrisinha, sons of Kandarpasinha and with their mother Mammá; and passed her days at Rájapurí.

Bhadreshvara who was promoted to the post of Tungga, plundered the riches belonging to the gods Bhúteshvara and Ahideva. What more shall I say of the want of judgment of the king than that he gave good posts to Pártha and others. The very wicked Pártha who was known to live in criminal intimacy with the wife of his brother, was by the king made the superintendent of the city. Pártha polluted the shrine of Pravaresha by murders. Matangga son of Sindhu a very miserly man and an oppressor of the people began to augment the treasure of the avaricious king.

Now in former times there lived one Devamukha of Divira caste who had a son named Chandramukha by a prostitute, a woman who used to sell cakes, &c. By Tungga's favor he had been made one of the king's dependants, and had amassed great wealth. Though rich he was avaricious, and when presented with cakes he used to be angry with his servants. In his poverty he had been healthy, but in his days of prosperity he lost his good digestion and health. And so the people used to jeer him. He did one virtuous act at the time of his death. He gave one-third of one koti (of the current coin?) for the repair of the shrine of Laneshvara. His sons Nandimukha and others were on bad

terms with one another, but they were made captains of regiments by the king. It was ridiculous to bestow on them the post of Tungga. They were sent against the Turks, like Tungga, but they fled to their country. The king was weak, and the ministers worthy of him, and consequently the Diviras and Dámaras of Darad rebelled.

Of the buildings erected in this reign, the following may be enumerated. Lothiká the king's daughter built a temple called after her name, and another after the name of her mother Tilottamá. Even the vicious aspire to virtuous acts, for even Bhadreshvara built a monastery. The king did not build any edifice with his own money.

The queen Shrílekhá daughter of Shríyashomanggala, became unchaste as her husband became weak. Jayákara son of Sugandhisíha by Jayalakshmí was her favorite, and on him she bestowed much wealth. She was mistress of the treasury in the village of Maya, and by favor of the king she became rich. In her habits she was parsimonious.

On the first of Ashára in the year four of the Káshmírian era the king died bequeathing his kingdom to his son Harirája.

Harirája was surrounded by good men, and was the delight of all. He cleared the country of thieves, so that market roads were safe during night. The king's orders which lasted for a short time only, were honored even

as the fleeting new moon. After a reign of twenty-two days this good king died on the eighth day after the new moon. Lives are like stars of the summer night, which set soon after they are seen. It is said that his unchaste mother removed him by a secret charm because he resented her bad behaviour.

The queen mother Shrílekha was ambitious of reigning and went to the coronation-bath, every thing being ready for the ceremony. But in the meantime the Ekánggas joined by Ságara son of the king's nurse, coronated the boy Anantadeva brother of the late king. The queen only reaped the sin of murdering her child for the kingdom, while another enjoyed it. Even as the serpent who is robbed of its jewel by one, reaps only sin, by stinging to death another with whom the stone is lodged. Her disappointment was so great that she forgot her affection for her son. Fie to the craving for enjoyment!

Vigraharája, the aged uncle (father's brother) of the new king approached the kingdom to usurp it. He brought a powerful army from Lohara, and within two and half days entered the capital after having burnt the gate when it was carelessly guarded. But when within the temple of Lothiká he and his followers were killed by the army sent by Shrílekhá. She then built two temples for the benefit of her husband's and son's souls, and again rose in rebellion.

In the meantime the king grew up and,—a king from his very infancy,—he indulged in costly habits, &c. Rúdra-

pála and other sons of Sháhí became his favorites, and obtained large salaries from the revenue of the kingdom. Still Rúdrapála remained a beggar as he was, though paid one and half lacs daily while Diddápála was happy with eighty thousand a day. Ananggapála the Vetála was also fed by the king; he thought of uprooting the statue of Sarasvatí. Rúdrapála was the protector of the thieves and Chandálas who plundered and killed men. The Káyasthas, under the protection of Rúdrapála, began to oppress the subjects. Utpala and others built a house for the blind. Rúdrápála married A'samatí the beautiful and eldest daughter of Induchandra king of Jálandhara (Jallender). She built a temple at Tripureshvara. Her younger sister Súryyamatí somewhat less beautiful than she, was married by Rúdrapála to the king. This man gave bad advices to his sovereign though his advices were pleasing to the ear.

At this time Tribhuvana the powerful lord of Kampana came with the Dámaras to usurp the kingdom. Though a large part of the royal army joined the rebel, the cavalry and the Ekánggas remained faithful to the king. In the battle which ensued the gallant king evaded his enemy's blow and struck Tribhuvana. Though protected with a strong iron mail which saved his life, Tribhuvana vomitted blood, and fled.

The king, as he moved over the battle field, his body covered with mangled flesh and blood and using his sword as a stick, was a terror to his foes.

He saw on the battle field the wounded Ekánggas who were named to him one after another; he was touched with pity, and relieved their anxiety as regards the gratuity due to them for their wounds. The grateful king bestowed ninety-six kotis of Dínnáras on them. And so great was the king's magnanimity that he gave some money even to Tribhuvana. The king held his sword so firmly during the battle, that he could not let go his hold when the battle was over, but after long milk-fomentation.

The king made his friend Brahmarája treasurer, but he excited the jealousy of Rúdrapála and consequently had to retire. He then joined the seven Mlechchha kings and the Dámaras, and placing the king of Darad at their head entered Káshmíra. When they arrived at the village Kshíraprishta, the gallant Rúdrapála went out to fight with them. It was settled that the battle was to commence the next day, and the lord of Darad went into the house of Krídápindaraka the Nága. There contrary to the advice of those around him, he threw his bayonet (Kunta) on a fish that was floating in the water, whereupon there arose from the place a serpent, having the body of a jackal, and the lord of Darad chased it. His army saw him run, and thought that the engagement of fighting on the succeeding day had been violated, and apprehending an attack from the enemy, rushed to battle. In the battle which raged, the lord of Darad lost his head, and the fame of Rúdrapála increased. The

Mlechchha kings were killed or imprisoned, and the king of Káshmíra obtained gold and jewels. Rúdrapála brought to his master the head of the king of Darad with crown adorned with pearls. Udayanavatsa brother of the deceased, caused magic to be performed by the Bráhmanas and Rudrapala died of Luta. The other sons of Sháhi were also soon removed.

When the Pálas the favorites of the king were dead, Súyyamatí became his most beloved. This queen otherwise called Sabhata set up a Shiva on the banks of the Vitastá, and a temple called Subhatámatha, and at the time of sanctifying the god and temple she removed the poverty of many Bráhmanas by bestowing on them cows, horses, gold and jewels. By its side she built a village for Bráhmanas, with a temple, and named the village after that of A'shachandra *alias* Kallana, her younger brother whom she loved. By it she erected two other temples to Vijayesha and Amaresha and called them after the names of Sillana her another brother, and of her husband. In Vijayeshvara she gave one hundred and eight villages inhabited by Bráhmanas to holy and learned Bráhmanas. In Amareshvara she bestowed (on Bráhmanas) villages inhabited by the same caste people, and called after her husband; and she erected Trisula, Vánalingga and other images of Shiva. When their son Rájarája died, both the king and the queen left the palace and lived near the temple of Sadáshiva. From this time the

ancient palace of kings was deserted and all the succeeding kings dwelt near this temple.

The grooms of the king's stable became rich, partly by royal gifts, for the king loved horses, and partly by plunder.

There was one Dallaka, the Daishika who was a great jester and favorite of the king. This was the man through whom Bhoja king of Málava built a golden tank, and it was through him that he fulfilled his resolution to wash his face always with the waters from the shrine of Pápasudana. He too robbed the people. He used to prepare betels with perfumes, and the king gave him almost all his riches. The king, for the further payment of this man's dues, mortgaged to him, rich as he was now, the throne and crown marked with the design of peacock's tail. Every month these things were brought from the betel man's house on the day of worship. At last the king stopped these excesses by giving charge of his treasury to his queen Súyyamatí. The fear caused by the grooms and Dallaka subsided at once, and the kingdom once more enjoyed peace. From this time the queen took up the administration of the country; and the king carried out the queen's orders. The husband submitted to the wife, but everything was amicably managed owing to the sinless character of both. The king was exceedingly pious. During his long reign, he constantly changed his favorites. Bálabhaungja gave up half of his own wealth, and filled the royal treasury

at Kshema. His court was adorned by his minister named Keshava, a Bráhmana and an inhabitant of Trigarta. People had previously seen this man poor and alone walking in the streets! Fortune is as fleeting as lightning in the clouds!

In Gourishatridashálaya there lived a Vaishya named Prásádapála, and he had three sons named Haladhara, Vajra and Varáha. Of them Haladhara was favored by the queen, and at last became the prime minister. Both the king and the queen took his advice on every occasion. Haladhara completed and enlarged the building begun by Kshema. The custom of registering the color and value of gold by private individuals in a public office, thereby publishing an account of the wealth of individuals, was discontinued by this minister, so that future kings might not oppress the rich. He stopped oppression over the people by killing some of the king's grooms who plundered them of their wealth and women. At the junction of the Vitastá and the Indus, he built a golden temple. There he also built another temple and founded villages which were inhabited by Bráhmanas. His brothers and sons were rich and liberal. Vimba his nephew, son of Varáha, a great warrior and a rich man, went out to a distant country on some business. He killed many Dámaras, and at last perished in a battle with the people of Khasha in which he refused to fly though his followers were few. The king deposed Sála king of Champá, and set up another in his place.

The king fell into difficulties several times by suddenly entering foreign kingdoms without previous advice or plan. Once at Vallápura where his army was reduced in an attack on Kalasha son of Tukka, he was rescued from danger by the device of Haladhara. On another occasion, when he entered Urashá his passage was cut off by the enemies, and he was rescued by the lord of Kampana who cleared the passage, and gave the king an outlet. The king showed great courage when in danger.

The Dámaras who inhabited Krama killed Rájeshvara lord of Dvára and son of Bhadreshvara, as well as many others. He who serves royalty must always have a fall. Because the queen favored Haladhara, evil rumour began to spread regarding them; and Ashácbandra the queen's youngest brother, arrested him and confiscated his property. But the king liberated him, and he prospered again. On account of the queen's favor he experienced prosperity and misery alternately, even like sun and shade on a rainy day.

Gradually the simple king became henpecked, a circumstance which became the cause of his misfortunes. By the advice of the queen who was blind in her affection for her son, the king made preparations to abdicate his kingdom to his son Kalasha, though in this he was opposed by wise Haladhara and other wisemen. "You will repent of this" said his ministers to him. In spite of this advice however, he coronated his son Ranáditya

(otherwise called Kalasha), in the Káshmírian era thirty-nine on the sixth of Srávana, bright moon.

This new king had a high notion of his sovereign dignity, and heartlessly told his father that he should address him by the title of *Deva*. The father stared at him in anger, but the son said smiling "when even the kings of Kanouje and other places address me in that way, what else should you do who have deposed yourself. Every day you shall feel such humiliation for even the Rishis cannot forego their pride." The late king remembered the words of his ministers, and could not give any reply. On another day, Haladhara seeing the boy served by other kings, and the father with few followers, pretended to be angry with the latter, and so managed to give the kingdom back to him. Haladhara reproached him and enquired if he was not ashamed to remain at ease, burdening the little boy with the weight of the kingdom. "Take upon yourself" he continued "the management of the kingdom, and let the youth enjoy the pleasures of his age." He said so, and by this artifice managed to give back the kingdom to the old man and to deprive the boy of it. The latter now became king only in name, and had to depend on his parents even for his food. In accustomed worship of weapons the boy was merely an assistant to his father. They who are glad or grieved without cause are like beasts unsettled in their actions. The queen by whose exertions her child had got the kingdom, repented when he had it. She

became jealous of her son's wives when they adorned themselves as befitted queens; and made them the objects of ridicule till they ceased to adorn their houses.

One day Kshítirája son of Vigraharája the old king's father's brother came to king Ananta and with lamentation told him that his son Bhuvanarája was aspiring to his (Kshítirája's) throne and that his grandson Níla had already usurped the kingdom and had made preparation to oppose the intended attack of his father Bhubanarája. That Níla had vested dogs with the holy threads of Bráhmanas and called these after the names of holy men revered by his father. Kshítirája afterwards left all worldly concerns, for even his wives were against him; and nominating Utkarsha son of Kalasha by queen Rámalekhá, an infant yet in its mother's breast, as heir, travelled in holy places in the company of learned men, and after enjoying peace for many years, died at Chakradhara, a devout Vishnuvite. He and his contemporary king Bhoja were both renowned for charity and learning and for being alike friends to the poets. King Ananta made Tanvanggarája (his father's brother's son) the guardian of his grandson. This Tanvangga enlarged the kingdom of his ward, and when he grew up, returned to Káshmíra and died at Chakradhara.

The king took the advice of his kinsmen and a revolution was caused by them. One Jindurája son of Madanarája son of Siddharája son of Buddharája son of Indurája who was proud of his heroism,

was sent against the kings of Darad, but he was called by the queen in her house and made to accept the post of minister. The Káshmírians lost the battle. The Dámaras too, to the grief of the queen, rose in rebellion. Jindurája attacked and killed the rebel Dámara chief named Shobha a blind man and an inhabitant of Degráma. The king created Jindurája lord of Kampana, and made Rájapurí and other places tributaries to Káshmíra.

At this time the minister Haladhara died. He was as a staff in the slippery path of king Ananta's reign. When on his death-bed at Chakradhara he was visited by the king and the queen for advice, he told the king not to attack another kingdom hastily, and when in danger to try to save his life first. "Jindurája" he continued "you must regard him who has suddenly risen to power, with suspicion; and Jayánanda will breed quarrel between you and your son." According to this advice of the dying minister the king caused the powerful Jindurája when he was unarmed, to be captured by Vijja.

Now in the course of time, prince Kalasha the nominal king was led by his servants to evil ways. There were the princes of the family of Sháhi named Vijja, Yittha, Rájapája and another who used to excite the prince to evil acts, and became his favorites. Jayánanda too the son of the treasurer Nága, who was always by the person of this prince king, taught him dishonest things. The

king's religious instructor Amarakantha being dead, he became the disciple of Amara's son Pramadakantha. Thus the king naturally of bad character, had for his *guru*, a man who advised evil things, and who was indiscriminate in his intercourse with women. This man boldly lived in criminal intercourse with his own daughter. There were some who were proud of their prowess, and used to go about in the streets at night. One night they fell down through fright and had their knees broken. But their wounds were cured by a cat merchant by simply passing his hands over their heads. This man had a cat for his ensign, for which he was so named, his former name being forgotten. He was really a great dunce, but was proud of his greatness and medical knowledge; and became the *guru* of shoemakers and washermen. He cured the men, above mentioned, by rubbing his hands besmeared with cats' ordure, on their heads.

Thus men of no real merit hoodwinked the king and held him completely in their power. The king's companions kept up nights, ate much but could not digest, the king too spent nights with them in music, drinking wine, and forcing women to their company. The servants once bound the unruly Kanaka son of Haladhara to a pillar when he was angry and tore off his nose. Chamaka (Kanaka?) some of whose limbs were mutilated became the favorite of the sovereign, because he used to procure women. The king preferred him to his ministers, and gave him the title of Thakkura, and he

gained much reputation. He discarded his low origin and thanked his broken nose. Thus the excited and shameless king did what should not be told, still I shall describe it because it comes in the way of my narrative. The king who loved to enjoy other peoples' wives did not spare his sister Kallaná and his daughter Nágá. The old king (the present king's father) who lived in retirement with his wife, was much grieved to hear of this, though he said nothing.

There lived a beggar Bráhmana named Loshtaka, an inhabitant of Ovaná of which village he was the soothsayer. One night when he was coming from the house of Sanggrámakshetrapála, he happened to say correctly what was within the closed fist of another, and so he gained much reputation, and this man of lust was made the *guru*, the soothsayer and the procurer of the king.

By these and other flatterers, the king was blinded and he came to consider guilty actions as meritorious. Words said in jest were good words with him, his valor consisted in oppression over his people and he showed his shamelessness and gallantry by intercourse with women who should not be touched. His simplicity was apparent by his putting up with the abuse of the wicked; and nothing of what his flatterers did, was left undone by him, because it was bad. Always knocking about from house to house to steal the embraces of other men's wives, he felt no pleasure in the embraces of his own wives at night. His pleasures were planned by others, and his

love of other people's wives began to increase. One night accompanied by five or six procurers, he stole into the house of Jinduràja, whose daughter-in-law (son's wife) who was as bad as a prostitute, invited the king by signs. When he entered the house the dog barked, and the Chandálas thinking it was a thief, ran with clubs. The king through fear, fell on the ground, and they were going to beat him, when his followers sheltered him with their bodies. But when they were thrashed they cried out, and said that it was king Kalasha; and so the Chandálas were stopped. Surely this mishap came to pass because the king went to his engagement placing his nose-less courtier in the front. He went out in disappointment captivated with the glance of the girl, but did not escape the eyes of the passers by in the streets. Even the king was insulted by the low people, because he did unkingly things owing to the baseness of his heart. Even gods are insulted for unruly passions, how then can mortals escape with undefiled honor. When the heart turns towards what is evil every thing gets confused. First of all, the man gets evil name, and then his evil desires are known. Virtue perishes first and then honor. Men doubt the fact of his being born in a good family, and then his life becomes endangered.

That very night when the wicked king returned to his capital, his parents heard of the affair. And after weeping for a long time for shame, grief and filial affection, they determined to capture him, they spent that

night in resolving to coronate the learned Harsha the eldest of their grandsons and son of Vappika (Kalasha). On the morning they sent for the king; but Vijja and Jayánanda warned the latter against seeing his parents. Led by the hand by Jayánanda and followed by Vijja the king went to his parents. But no sooner had he gone there than his father gave a slap on his face and told him to leave aside his weapon, Vijja supported the frightened king with his hand and touching his weapon proudly said to the old man. "Being the most honorable of men, O king! why do you forget that honorable men can never forsake their honor? I receive pay, and am a Rajpoot, and armed, how then can I leave him in danger as long as I am alive? You are the father, he the son, when we are away do what you think fit." Having stopped the tongue of the old king with words both harsh and mild, Vijja brought away the king from his father; and men admired Vijja for his speech before the ex-king. Fortunately for the king, his mother who was a very angry woman, said nothing; for had her anger been roused Kalasha would either have been brought under discipline or imprisoned. Vijja then hastily took the king to the house of Dilhá the favorite queen. She was informed of all that had happened, and pretending that the king was suffering from headache, besmeared the head of the frightened sovereign, with oil, and by this means she prevented the entrance of any other person, placed Vijja at the door and sheltered her husband.

On the other hand when the other persons had gone away, the mother of the king rebuked her husband, and on the pretence of looking to the welfare of her son went to him. When she came there to reconcile the father and the son, the king was alone and Vijja at the door. But the queen mother was denied admittance, whereupon the old king became angry and prepared himself to go to Vijayakshetra. When he with his wife had gone near to Padmapura, Vishchávata and other Bráhmana inhabitants of the place thus addressed him, "Why do you repent after having yourself abdicated your kingdom? whatever you may have done, whether good or bad, you should not now repent. You should have rebuked your bad son considering that you have not resigned your subjects to his evil will. The king is powerless as a doll set on a machine; that he is either good or bad is owing to the virtue or sin of his subjects, even as clouds discharge rain or thunderbolt according to the virtue or sin of trees. You are wishing to enjoy pleasure away from your wicked son, but how can that be fulfilled since you are leaving behind your treasures. For who cares to touch a man however worthy and well-born and pure if he be without wealth like a sword sharp and bright, but without the scabbard." When the old king heard thus, he thought of returning, and his son came to the spot with his wife, and tried to assuage his anger. The old man entered the capital still angry, and took away all the treasure. He set out again, and waited for his queen

on the other side of the river with horses, arms, mail shirts, &c. The ladies of the house loaded the boat with several articles, and did not leave even a peg in the house. The people at first knew nothing of the affair and remained silent; but when they were aware that the old king was going away from the place they began to weep and with tears showered flowers on the departing king. Nothing else was heard in the streets but lamentations, and cries of "O! mother," "O! father" "where are you going hence;" and when the voice of lamentations had gradually ceased in the streets, the sounds of sighs were heard like the sound of fountain on the hills. And the ear of the old king and his queen became so accustomed to the cries that they fancied they heard such sounds in the air even when they had departed. They were so shocked with the evil conduct of their son that they blamed even the birds for feeding their young ones. They then reached the shrine of Vijayeshvara and their hearts were soothed of the troubles on account of their son. There they passed their days in devotion and lived with their servants. The persons who followed him to the shrine were Tanvanggarája, Tungga &c., the princes, his kinsmen, and Suryyavarmá, Chandra, &c., and the Dámaras. The Dámaras and king Kshíra were stationed by him in their own towns; but they also served as his guard. The old king kept his treasure secure and passed his days in happiness. All the Rajpoot cavalry and the armed Dámaras were also

stationed near him. The year of his retirement to Vijayakshetra, according to the Káshmírian era, was 55.

When his father was gone, Kalasha found his treasuries empty. Though without money, he still wished to improve his kingdom, and consulted Vijja and others, and made those whom he knew well, his ministers. Jayánanda was made prime minister and Varáhadeva born in a place on the Vitastá was made the lord of Dvára. He also made Vijayamitra, lord of Kampana. He was formerly Amvarádhikarí (lit. lord of the Wardrobe) of Jindhurája lord of Kampana. And having placed men on several posts as he thought fit, he bestowed his attention on accumulating riches in order to fight against his father. Jayánanda borrowed money from rich men of bad character in order to collect an army of infantry and with Vijja and other Rajpoots marched with the army to Avantipura to attack the old king. The king liberated Jindurája from prison and honored him. Jindurája too marched along the Shimiká road to fight with the old king. Hearing of these preparations the Dámaras and the cavalry of the old king became incensed and hastily set out to meet the enemy. The gardens of Vijayeshvara were crowded with horses. The queen mother out of great affection for her son asked her enraged husband to grant an armistice for two days. At night he sent her trusty servants Mayya and other Bráhmanas to her son with the following private message. "How is it that your

senses are so upset that you wish to fight against your heroic father? For in the battle you are sure to die. Who destroyed the king of Darat and others? And why do you approach him for your sure destruction? When your father will ride, your army will be destroyed even as grass is destroyed by the fire. What army and what wealth are you master of, that you are engaging yourself in a battle with him? He has abdicated his kingdom and you enjoy it alone. What harm has been done to you, now that he has retired into a holy place? Those who advise you to war, are hurling you into danger, and in few days you will be reduced to poverty. Take away your army; so long I live, apprehend no harm from your father. Assuage him by entreaties." When Kalasha heard from the messengers, this message sent by his mother, he withdrew his army that very night. The queen mother heard of this, and filled with affection for her son, went to her husband in the morning, and rebuked him. The battle was thus averted by the queen. But through the advice of bad men the minds of both father and the son sometime remained clouded. It was natural under such circumstances that the peace established between them should be frequently disturbed. When not in the company of his queen, the old king became very often incensed at the acts of his son; but when she was near, she used to assuage his anger. Thus every day he was grieved and was again relieved of his grief and

resembled the lake in autumn, alternately disturbed and tranquil. The son destroyed the houses of his father's partisans, but the father was under the influence by his queen, and did nothing to the partisans of his son. Tormented by the queen who doted on her son and by harsh words of his followers, the old king always remained grieved. He intended to snatch the kingdom from his son whose army and partisans he believed to be weak, except only Jinduraja whom he considered to be somewhat powerful. With this purpose he invited the sons of Tanvangga who had enmity with Kalasha to reign over the country. The queen saw this danger to her dynasty and sent messengers that very night to invite Harsha with a view to make him king. Invited by the messengers of his grand-mother, Harsha felt some encouragement. He freed himself from the mounted guards who were placed round him. He rode fast, and passed five yojanas in half a Kshana, so that the horses of the guards, which were inferior to that of the prince, were tired in the attempt to overtake him. Both his grandfather and grandmother received him with joy as he fell to their feet.

When the young prince, Kalasha's son, went to the old king, Kalasha trembled for fear. He wished for peace and desisted from his ill-advised attempts against his parents. He sent messengers to them, stopped all disturbances in the country; and for a short time reluctantly submitted to the instructions of his mother. The lord of Kampana

was under the orders of Kalasha proceeding to the country of Khasha; according to the advice of the queen mother he owned subjection to the old king, and was allowed passage by him. In order to prevent further disturbances in the country, the Bráhmanas commenced certain secret rites to destroy both the father and the son. When peace was concluded between them, the father at the request of his son lived with the queen mother in the capital for two months and a half.

Suspecting however that his son, at the instigation of Jayánanda, intended to imprison him, the old man went out of the capital with a sorrowful heart and lived at Jayeshvara. At night Kalasha burnt the forage of his father's horses and killed his foot soldiers with fire and poisoned arms and by artifice. The enmity between them kindled again, and the queen blinded by her affection for her son, prevented her husband from retaliating. There lived a prostitute, Kaivarta by caste, named Ladvá, and she had a submissive and very wily paramour named Thakka Dámara. Now king Kalasha was pleased to hear men call his parents by the names of the above pair. But his parents bestowed a pair of human images of gold equal to their own weight, in charity and so beguiled their grief. When their son found that they had remained unruffled by his satirical allusions and had riches enough to carry out their works he set fire to their place. The fire burnt the house of god Vijayeshvara

and the sacred things it contained. The queen was grieved to see every thing destroyed and attempted to commit suicide, but was forced out of the burning house by the sons of Tanvangga. On the preceding night the soldiers had taken off their clothes when going to bed; and when they rose the next morning they had nothing to cover themselves with, every thing being burnt. Kalasha stood on the terrace of his palace, and saw the flames rising to the sky, and danced with joy. The old king seeing every thing destroyed, crossed the river, but was drowned with his wife in the sea of grief. The queen found in the morning a *linga* unburnt which was made of jewels and which she sold for seventy lacs to the Tákás. With this money she bought food and clothes for the servants, and repaired the burnt house. The king found so vast a quantity of gold, &c., from the embers, that its narration astonishes one even to this day. When the place was reduced to wilderness, the king lived there by building huts of the barks of Nada. Though he had wealth, and was willing to re-build the town, yet he could not get his son's permission for so doing. It was thus that the son who had obtained the kingdom by mere chance, and who was protected by his mother's affection, harrassed his father. Wishing to send his parents away, he repeatedly sent messengers to his father and told him to go and live at Parnotsa. His queen also urged him to do the same, whereupon he became angry and rebuked her in the presence of Tanvangga

and Thakkana,—using the following harsh language,—such as he had never used before:—"Have I not lost glory, fame, heroism, kingdom, spirit, sense and wealth by being subjected to the influence of a wife? They say that woman is useless appendage to man; but in his last days man becomes a plaything for woman. Who has excited the jealousy of a woman but has fallen a victim to it? Some women have robbed their husbands of beauty, some of their strength, some their intellect, and some their life. As rivers in the rainy season bring rocks from the hills, even so women, in the pride of youth, fill the earth with sons not begotten by their husbands. And when they see their husbands old, they disregard them, and love their children. I have known my wife's faults, but in order to avoid quarrel, did not mind them much. And now having marred my worldly happiness, she attempts to rob the joys of my future life. I am old and near my death; where should I go, leaving Vijayakshetra? Why should I disturb with anxious thoughts, my devotion to Mahádeva who can cancel sins? A son is the savior of his father both in this, and in the future world; but who has a son like this of mine? He would drive me from this shrine, and wish me die in an unholy place. I now fully believe the rumour that Kalasha is not born of me. When the son is different from his father in form and character, and quarrels with kinsmen, and loves not his father, know him to be illegitimate." Thus the long suffering king re-

lieved his mind, and by expressing his thoughts inflicted a serious wound on the feelings of his wife. For there is the tradition that when the queen had lost her child she had brought the child of one named Prashasta. The queen became very much ashamed when the secret about her son's illegitimacy was revealed before her relatives, and like a vulgar woman, thus abused her husband. For when a woman who has subdued her husband, is rudely spoken to by him, she feels as if she had been kicked on the head. "This poor wretched man does not know to suit his words to the place where he speaks them. At one time he had no cloth to wear after his bath, so the people can well conceive what he has lost through me. You have abused me as an unchaste woman of your family, why do you not then make atonement now? Useless and old, driven by your son, as you are, from your kingdom, I fear lest people would say that your wife too has forsaken you." The king was very much hurt when thus abused, but sat mute and calm; but the blood was seen issuing out below his seat. When the queen was anxiously hurrying about to know whence the blood issued, Thakkana saw that the king in anger had impaled himself with his own sword. The king felt ashamed, and told him to report that he had dysentery ( *Raktátisára* ). Kings who are guided by women, or are spoilt of wealth by their sons, or trust servants once proved faithless, or allow an insignificant

enemy to gain power,—soon die. They spread the report that the king had one day, when riding, been oppressed by the autumn sun, and when thirsty, had drunk from a paddy field and had thus got the malady. So that the outsiders knew not the real cause of his death which occurred in the Káshmírian era 57, in the month Kárttika on the day of full moon, before the god Vijayesha. Relieved of the tyranny of his wife and son, the good king stretched his legs to sleep his long sleep. In death he was happy. He was never angry with any one, nor was any one angry with him. The descendant of Sanggrámarája was laid on the ground, covered with a sheet, as if he was not loved by any. Unmoved by the cries of his wife, nor angry at her words he slept his long sleep. He died as if to atone for the harsh words he had used to his wife. His grateful queen now honored his remains as if to atone for her unkindness towards her husband now dead.

She gave daily salaries to all from the Rajpoots to the Chandálas, so that her husband might be debtless. The servants being now paid, she guarded the rest of the treasures hoarded in the temple of Vijayeshvara for the benefit of her grandson. Her grandson laid his head on her feet and wept, she smelt her head and advised him not to trust his father. Suffering from excess of grie the queen arose and performed the last ceremonies, and guarded the corpse herself. Having ordered one hundred horsemen to protect her grandson, she sent

the corpse of her husband in a *shiviká*, and after bowing to the god Vijayeshána, herself set out on a chariot drawn by a pair, after passing a day and night, and a portion of the succeeding day in the service of her husband's body. She accompanied her dead lord, listening to the funeral music mingled with the cries of the people which seemed to fill all sides. The carriage on which the corpse was borne was adorned with banners, and was so bright that it reflected the figures of men who stood round and the hair of the (subject) kings which waved in the air like Chámaras. When the soldiers had done due honor to the dead, and it was evening the queen arrived at the burning ground. Whether through affection for her son, or for some other reason she felt a desire to see her son at that moment. She fancied that the dust which was raised by the air was caused by the approach of her son with his soldiers, and she waited anxiously. At this moment some men approached by the road that led to the capital, and she asked them if Kalasha was come. Her son too was coming to her when some mistrustful persons told him that there might be danger in the step, and so dissuaded him. Thus disappointed, she ordered some water from the Vitastá, and addressed the river thus:—"Those who are dead, would surely have received salvation, if they had drunk thy water." When the water was brought to her, she touched it and cursed those mistrustful persons who had prevented the meeting

between herself and her son. "Those who have caused mortal enmity between us and our son, will shortly perish with all their race." Jayánanda, Jindurája, &c., soon died of this curse. In order to repel the imputations brought against her for her confidence in Haladhara, she swore by her hopes in the future world that she was innocent. And thus having established her fame she suddenly jumped from her little carriage into the burning fire. And the flames rose and reddened the sky and appeared to the people as if it were painted in a picture. Among the servants who followed the old king to death were Ganggádhara, Takkibuddha, Daudaka, the charioteer Távuddána and Nikávalgá. Sonata and Kshemata of the lines of Vappata and Udbhata were the favorites of the king, they lived at Vijayeshvara indifferent to the pleasures of life. The whims and varying temperament of our mind are inconstant and fragile as vessels made of glass, but that which takes root in our heart is like a strong instrument which never becomes blunt or is worn out. The late king was over sixty-one years when he died. On the fourth day after their death, the sons of Tanvanggarája collected the bones of the late king and queen and took them to the Ganges.

On the other hand, Harsha having got the wealth of his grandmother at Vijayeshvara, and being joined by some of her retainers, quarreled with his father. Both the father and the son were then at Vijayeshvara, but on the breaking out of the quarrel, the father went to his

capital while the son remained there. The penniless father feared his rich son and sent messenger to him; he treated for peace, and invited him. The proud son was at last persuaded by the solicitations of the messengers repeatedly sent to him, to reluctantly make peace with his father. The father was to protect the person and property of the son, and the son to pay a certain amount to the father every day. When Kalasha entered Vijayeshvara to receive Harsha, his eyes ached to see the houses he had burnt before, and his ears were filled with the reproaches of the populace. Accompanied by his son who came with his treasure the king entered the capital; and the treasures were sealed with the seal of his son. From this time the king turned virtuous, and learnt frugality which dispels poverty.

A relative of the king named Nayana who lived at Selyapura, had a son named Japyaka. He turned a Damara, became rich by selling the produce of the place in other countries; and was avaricious. Every day he caused the ground to be dug to the extent of a krosha and a half, deposited his Dínnáras, and then sowed the ground with grain. He feared lest his men who deposited the coin should betray the secret, and privately murdered many of them. One day when he intended to take some of the money out of the store, his men suddenly fled, his horse got entangled in the vine creepers, and he was killed by a foot soldier. The king obtained this wealth from under the ground, and be-

came rich to the end of his days. The coin was besmeared with mud, and was day and night washed in the stream of the Vitastá, so that its waters remained muddy for several months. It is strange that the avaricious and rich men cannot give away in charity, nor enjoy their wealth, but leave them for others. The fortunate king got wealth by various means; even as the streams flow by various channels, but meet at last in the sea. Birds from various quarters meet at night in one tree, even so wealth flows of itself from various quarters and meets the fortunate man. Rains descend from the sky, and collect in a tank by many channels and passages over the surrounding land, even so is the fortunate man filled with riches by diverse ways.

The king now became as mindful as his father was to protect his men. Though economical as a merchant, yet he was liberal in good works. He personally inspected the past expenditure and calculated the future; and would not be away from his bhúrja (leaf) and khatika (chalk). He used to buy jewels himself at proper prices, so that no dealer could deceive him. He could not be seen after noon. He knew every thing relating to his people by means of his spies, except perhaps their dreams. His kingdom he considered as his home, and there was no pauper in the country. He removed all causes of disturbance from the kingdom. He did not punish the thieves too severely. He lost no wealth which was saved by his ministers' advice, but what

was lost by the ministers, he made up by other means. His kingdom was always gladdened by marriages, feasts, operas and great festivals, and by absence of poverty. The king devised rules so that those who succeeded him might govern the kingdom without superintendents even in the time of festivities. In the meantime, Thakkana and two others, sons of Tanvangga with their servants Malla and others, sons of Gunggu, returned from foreign country (the banks of the Ganges whither they had gone with the bones of the late king,) and the king satisfied them with money. Malla lost his brother in the expedition.

Though the king had attained his maturity, still he suffered himself to be advised by evil men, and did evil things. One named Vulliya, the Takka, brought him girls of different tribes and nationalities from Turushka. The king thus increased the number of his women in his house to seventy-two. Though excessively addicted to women, he kept up his vigour by taking fish-soup, &c. On days of religious festivities he used to eat the offerings paid to gods. Possessed of qualities, both good and bad, he did not renew the stone temple of Mahádeva at Vijayakshetra after it had been burnt, but raised a high golden umbrella to the god. At Tripureshvara he fixed a permanent income for the Shiva there, and made a house for him of pure gold. He set up a god named Kalasheshvara, and built a temple for him of stone, and bestowed innumerable golden uten-

sils to it. The king wanted to set a golden umbrella over the god; and a mechanic came to him from Turushka and told him that many thousand pieces of gold would be required for the umbrella. This man knew the art of plating copper with gold. While engaged in preparing the umbrella he lived in the court, favored by the king. The minister Nonaka was wiser than the mechanic, and learnt the art of covering copper with gold, and so the umbrella was finished with little gold. The enormously rich king set up a linga named Anantesha and other images of gods.

At this time Sahajapála king of Rájapurí died and was succeeded by his son Sanggrámapala. The king's uncle (father's brother) the powerful Madanapála attempted to snatch the kingdom from the hands of the boy. Afraid of Madanapála the young king's sister and Jassarája the Thakkura came for help to the king of Káshmíra. The king was pleased with them and sent them back, accompanied by Jayananda, Vijja and others. Jayánanda drove the enemy from the country, and became as powerful as the ministers of Sanggramapála. The ministers therefore wished for his departure and tried to frighten him in various ways, but in vain. Jayánanda suspected that it was Vijja who advised the people of Rájapurí to act thus towards him and became angry with him. The people gave him riches and prayed for his departure. On the pretence of keeping the kingdom safe from enemies,

he left his army there, and returned to Kashmira. The king of Káshmira was very much pleased with him as he had managed to keep Rájapuri under control. Vijja and others conducted themselves in a kingly style.

At this time Jayananda was suddenly carried off by a mortal disease. During his illness the king came to his house to enquire about his health. In the course of a conversation he told the king that he had something very private to say to the king. When the other people had gone out, he still remained silent, when Vijja, who was still there, came out on pretence of throwing off the remnant of the betel he was chewing. The king trusted Vijja and asked him as to what he had to do outside, still the sensible Vijja loitered there. Jayánanda then told the king what Vijja had done at Rajapuri, and warned him that Vijja's prosperity would be the ruin of his kingdom. He also showed the king how Vijja, had, through his pay, and by his other gains, became very rich. The king became suspicious towards Vijja, and when he returned to his palace, Vijja perceived his intentions, and asked leave to depart. The king out of politeness at first denied the permission, but on his urgent solicitation, gladly allowed him to go.' Having reached his house he sent his brothers with all his furniture out of Káshmira, and again went to the king to bid him adieu. The king and Vijja whose minds were naturally estranged from each other for political reasons, both behaved in a strange manner. The king

did not prevent his servant's departure, nor did the servant reproach his king in anger. The king accompanied Vijja a few steps, and smiled and talked on ordinary topics, and then went away. As Haladhara at the time of his death had accused Jinduraja, even so Jayánanda ousted Vijja from his post. The king did not listen to the advice of his ministers to soothe Vijja's anger by money. The people followed Vijja believing that the king would surely re-call him. The king feared an attack from this powerful man and did not sleep for five nights and started even at the waving of a grass. When Vijja had passed Shúrapura, the people who followed him returned, and the king's fear was allayed; and he told his ministers of the apprehension he had felt. Hearing this, they advised him to sieze on Vijja's wealth, but the king did not follow the advice; and they knew that the king was politic. Vijja did not create any disturbance on his way, and was everywhere honored. Though he had attained power yet he was ever true to his king and revered him as a god.

Thus causing Vijja and others to be exiled Jayánanda gained much wealth, but soon died through the curse of Súyyamati.* By the same curse and at the same time died Jinduraja who had quarrelled with the king. Vijja too and his brothers who had attained so much wealth died through the effect of that curse at

* See page 203.

Gauda. Vijja died of a sudden disease, and his younger brothers suffered long imprisonment. When they at last fled from the prison, Pájaka was killed by a tiger and his younger brothers died after undergoing much suffering. Madana, &c., two or three other persons who had caused disagreement between the father and the son did not die, but became troublesome soon after.

Vámana who was a protigee of Jayánanda now took care of his children and was made prime minister by the king. The works of this wise man are still spoken of in society by wise and old men. The avaricious king took back the villages which belonged to god Avantisvámí, and built a treasury named Kalashagangja. He was anxious to keep his people safe and feared Nonakas' cruelty, and therefore did not give him even a fourth portion of the gain caused by him, (by electroplating?). Prashastakalasha and other sons of Rájakalasha then became his favorite ministers, and by their advice the king brought back disobedient and wayward sons and thieves to honest work and occupation.

Madanapála again attacked Rájapurí, and the king of Káshmira sent his general Vapyata for the help of the city. Madanapála was defeated, captured and brought to Káshmíra.

Kandarpa, Varáhadeva's brother, was now made lord of Dvára. This person had learnt politics and war from Jinduràja. He destroyed many Dámaras, conquered Rájapuri and other places and was obeyed by many infe-

rior chiefs. He was quick tempered and frequently resigned his post, but was soothed and induced by the king to accept it again. Madana was made the lord of Kampana. He destroyed Vopa and many other powerful Dámaras. The king was pleased with the services of Vijayasinha who had destroyed many thieves, and kept hawks, made him the Police Superintendent of the capital. At the time when Kandarpa, Udayasinha and others went to Lohara, the king kept Bhuvanarája aloof. He married Bhuvanamatí, daughter of Kírttirája, king of Nílapura, and made peace with him. He induced Malla, son of Gungga to accept the post of lord of Dvára, taking back the place from Vijayasinha and his party. Malla made his power felt by kings, and showed his valor at Urasá country. With fifty horsemen he defeated the numerous cavalry of king Abhaya, and conquered his kingdom.

In the year 63 of the Káshmírian era, eight kings came to the king of Káshmíra and entered the capital, namely, Kirtti, king of Nyarvvapura, (Nilapura ?) Asata, king of Champa, Kalasha son of Tukka, king of Vallápura, Sangrámapála, king of Rájapurí, Utkarsha, king of Lohara, Munggaja, king of Urvasha, Gámbhírasíha, king of Kánda, and Uttamarája king of Káshthaváta. The streets of the capital were crowded so that they could hardly be seen. They were comfortably lodged there when the waters of the Vitastá were frozen. Whatever these kings thought within themselves, was known to

minister Vámana. This minister was very wise, and did whatever was required, without haste, as if it were an ordinary every-day work.

When these kings returned to their kingdoms, Malla refused to hold his post any longer, and the king asked Kandarpa to accept it again. This proud minister attacked and got possession, by stratagem, of the strong fortress of Svápika. When he appeared in the capital he refused, although requested by the king, to accept the post, being grieved for some reason or other. Prashastakalasha, who was employed as messenger from the king to induce him to accept the post of lord of Dvára, was offended at Kandarpa's haughty words, and collected some armed men and placed his brother Ratnakalasha in the post. But the new man had become popular by means of his gold and was not equal to Kandarpa. Can a painted lion equal a real lion? The king, however, gave Kandarpa the post of the Police Superintendent of the capital. But he felt pity at the abject condition to which he reduced the thieves, and therefore threw up his appointment and retired in sorrow to the banks of the Ganges. At the time of his departure the king caught hold of his garment (wishing to prevent his going) but he forcibly threw away the king's hand and went away in anger. He was brought back to the king, who, though much grieved, wished only to destroy his pride, not his life. The wise king who knew the hearts of his servants thus suffered the rise and fall of his principal men.

This king was excessively fond of songs and patronized dancing girls, many of whom he brought from other countries. Near Jayavana he built a town after his name with large houses all contiguous to each other. He also built there rows of temples, villages of Bráhmanas, palaces and large houses and gardens with tanks in them.

At this time the king's son Harsha rose to reputation on account of his uncommon talents. He knew the tongues of different countries, and was a poet in all languages. He knew all sciences and his fame had spread to foreign countries. This prince paid salaries to the learned and to powerful men who came from various foreign countries, and whom his frugal father refused to entertain. The pay which he received from his father was insufficient to meet his charity and expenses, and so he took his food every other day. He used to sing to his father like other singers, and with the reward he received he used to feed those worthy of his charity.

One day, when he was singing to the king, and the court was pleased with his song, the king went out to the bath-room. Angry and grieved at this interruption and insult, Harsha bent his head towards the ground. If a master be unforgiving, or friends prove faithless; if a wife speaks harshly, or a son becomes proud or servants reply insolently, the pain and insult, though great, may with difficulty be borne;—but not so the indifference of a listener of song. A jester of the king named Vishvá-

vatva told Harsha as in jest that he might destroy his father and reign in his place. The prince in anger rebuked him, but Dhammata who sat there said smiling that the fellow had said nothing wrong. The ambitious courtiers showed their affection to the prince, as the amorous prostitutes show their affection to their paramours. When the king re-entered the court, he gave reward to his son, and pleased him with kind words.

On another day, when the prince had retired to his chamber after dining with his father, Vishvávatva told him the same thing privately. The prince replied that what his father did was right, and forbade him to continue the topic longer, but when the man still urged the same point, the prince in anger gave him a push. But finding that the blow had by chance hurt his nose which was bleeding, the nobly-descended prince took pity on the man and caused the blood to be washed by his servants. He told the jester that if he again spoke on that subject, he would have the same punishment, and smiled and gave him a cloth. The man, on account of this gift, thought that the innocent prince favored his proposal as a wicked man thinks that a woman will favor him if she but smiles.

After much endeavour and the lapse of a long period, the prince was induced to do the deed. Entertaining this sinful idea he once invited his father, and engaged Tíkshnas to murder him. But when the king came, the murderers felt affection for him and did not strike him,

nor did the son betray his purpose. And to prevent the secret from being divulged the Tíkshnas were taken into confidence. But Vishvávatva himself disclosed to the king the intention of the prince. Harsha came to know of this, and though repeatedly asked by the king's servants, he did not go to the king to dine with him that day. His absence confirmed the suspicion of his guilt, and in grief the king and his family did not dine on that day. When in the morning Thakkana and his brother came, the king expressed his grief and wept long, placing his head on the lap of Thakkana. He also spoke about Dhammata and hinted that Dhammata should be bound and brought to him. They expressed their inability to do so and pleaded for their brother. "By your favor" they said, "we relieve those who are in trouble, we keep our doors open at night for those in distress. Whether our younger brother be guilty or not; how can we desert him when he comes for help for his life. If we protect him, we will be accused of rebellion, so we have no other resource left than to leave the country." Thus saying they bowed to the king, and the king reluctantly granted them leave to go. Fearing an attack on the way they went out of the country with their servants and force and troops.

When the sons of Tanvangga were gone, the king called his son to him when no one else was in the room, and soothed him and spoke thus :—"Since the creation, the son is everywhere known by the fame of the father, but

I am known to all owing to your far-famed merits. Meritorious, and of pure reputation as you are, why do you take to wicked ways? You should not be angry with me without hearing the reason why I am not giving you your grandfather's riches and your own. The king without wealth is slighted both by his own men and strangers, and hence I keep your wealth. After the construction of the city is completed, I shall resign the kingdom to you and shall retire either to Váránasí (Benaras) or to Nandíkshetra. You will very soon be master of the kingdom and the wealth. Why then without understanding my purpose do you act like the wicked? I do not believe what wicked men have said of you, so speak the truth and acquit yourself of the alleged guilt." The king out of his affection wished that the prince might deny his guilt and prove himself innocent, and therefore made the enquiry. He was willing to pardon his son and wished to prove the innocence of his son to the people even by a falsehood. Harsha praised the speech of his father and went out saying that he would speak the truth through some faithful person. To the person sent by his father, the prince said that through the advice of wicked men he had really intended to rebel, and fled in fear to his own house. When the messenger returned to the king, the king saw the miserable countenance of the man and struck his head with his hand and exclaimed "O my son!"

The king then caused Harsha to be attacked, but the soldiers, hearing that he would strike off his own head if his son was killed, only surrounded the palace of Harsha. The Tíkshnas (prince's followers) closed the gate and surrounded the prince, and, feeling their death unavoidable, thus spoke rudely to their master, "O! wicked, careless and hateful man, where can you hope to live after destroying us by intrigue? You know that your father will save your life, and he knows that you will save his life, but we only shall be killed. Fight, being in our midst, or we will kill you,—in either case you die." The king heard of this and became very apprehensive for his son's safety. Now Dandaka, a very respectable man who was with the king, came to Harsha. The Tíkshnas admitted him taking him for a partisan of the prince. Dandaka came to the prince and addressed him, after bewitching those around, "O! prince, though you live a long life, still the elements which compose you will perish according to unavoidable laws. And since death is sure and nigh, perform that for which you have taken up arms. You who are young and a warrior, and whose fame for learning is widely known, should not delay the fight. These will help you and I shall lead, and whatever may betide, be it victory or defeat, you will be decked with glory. Rise and shave, and speedily dress as befits a warrior." Revered by the Tíkshnas, he induced the prince and the barber to go into an inner chamber, leaving his arms behind and jumping

with delight, and shut the door. Then he proclaimed aloud to the king's soldiers that he had placed the prince in safety, and bade them now do their duty. Diseases are removed by medicines, the body is protected from swords by mail, and the fears of kings are averted by wise men. The king's soldiers, intending to enter the prince's palace with cries, tried to scale the wall. The Tíkshnas left the prince in the room, the doors of which were strong, and rushed out. Two or three fell there, and the rest of the proud band issued out without attempting to oppose the assailants. They then went to the temple of Sadáshiva, passing that of Súryyamatígourísha and killing those who opposed them. Though the king ordered his men not to kill his kinsmen, still Sahaja, his relative, perished in the affray, and Tivya, a learned Bráhmana and warrior, was killed by the enemy. So also died Rámadeva and Keshí, the latter being a native of Karnáta. Some who deserted their arms and attempted to kill their own partisans were captured and killed as cowards deserve. On the sixth bright lunar day in the month of Pousha in the year sixty-four of the Káshmírian era, this fight between the father and the son caused by the courtiers took place. Thus, for his companionship with wicked men, the prince was humbled and imprisoned. The queen, Bhuvanamatí, was at first requested to make peace between the father and the son; but when the latter was imprisoned, the proud queen committed suicide by cutting her throat.

The king placed faithful ministers as guards over his son, and, moved by paternal kindness, used to send him good food. He allowed Prayága, the prince's servant, to remain by the side of his master, thinking him to be incapable of intriguing. The minister, Nonaka, advised the king either to kill the prince or to pluck out his eyes. The king, whose character became as bad as that of a beast, felt a passion for some of the ladies beloved by his son. One of them, Sugalá, the grand-daughter of king Tukka, became the favorite of her father-in-law and wished for the murder of her husband. And having consulted Nonaka they sent poison by two cooks at the time when the prince used to take his meal. But Prayága heard of this from another cook, and did not give that dish to his master to eat; and in order to test the truth, the food was given to two dogs. When Harsha heard that the dogs are dead he despaired of his life; and believing this to be the secret machination of his father, he did not take the food which was daily sent to him, but lived on whatever food Prayága could get for him. When the king heard that the prince did not take the food sent through the cooks, he sent for Prayága and asked him the reason. Prayága then sent for the two cooks and informed the king about the affair of the poison, and told him that the prince had come to know of the stratagem. The king employed other cooks, yet the prince, apprehending danger, did not take any food, but lived on what Prayága brought him. The prince

saw that every one was against him, and considered each day that he lived as so much gained, nor trusted that he would be alive much longer.

The king began to commit unheard of crimes, such as foretold his sudden death. First he uprooted the copper image of the Sun, and then took it away from the temple. Wishing to obtain the properties of those who died without leaving any children, the cruel king descended to mean actions. The curses of the people and his excessive fondness for women brought on gonorrhœa. The king now thought of performing certain ceremonies (Kumbhapratishthá) in the temple of Hara. Then the king's nose began to bleed,—all attempts to cure it failed or rather increased the disease. Much bleeding reduced him and he was obliged to take to bed. He had indigestion, and lost his strength and flesh. He was anxious to give his kingdom to Harsha, but seeing his ministers averse to it, he brought Utkarsha from the hills of Lohara. On his death-bed he distributed riches to all, high and low, but not to the females of his household. He then asked his ministers to bring Harsha that he might give him riches and send him out of the kingdom. The ministers sent away the royal guards who kept watch on Harsha and placed the Thakkuras of Lohara in their place, and then informed Utkarsha of all that had happened. They then took Harsha out to the dancing house, and tied him, bereft of all his friends, to the four-pillared room. On the

other hand the king, on the point of his death, told his men to take him to a shrine. Remembering that his disease was the result of his uprooting Támrásvámí he wished to take refuge at Mártanda. Urged by fear the king went to that shrine leaving that of Vijayakshetra. At the time of death the wise and the foolish alike act like children. This action of the king showed his weakness, and the good instructions he had received became objects of laughter. On the third bright lunar day in the month of Agraháyana at night fall the king set out in a carriage drawn by a pair towards the temple of the Sun. The sounds of the drum, &c., drowned that of the lamentations of the people. He then went by river in a boat with his ministers and ladies. Next day, at about evening, he reached the temple of the Sun, and there, in the hope of life, he caused a golden image to be made. His pain was further aggravated by his anxiety to see his eldest son Harsha, but still his servants disobeyed him, and would not bring Harsha before the dying king. The king sighed, and opening the doors of his room heard the songs which the singers sang outside, and which were composed by Harsha. When a king's order at the time of his death is not attended to, it gives greater pain than death itself. He instructed Utkarsha to divide (the kingdom) with his brother Harsha, and his tongue lost the power of speech. He only muttered repeatedly the name of Harsha, and to understand his

intentions the minister, Nonaka, brought a looking glass. The king smiled and shook his head refusing the mirror, and bit his lips and muttered something; and after a day and a half, he entirely lost his power of speech. At the moment of his death he signed to his ministers to approach him, and caused himself to be taken, by those who were not overwhelmed with grief, before the image of the Sun. At the age of forty-nine on the sixth bright lunar day in the month of Agrabáyana in the year sixty-five of the Káshmírian era he died. Mammaniká and six others of his queens died in his funeral, as also a concubine named Joyamatí. Kayyá, another of his mistresses whom he had enriched with his favor, was the disgrace of her sex. She forgot that she was the principal of the late king's mistresses, and had been born of low caste, and the position of her lover. It grieves us that she went to Vijayakshetra and took into her favor the officers of the place. Fie to the woman who was once beloved of the king, but brought herself down to be an object of enjoyment of the villagers. All the ministers were anxious to coronate Utkarsha, only the grateful minister Vámana performed the funeral rites of the late king. On one side arose the music and songs of coronation, and on the other the lamentation for the dead and funeral music.

A difference now arose between the new king and Vijayamalla, son of the late king by queen Padmashrí. The king promised to pay him every day the same amount

which his father had bequeathed to Harsha. Some of the officers and ministers stood as securities and became mediators. The king also allowed a salary to Jayarája son of Kayyá. Women, even when they are weeping for their deceased husbands, think of their means of livelihood; sons, even when attending the last ceremonies of their fathers, speak of their future prosperity; and other relatives, servants, &c., also entertain selfish thoughts in a similar manner. And yet stupid men hoard riches by wicked means for their wives and children. The king then entered the capital, but the people of that city wished Harsha for their king; and even as a sickman does not feel the delights of a festal day, they felt no delight in that day of coronation.

On the other hand, when Harsha's father had gone out of the capital to die, he was bound to the four pillars and took no food that day. Like a travelling merchant, when all his merchandize is lost, he remained sunk in grief. On the next day, the Thakkuras with some difficulty made him eat something. They then promised to bestow on him the possession of their country (Lohara); for, they said, his brother could not be king of both the countries. When he had thus been soothed, he heard of the death of his father and he fasted. On the next day he heard of the arrival of Utkarsha into the capital. When he was weeping and sighing for the death of his father, his younger brother the king sent a man to bathe him. Just when he had finished his bath, sounds of

music arose as the king was now ready for the bath of coronation. By this good omen Harsha felt sure of getting the kingdom, as sure as thunder follows lightning. From that time he met with many good omens, and his attainment of the kingdom was near at hand. When his brother sent him a man to attend to his meal, he sent the man back asking to be released, and to be sent out of the kingdom. Or if he was detained there, he asked that his dues might be paid. If neither of these were done he threatened he would commit suicide by refraining from food. The king induced him to take his food by falsely promising him his due. Harsha asked for his due every day and every day the king deferred payment till the next day. Thus the king gained time, but his conduct aroused suspicion in the mind of the imprisoned prince. Harsha one day beat his servant Prayága to avert all suspicion regarding the step he was going to take, and then privately sent him to Vijayamalla, informing him how he had been imposed upon by the king. Prayága complained to Vijayamalla, the younger brother of Harsha, that his elder pined in confinement while he was in the kingdom. Vijayamalla's heart was touched with grief, and after thinking for a long time he expressed his doubt as to whether the king would hear him, but added that he would try his best to have him released. In the mean time he urged on Harsha to take care to preserve his

own life. Thus saying he sent Prayága to Harshadeva and began to devise means for his release.

Utkarsha, now master of the kingdom, was puffed up with vanity, and did nothing for its good administration. Though his ministers, Kandarpa and others, had helped him to the throne, he refused to listen to their advice regarding the management of the country, nor did he do any thing himself. His only work during the day was to see how the wealth in his treasury increased. Wisemen saw that he did nothing which might increase his expense, and knew him to be avaricious. The wanton widows of his father who were fed only on rice and samudga *(moong dall)* spread the story of his miserliness far and wide. His habits being parsimonious, he could not become a favourite with the subjects who had prodigal kings before.

Vijayamalla did not receive his pay regularly, and prepared himself for retiring into his native place; and in order to keep himself safe from violence he requested the king that those who had acted as mediators between them before might accompany him. His prayer was granted and he set out from the capital and encamped one night at Lavanotsa. The neutral army came over to his side. They reminded him that Harsha was in prison, and that if he, too, went away from the kingdom it was all that the king could wish for. They therefore asked him to release Harsha from prison before he went away. Thus addressed by armed soldiers,

Vijayamalla marched back towards the capital early next morning. Some of the Dámaras heard of his return and knew his purpose and joined him. Vijayamalla then made Madhurávatta, who was one of the mediators, the head of his cavalry. Nága, who belonged to the party of Vijayamalla, but who had not left that of the king, hastened to the king with a few horsemen by way of Padmapura, but was delayed by some accident on the road. Vijayamalla, on the other hand, hastened towards the capital and, encouraged by a signal of a light on the top of a Shála tree, surrounded the capital and burnt the houses. Jayarája, too, whom the king had disappointed, after making a promise, espoused the cause of Vijayamalla. These two princes now began to consider as to what they should do of the king. Vijayamalla sent message to the king to intimate that he would retire when Harshadeva was released, and at the same time burnt the stables for elephants, buffaloes, &c.

"Coronate the liberal Harsha, set aside this king who is as parsimonious as the merchant of the Khasha tribe." Thus spake the good people of the city, and went to Harsha and showered flowers on him through the holes of his prison. When the king's army was defeated, and the prison was deserted by the guards, Harsha sent the Thakkuras to the army of Vijayamalla; and afraid of having made the king's enemies his friends, he advised them to deliver the following message: "The wicked man is now in trouble, so release me soon or the king will slay me." When he had thus instructed the Thakkuras,

and they were deliberating as to what to do, he heard the sound as if some body kicking against the door from outside. "Have they deceived me," said Harsha. "Open the door, O! Thakkuras." But the Thakkuras were panic-struck, and so he controlled his fears and opened the door himself. Sixteen armed men of Lohara entered the room to murder him. Nonaka had repeatedly told the king that the tumult would cease in a moment if Harsha was beheaded; and the king had acted on his advice and had sent these murderers. Immediately after the king changed his mind and thought that if Harsha's life was spared now, he might be of some service hereafter. He therefore cancelled his former order and directed his men to keep Harsha safe from the Thakkuras. He instructed them, however, that they were to kill Harsha if he sent them a particular ring, but that on the contrary they were to release him if he sent them a certain other ring. Then he showed them the two rings which were on his fingers, and told them to await his future command. The murderers accordingly entered the room, but did not kill Harsha on the spot. Harsha called every one of them by name, gave them betels and made them sit down before him. Thus received, the men took the betels offered and left their arms aside and gave up all intention to murder him. The man who possesses an honest mind, and walks in the paths of virtue, attains wealth and fame and destroys his sin, and even

his foes turn to friends. The prince then thus addressed them and said, "Why are you ashamed? Servants who obey the orders of their master are not to blame. Wait here for a little while and you will see very strange things, and will observe how the condition of man changes every moment. As clouds which assume the shapes of elephants and tigers and serpents, afterwards descend on earth in drops, even so the disposition of man constantly varies, and becomes cruel or kind on different occasions. We perceive regular changes in Nature with the progress of time; in the same way, do you watch the changes in man. Heat increases just before the rain, and darkness thickens just before dawn. In the same way, kings doomed to death may yet get kingdoms, for, as in Nature, excessive suffering may lead to good fortune." Feeling sure of future greatness, by the good omen of his life being spared, Harsha narrated instances of good men who had attained happiness after undergoing sufferings like him. To while away the time he related to them the pure and lucid story of Harishchandra. They did not know that all the time that Harsha was so entertaining them, he was engaged in getting information as to how matters stood outside. Utkarsha thought of many plans regarding Harsha, but at last thought it expedient to kill him, and repeatedly sent messengers to that effect. But he forgot to send the ring, so that the murderers did not obey the messages. Finding his

orders repeatedly disregarded, the king recollected all about the rings and sent Shúra, a Rajpoot of noble qualities, giving him, however, the wrong one through mistake. Thus king Utkarsha, through one act of forgetfulness and one mistake, had to lose his life. The murderers, too, had been gained over to Harsha's favor by his politeness; and when Shúra came they believed that he had brought the fatal ring. They wanted to kill Shúra for this;—but when the doors were opened and they saw the ring brought, they danced with joy as they approached the prince, taking Shúra with them. The Rajpoot did not believe that the ring conveyed an order for release and was leaving the room, when they fell to his feet; and he remained thoughtful.

On the other hand Vijayamalla thought that Harsha was dead, and was very angry and vigorously maintained his opposition. He intended to burn the capital, and was with difficulty deterred from so doing by the king's men, who assured him that Harsha was living. And to make him believe their statement, they sent to him Sugalá, Harsha's wife, clad as a lady should when her husband is alive. Vijayamalla saw her, and gave up his intention to burn the city. The king now thought that the tumult would cease if Harsha was released. Nonaka, Prashastakalasha and others went and released Harsha, and reluctantly relinquished their intention of destroying him. The citizens showered flowers on

Harsha as he rode on horse with the ministers to the king in the place of battle. When he arrived there the king congratulated him, and told him to go and tell his brother to stop hostilities, and after his return thence he would settle Harsha's claims at his leisure. Harsha consented to do so and went out. The king with his ministers entered the treasury, leaving the field of battle.

When Vijayamalla saw Harsha, now safely delivered from the dangers he was in, he was for a time motionless with joy. And after salutations and embraces they began a long conversation. Those who stood by expressed their wish that Harsha would kill Utkarsha and be king. Vijayamalla did not approve of this proposal, on which Harsha was surprised. He saved himself by riding to and fro, his person being the object of contention between the two brothers, Utkarsha and Vijayamalla. As the tree which is saved from forest fire by rain fears the thunder-bolt, as one after escaping the alligator runs the risk of death by drowning, even so man is saved from one danger and thrown into another by Fate, so that the happiness that succeeds may be all the more relished. Some of Harsha's foot-soldiers discovered that their master was saving himself on pretence of riding and joined him.

Harsha consulted Vijayamalla for a time, and then went to the king to say that the hostilities had ceased. But when he was entering the palace where the king was he was forbidden to do so by Vijayasinha. "After

escaping death," he enquired, "why are you again entering there to die, O! You of little sense? Relinquish your fear, and go and take your seat on the throne." The servants brought the throne from the treasury, and Harsha hastily sat on it. Sugalá, his wife, who had formerly exerted so much against him, now took her seat by his side; and the ministers came to his coronation. Hearing of this, the wily Vijayasinha drew out Utkarsha from his chamber and placed him in another room. The late king was now taken, with but few attendants, to the new king. Prosperity lasts not for ever with any one! Vijayasinha then placed Utkarsha under guard and informed Harsha of it. Harsha then employed the Thakkuras, with whom he had been acquainted in his prison, as his own guards, and felt himself safe from Vijayamalla. On the other hand, Vijayamalla heard that Harsha, his elder brother, had become king, and went to him and was well received by Harsha's men and taken to his (Vijayamalla's) house. When the king's army came near, he caused Vijayamalla to be brought to him and styled him his deliverer, saying that,—"you have given me my life and kingdom;" and clasped his hands before him. Thus favored by the gods and by his own judicious management, Harsha became king. He sat on the throne with the very clothes that he had when in prison. And when weary with the toil, he retired to his bed at night leaving all cares aside. He could not sleep, though he lay with his

eyes shut, for he fancied he heard the sound of slaughter.

Utkarsha, now a prisoner, asked of his ministers for advice. Nonaka rebuked him and spoke to him harshly as follows:—"You did not listen to the advice I gave you in the morning: now attend to my words, and I shall tell you what will befall you for your injudicious acts. You insulted Harsha when he was imprisoned, tomorrow he will deliver you to the hands of the executioners. There is no respite but in death; but even death is hard to attain, now that the war is over. It is not proper to rebuke a person in time of distress. You always thought of present happiness, and not of possible adversity, and therefore in a moment you have lost all. As a small hole in a worn out cloth becomes larger the more you attempt to sew it up, even so a bad action, when strengthened and supported by bad means, becomes a hundred times worse." When Utkarsha heard this, he retired from the presence of the ministers into another inner chamber with one of his mistresses, named Sahajá. He pretended to be going to repeat the Sandhyá prayers; but there he hid himself in the dark, and in the excess of his grief he cut the arteries of his throat with a cloth-cutting knife. Sahajá heard the sound made by the knife, and saw with terror the stream of blood flowing out of the screen. She then saw his head hanging, and thick blood issuing out of the wound. Her subsequent conduct is edifying to wives who love

their husbands. Night goes away leaving the moon behind her, but when the sun sets, evening follows him. The conduct of women, too, in the same way, is sometimes blameable and some times praiseworthy. Though Kayyá and Sahajá were both beloved of their husband, yet every one praised the latter and spoke ill of the former. Sahajá was a dancing girl in a temple: the late king saw her once in a dancing hall and made her his mistress. She purified her love by perishing in fire. When she was a prostitute, she was also beloved of Harsha, and though Harsha now asked her to live with him, she did not turn away from death. Utkarsha died when he was a little younger than twenty-four years of age, and after reigning for twenty-two days. His corpse lay for one night and was burnt on the morning. Some of his mistresses who were then among the hills of Lahara also perished by fire.

Harsha's party now disarmed the late king's ministers, but Nonaka resolved to die and did not give up his arms. Prashastakalasha, however, induced him to lay down his arms, telling him that the king must release them in time, as otherwise there is no one to be his ministers. Consequently it was not wise to sacrifice his life. The king then had Nonaka *alias* Nona, Sihlárabhatta, Prashastakalasha, &c., bound, and sent them to prison. Thus in one day Harsha created a revolution as if it had been achieved by the gods.

The reigns of other kings have been narrated; but it is difficult to narrate the present one. Here I shall relate king Harsha's character. He was full of energy; but possessed traits of character inconsistent with each other. He devised various laws, but also subverted all rules. His power was felt on all sides, and yet was frequently disobeyed. He was very charitable, but at the same time plundered many people. He was very kind, but caused many murders. He did many good as well as sinful acts. He was both loved and hated, was both good and bad, and was admired and spoken ill of. Surely he was made of atoms of fire, for even at the time of his birth great men could not look at him. His prowess was not equalled either among men or gods, it might among Dánavas. His earrings were bright as suns, and he wore a crown and a turban. His look was like that of a lion. He wore beard, and his shoulders were like those of a bull. He had long arms, and was of a somewhat dark complexion. His body was of proper proportions. His chest was broad, and his waist was narrow, and his voice deep as that of clouds. In form he could shame even superhuman beings. He hung four large bells at the four lion-gates that he might know by their sound when any one was coming to speak to him. He heard the complaints of the grieved, and relieved their misery. In the palace there was none meagerly clad, or clad in unwrought cloth, or without gold ornaments. Numerous people

gathered at the lion-gates, and it appeared as if the wealth of various countries was collected there. The numerous ministers and guards walked in the palace adorned with gold ornaments. Thus reigned the new king, and implicitly followed the advice of Vijayamalla.

The court was filled with Vijayamalla's men, whose advice the king followed out of gratitude; and disregarding his own men he gave posts to his father's ministers. Kandarpa was placed at Dvára, Madana at Kampana, and Vijayasinha, &c., in their respective posts. When his anger abated, he released Prashastakalasha and others and gave them their own posts. But recollecting the many evil acts done by Nonaka, and being angry with him, Harsha impaled him with his half brother (son of his nurse.) Subsequently, however, when he found himself in difficulties he remembered Nonaka, the wise and faithful to his master, and repented of his deed. A worthy man, though he does us injury, is sometimes of service to us. Nonaka was impaled by Vishabhatta and other Rajpoots, but not before he had seen his wife mutilated, her ears and nose being cut off. The king bestowed wealth on his servants who had shared his captivity. Sunna, son of Vajra, was made prime minister, and when the king was out, the people generally mistook his minister for the king. This Sunna had a younger brother, named Yáyarája, who was made chief of his attendants, and was loved by the king more dearly

than even his life. Dhammata,* who for his tenderness for his two brothers had gone to the banks of the Ganges, now returned with his nephews to Káṣhmíra. The king, for whom Dhammata had lost his elder brother, now honored him and his nephews and looked on him as his own self.

Thus when the king and Vijayamalla were administering the kingdom the latter, instigated by wicked men, changed his mind and wanted to rebel. Why give the kingdom to another after conquering it? Thus advised by the wicked, he wished to usurp the kingdom, and began to plan the death of his elder brother. Intending to kill him in a solitary room, he invited Harsha to a religious feast which he instituted. The king knew his purpose, and fearing an attack ordered his army to be collected. In the meantime, when the army was being ready, Vijayamalla stole horses from the royal stable and attempted to get away from the city with the horses forcing his way through the king's army. In his flight he fought with superhuman bravery with the royal army, seated on his horse with his wife. Untimely rains, which fell everywhere, bewildered the people about this time. The contest was hot, and prince Vijayamalla was covered with arrows. The sons of Chandaka (Chandálas) pursued him with a determination to kill

* See pages 214—5. This person was implicated in Harsha's rebellion against his father.

him, and his army became reduced. He came to the spot where the Vitastá and the Sindhu met, and the bridge over it being broken by the force of the waves, he first caused the horses to descend into the water, and then swam over to the other side with his wife. Thus he came out safely with his wife in the face of his enemy, and his horse followed him across the river. When the enemies were out of sight, he rode on his horse and went towards Darat by the road leading to Lahara. Kandarpa, lord of Dvára, had secured all the passes against Vijayamalla; but the latter scaled the mountains and reached the city of Darat encircled by mountains. There Vidyádhara welcomed him, and some of Vijayamalla's men joined their master. On the other hand, Harsha learnt that the Dámaras were willing to fight for Vijayamalla and began to devise plans, but which did not succeed. Vijayamalla passed the winter at Darat, and having secured the Dámaras in his cause, marched out in pride from his retreat in the month of Chaitra. He had now overcome all difficulties, and was encamping on the road, when he died by the fall of snow. Fate mars the efforts of the great by insignificant means!

Harsha was now relieved of his fears. He was the most powerful king of his time and neighbourhood. He introduced many elegant customs in his kingdom. Previous to his time no one except the king tied his hair or wore a turban or ornaments. No distinction was allowed in the kingdom, in so much that Madana, lord of

Kampana, had incurred the king's anger for tying his hair, and Joyánanda, the chief minister for wearing colored cloth. But this king introduced fitting dresses in his kingdom. He ordered some of his female servants to adorn some of his ministers with good robes. He liked the customs of the south, and introduced coins like those current in Karnáta. His court was filled with men adorned with palm leaves and broad marks of sandal and good long swords. Women clothed themselves like men, and wore garlands of gold in imitation of the leaves of Ketaka, and adorned themselves with marks of sandal and lines of collyrium drawn from the eyes to the ears, and with the holy thread made of gold. The ends of their garments kissed the ground, and their breast and arms down to the elbows were covered by boddice. Their smiles were white as camphor.

Those who came to beg from the king could, by the king's bounty, feed others who depended on them; as the clouds, by their connection with the sea, can nourish the earth with rain. By the king's liberality those who came to sing became almost as rich as himself. He bestowed immense gold on the learned, and allowed them to ride on cars drawn by pair and to use umbrella. In the reign of Kalasha, one Rihlana, a learned man, went out of Káshmíra and lived in the court of Karnáta. There the king named Parmádi gave him the title of Vidyápati; and he used to ride on elephant before the army, and he alone used the umbrella in presence of

the king. But now he heard that the liberal Harsha was a friend of the learned, and repented having gone out of Káshmíra.

Harsha's capital became one of the beautiful things of the earth, adorned with gold and high buildings which touched the clouds. In the pleasure-garden of the king there were almost all sorts of trees. He excavated a large tank named Pampá adorned with various birds and animals. He himself was learned in various departments of knowledge. Even to this day his songs are listened, even by his enemies, with tears in their eyes. He used to sleep two praharas during the day and to keep up nights, when he gave audience to the people and passed his time in enjoyment. He spent the night in conversation with the learned, and in songs and dancing in the court, which was lighted with thousand lamps. At the close of conversation was only heard the noise caused by the chewing of betels or the sound produced by the dried Shefáli in the hair of the women. A cloudlike canopy hung above, and the burning lamps looked like a wall of fire. The bars of gold were like serpents, the swords looked like smoke, the females beamed like Apsarás, the ministers were as stars, the learned like an assembly of the gods, and the singers like gandharvas. This place appeared to be the seat of both Yama and Kuvera, for Charity and Fear here walked together. Such was the appearance

of the court at night, which it is impossible to describe. The king was richer than Indra.

In his time transactions were carried on mostly by gold and silver coins, and very little by copper dínnárs. Sunna was the chief executive officer, and had attained to the highest rank, but behaved meanly owing to his great avarice. He deprived the monastaries (mathas) at Ajayavana, one of his estates, and at Mulaka and Vijayeshvara, of the means of their support. In the reign of this king the hungry, the helpless, the sick and the poor were relieved of their grievances. One Champaka squandered his long accumulated wealth by spending it at Nandikshetra for seven days in every year. The king enriched the Bráhmanas, who wore deer-skins by his liberality. The king's wife, Vasantalekha, a daughter of the Sáhi family, built monasteries and villages for the habitation of the Bráhmanas in the capital and at Tripureshvara. She shone as bright as a flame, and her character was so elevated that the like of her was never seen in the country.

The new ministers, as they grew up in power, guided the king's mind against the former ministers, on whom they always looked with jealousy. It is by a whim of Fortune that great men are deceived and led by the weak. Though the king was learned and well skilled in business, yet he was misled by his wicked ministers. In order to repay the enmity of his father, now dead, he caused the monasteries, &c., in the capital, called after his father's name, to be plundered. And having squan-

dered the hoarded treasures of his avaricious father, he gave him the name of Páyasena.

In the mean time, Bhuvanarája planned to get possession of Lohará, and secretly collected foot-soldiers and stationed them at Kota. But hearing that Kandarpa, the lord of Dvára, was advancing to meet him, he again hid himself.

At this time Sangrámapála, king of Rájapurí, found opportunity to rise against Káshmíra. But the king became angry with Kandarpa for trying to collect the scattered men of Kota, and sent Dandanáyaka to Rájapurí. He hastily went with his army by way of Lohara, but loitered for a month and a half near the waters of Kota. On the approach of the summer months, he got frightened by the power of the enemy and felt no inclination to proceed in the expedition. On the other hand, Kandarpa was rebuked for his inactivity, as he did nothing, not knowing the king's inclination. When rebuked, he determined, although he had no military equipments, to conquer Rájapurí, and vowed not to take food till he had conquered it. He proceeded along the mountains, lived in mountain caves, and abstained from food, and found himself, on the sixth day, a little beyond one yojana of Rájapurí. He reached the place without meeting with opposition, and entered the enemy's line and disarmed them. Of the army of Dandanáyaka, only one officer followed Kandarpa; his name was Kularája, and he was born of the line of Buddharája. He was killed by

the warriors of Rájapurí in the way, and they thought, because that officer had the device of a white umbrella, that it was Kandarpa himself whom they had killed. At noon, however, Kandarpa, with twenty or thirty men, entered the capital of Rájapurí. Before the gates of this city, three hundred infantry of Kandarpa opposed thirty thousand warriors of the enemy. In this battle the Káshmírians lost two hundred men, and four hundred of the Khash as perished. When the battle was over, the place was lighted by numerous fires for performing the last rites of the dead, and it looked like the cooking place of Death. By this act of Kandarpa the fiendish anger of the king was appeased in the bloody battle field.

Exasperated by the defeat, the enemy rallied, and came to fight again with Kandarpa in the last prohara of the day. Kandarpa discharged iron nárácha besmeared in a preparation of oil, which set fire on every side where they fell. The foolish enemies believing that Kandarpa knew the art of discharging fire arms, and in fear, fled afar. Even in the midst of danger, the bravery, spirit, presence of mind, tact and coolness never leave great men. At sunset he entered the capital, but again saw the streets outside the city covered with soldiers. But when he again came out to fight, he found that Dandanáyaka had arrived, and seeing the carnage caused in the late battle, had remained there in fear with his army. Some are emboldened by their own loss,—some are frightened at the sight of the loss of other people.

Who can understand human nature? Kandarpa then came out and brought the frightened captain into the town, as the Hangsa in the fable led the crow. Who can, by his own valor, enter a foreign country like Kandarpa, when the people there are loyal, and the army large and united? Within one month Kandarpa returned to his country, after exacting tribute from the fallen king of Rájapurí. Harsha welcomed him, and rose as he came, so that he became the object of envy of Dandanáyaka and others.

Kandarpa was invested with a title for the good administration of Parihásapura. But the king, through the evil advice of his prime minister who had been largely bribed, removed the seat from Kandarpa and ordered him to sit near his feet. The ministers who were jealous of Kandarpa, were very glad, particularly as they thought that some one out of them would gain the lordship of Dvára. By their advice the king made Kandarpa lord of Lohara and sent him to that province where a rebellion had broken out. The mean-minded ministers thus drove Kandarpa, the wise and valorous, from the neighbourhood of the king. Kings who cannot judge for themselves soon perish by the council of the wily. As sands creep out of the hand, so the liking of the king towards Kandarpa gradually decreased during his absence. The ministers now told the king that Kandarpa had taken with him two sons of Utkarsha and intended to reign at Lohara. The

king believed their tale, and sent Patta and Asidhara with an army to capture and kill him. By some mistake in the sending of letters, Kandarpa learnt of the arrival of the army and its purpose; he became astonished and disgusted and stunned for the moment. Just at this time Asidhara arrived. Kandarpa was then playing at dice. Asidhara attempted to tie his hand, but Kandarpa withdrew his hand, and he wrung the hand of his opponent so that he retired in excess of pain. Kandarpa then reproached himself that he had ever taken service under such a king after serving under king Anantadeva. He said in sorrow to Patta that if the king would send him his relatives, he would deliver up the fort in his possession and depart. When his relatives came, he did not revolt against his king, but quietly gave up his possessions and went to Benaras.

He killed a chief of Gayá and placed another in his stead, and thus obliged the withdrawal of the tax which was levied on the Káshmírians who came here to perform the Shraddha of their forefathers. He also destroyed a robber chief and cleared the way to the East, and made it safe for the travellers. He destroyed a fierce tiger at Benaras, and adorned the East with many temples.

Since the exile of Kandarpa, the bad ministers envied one another, and did much injury to the king. As fattened rams, maddened with pride, strike one another with their horns, even so the ministers quarrelled with one another. And as thornless shrub which lie between the

rams is soon torn to pieces, even so the helpless king suffered from the disputes of his ministers. Thus passed sometime. Dhammata, son of Tanvangga, wished to get the kingdom by rebellion, and attempted to kill the king. The wily Dhammata induced Jayarája, son of a prostitute,* to murder the king, and sent him for that purpose. He thought within himself that after the king's death he would inherit the kingdom, as Jayarája was a prostitute's son. And Jayarája too would naturally be suspected of the crime. They incited the people of the village of Viláva to rebellion, and also won over two or three inmates of the king's household. The plan succeeded for a while, and the king sent Dhammata with honors to Rájapurí as ambassador. But Jayarája eventually found his plans beginning to fail and came to Dhammata, who was waiting in the house of "thousand good omens" for an auspicious day to start. When holding a private consultation, they were overheard by a follower of Prayága from near the wall. He divulged everything to Prayága, who informed the king about it, and the king forbade the journey of Dhammata. Afraid of the destruction of his own kinsmen, the king refrained from taking severe measures; he only remained always on guard. Jayarája seeing his attempt fruitless, employed Nága and Pája, two heroic but low dámaras as his spies. The king heard that Jayarája had set out with his followers to fight with him and made preparations for defence.

* See pages 222 and 223.

The wily Dhammata, on the other hand, armed himself on the morning, and pretending to set out for battle, led Jayaraja into a chamber to worship. Jayarája then, with his nephew Dhammata, entered the room and, to his terror, found himself before the king in a room with closed doors. Having set the guards outside the room, Prayága, by the king's order, whispered to Dhammata to murder Jayarája. The king thought that as Jayarája confided in Dhammata he would surely disarm himself. And by ordering Dhammata to murder his colleague, Dhammata would not think that the king had knowledge of his guilt. And if Jayarája resisted and fought with Dhammata, the death of one or both of them would be to the king's advantage, and people would not blame or suspect the king if both of them died in the scuffle. Thus thinking the wise king determined on that step, and Dhammata, believing that his own share of the guilt was unknown to the king, thus spoke with insolence to Jayarája: "The king is displeased with thee, and if thou art no longer a rebel, then cast aside thy arms without delay to show thy innocence." Whether by divine influence, or by reason of his confidence in Dhammata, Jayarája, though expert in arms, laid down his weapons when thus rebuked. When Tulla, son of Ajjaka and grandson of Tanvangga, saw the weakness of Jayarája, he severely rebuked him: "Surely thou art not born of Kajja by king Kalasha; your father must surely have been a neuter." Tulla knew not the virtue of patience

under necessity, and these words were like cold water sprinkled on a sleeping man. When Jayarája was tortured to confess the plans of rebellion, he confessed his own crimes, but did not say regarding those of Dhammata. At night he was tortured to death by a cord put round his neck by Jayaka, a door-keeper. His head was severed from his body, and thrown into the waters of Bhattáranadvala, where it was eaten by fishes. In the Káshmírian era 71, in the month of Bhádra, Jayarája was murdered, and then the king secretly planned the destruction of Dhammata.

For this purpose the king sent for Thakkura named Kalasharája, a man well skilled in arms, and who was living at Lohara. The king received him with kindness, and told him that when Prayága would send a messenger to him, he would do the work. Prayága feared that the act might be left undone, and angrily told the king to take council and to do what seemed fit. The king was sitting with his five principal ministers when Vámana told him that the deed should be done before the ministers left the room. He said these words and there died within the closed doors. By the kings order Prayága sent a messenger to Kalasharája, and accordingly, Kalasharája, with his two sons, went to Dhammata. Dhammata was at that time in the capital, and was exposing sena (a kind of hunting bird) to the sun. When he saw Kalasharája and his two sons, he shrieked, and his servants fled. Kalasharája then asked Dham-

mata to draw his weapon; and Dhammata took up his dagger to kill him. Kalasharája struck him in the front, and his sons from behind. Dhammata fell down and died. The eldest son of Kalasharája was wounded by the weapon of Dhammata, which was poisoned, and suffered from repeated sores. Unfortunately for him, his sword had broken and he was ill-armed. They threw him down from behind, and his body was, by the king's order, given to be eaten by dogs. The king took under his protection Rihlana and Sahlana, grandsons of Tanvangga, as they were unarmed.

Tulla and others were enraged and intended to rebel, but were kept back by the wiles of Udayasinha. "You are my sons," said the virtuous Udayasinha to them, and relying on his faith, and influenced by love of life, they laid down their arms. "Come to the king," said Udayasinha to them, "and show that you are innocent." They all went by the way leading to the palace. The umbrella-bearer of Dhammata, who was bred up in Dhammata's house, smiled and said to Tulla: "Have you forgotten, O! grandson of Tanvangga, what you said to Jayarája before. Your case is similar to his. Why have you then, O! fool, assumed patience and weakness? It appears that you were born of my father, and your heroic father gave me birth." Thus saying he committed suicide by his sword. Pretending to lead them to the king, the officers shut Tulla and others up in the

prison. The king was kind hearted and intended to spare them on account of their youth. But at night one wicked Vimbiya tortured them by tying a rope round their necks in the king's presence. Vimbiya murdered four of them,—Tulla, Vijayarája, Vulla and Gulla. Even to this day, old men speak of their beauty, even after death, with tears in their eyes. Long was the place of their death known by their scattered teeth red with the marks of betel.

The two sons of Utkarsha had now grown up, and the elder of them named Domba was secretly murdered by the king. The young and spirited boy Jayamalla, son of Vijayamalla, whom the king regarded as a spark of fire, was murdered in the similar way. Thus it is by a divine providence that while kings murder their relatives to relieve themselves, their kingdoms are enjoyed by strangers after their deaths. Bees are killed providentially by the waving of the Asvattha (peepul) leaves near the beehive in order that some stranger may obtain the honey with ease. The great crime of murdering his own relatives spoilt the soundness of the king's judgment, so that even children were murdered by his men.

Kshema, son of Vámana, knew that the king bore an ill will against his own father, and advised him to rob the umbrella and gold belonging to god Kalashesha set up by his father. But he was prevented from this act by the council of Prayága. Haladhara's grandson,

Loshtadhara, a courtier who entered like devil into the heart of the ill-advised king, thus privately said to the king in order to please him: "Confiscate the lands and gold of Kalashesha, and with the stones of the temple, I shall build for you a bridge over the Vitastá." The weak king who believes that a picture can be painted on the sky, or cloth made of lily thread, or thinks it possible to obtain the gold which is seen only in dreams, or to make a wall of snow, is disappointed. The accomplishment of this plan was prevented by Prayága, even as a good doctor prevents the desire of food of his patient.

One day in the midst of mirth and jollity, Loshtadhara asked the king to relieve an imprisoned god. The king smiled and asked what he meant. He replied that at Abhundapura there was a god named Bhíma possessing gold and jewels. During the disturbance which took place among the king's officers, in the time of Kalasha, the doors of the temple of Bhimakeshava were long closed. And when the disturbance ceased and the doors were opened, it was seen that thieves had stolen the god's golden kavacha. There being yet much wealth left, the doors were closed again in fear of the thieves; and since then the doors have remained closed. "Bring you, therefore, the wealth from that place, and the god too relieved of confinement, shall receive flowers, &c." The king did as advised, and got much gold and jewels. "If the god,"—so thought the king,—"which is not

worshipped, has so much wealth, what may not those possess which are receiving worship." And when the king, so thinking, went to rob any god, the people of the place paid large ransom for it, which was brought on elephants. The king intended to complete his grand army by plundering gods, and robbed every idol of the wealth bestowed on it by former kings. After he had plundered the idols of their wealth, he employed Udayarája for the purpose of bringing the images; and in order to deprive them of their sanctity, he caused urine and ordure to be poured into them through the orifices in their noses, hands and legs. He took away all those images which were built of gold and silver. The images were dragged by ropes tied round their ancle-joints, spat upon and made naked, and mutilated. Neither in the capital, nor in towns or villages, was there a temple left from which the idol was not taken out by Harsha the Turashka. Two influential gods were beyond his power, Shríranasvámí in the capital, and Mártanda at Pattana. When the king was giving alms, two men asked for and obtained two images of Buddha, and preserved them. One of these persons was Kanaka, born at Parihásapura, and the other was Shramana, a good looking singer, born in some other town. A man bent on acquiring riches does not scruple to do evil acts, though he may have large fortune. Though Harsha had the wealth of his father and grandfather, and the riches brought by Utkarsha from Lohara, yet

he robbed the gods, on whom the former kings bestowed wealth, and still unable to defray his enormous expenses, wished to get more. Fie to such king!

With the king's nominal consent, the ministers appointed new men in the principal offices. Fie to the time-serving servants! The minister Gouraka, though a good man, assisted the king in plundering the gods, and became a principal financial officer (Arthanáyaka). Helaka, a Bráhmana who served in the temple of Samarasvámí, and who was formerly a confidential officer of Vijayamalla, and was at first hated by the present king, now doubled the tribute from the temple, and became another principal financial officer; he was admitted to the king's presence, and gradually became the greatest officer. What more need be said of a king who exacted money through his various heads of departments, and appointed one over ordure. The money thus got was spent on evil purposes by the ignorant, hypocrite and idle people who surrounded the sovereign. The king's money was spent in order to get stag-eyed women and horses, to receive the evil council of the courtiers, and flattery of the minstrels. The king's time was spent in appeasing his women's anger or enjoying their favor, in hearing description of horses, in following the advice of servants, and in hunting. Kings walk, sit, drink, feast, enjoy themselves or are merry, or perform charitable acts; following, like a shadow, the example of other people, and without judging whether they are

good or bad. Believing the flattery of their minstrels, they consider themselves superhuman, and imagine that they have one eye or two hands more than other people; nor ever think that they will have to die. Women who gain ascendency over kings at night become their ministers by day, and yet the foolish kings think that they are powerful. What others pronounce to be good is eaten by them with relish; what others pronounce as bad is rejected by them; and when others frighten them, they are struck with sudden fear. Kings and boys are alike. All this, which may be attributed to kings in general, is as nothing compared to what king Harsha did. Pleased with the sound of drums, the king gave to Bhímanáyaka, the musician, a pair of elephants, male and female. Champaka's younger brother, Kanaka, a pupil of Bhímanáyaka, began to learn singing in the sorrow of his heart; and to assuage his sorrows, the king gave him one lac of golden dínnáras. On one occasion Harsha saw a picture of Chandalá, the beautiful wife of Parmándi, king of Karnáta, and became enamoured of her. Vile courtiers excite the foolish as men excite dogs. Thus excited, Harsha shamelessly vowed before the court to destroy Parmándi and to have Chandalá. He vowed not to use prepared camphor till he obtained her. The bards and minstrels laughed at him, concealing their ridicule in songs: "You are now on your way to the south: there is camphor in your hand, as we know by its smell, and the camphor is pre-

pared; it is fit for king Harsha to present it to his love." "Until the king of Karnáta is killed, and Chandalá is won; until Kalyánapura is entered, and Pimmalá is visited, and the royal garden is left behind, the powerful king will not use camphor." Madana, lord of Kampana, rose high in the king's favor for his getting the picture to the king, and for which he received dress, ornaments, and a daily pay. The king's foolishness and restlessness became known by Madana's shameless and flattering words.

Some of the courtiers brought an old woman from Kampana and told the king that she was his (the king's) mother, and so got some gold out of him. Others brought female servants and introduced them to the king as goddesses; and the king, forgetting his dignity, bowed to them, while the others laughed. The female servants, taught lewedness by the courtiers, made a fool of the king; and the king's good fortune and greatness left him on account of his being addicted to them. The king wished to have long life, and was so foolish as to ask these servants (considering them as goddesses) for the boon, and they granted him one hundred years of life. He was anxious to have funeral cakes given to him after death, and one Domva gave him a certain liquid, chemically prepared, pretending that it ensured the cake after death, and induced the king to drink it. What more can be said of his foolishness? When asked by the courtiers, he pretended to bestow on them long life as if it were

wealth in his hand. What good man can narrate those shameful things which this sovereign did in order to become handsome and strong? Thus, for a long time, this bad and foolish monarch was thrown into troubles by his own ministers. As ignorant people are now sceptical about the uncommonly good acts of king Meghaváhana and others, so people will hereafter hesitate to believe such uncommonly wicked things about king Harsha. Though the kingdom was mismanaged, yet his enemies could not take advantage of it so long as he lived. One night, when the room was lighted by lamps, and he was teaching dancing girls to dance, an enemy from a distance shot an arrow at him. That he did not perish, or was even struck by it, was either because the time of his death had not yet come, or on account of the sins of his subjects. Somehow the females of the king's zenana became corrupt; the young women and their youthful paramours planned his destruction. The king, however, discovered their plot, and in anger punished some of the women, and some eloped with their lovers. The servants were afraid of their own guilt, and wished to save themselves at their master's cost. The king's evil name spread on every side, as was but right and proper, he being the son of king Kalasha. He constantly took to his embraces matrons of the rank of his mother (his aunts) who had taken him on their laps when he was a child, and also ladies of the rank of his sister (his cousins) and oppressed

Nágá, the daughter of his father's sister, and forced her to his bed. He had in his pay one hundred Turashka princes, and to the day of his death he used to eat the flesh of tame hog.*

On one occasion he got angry with the people of Rájapurí on account of some defect in their offering submission, and marched against that country. Other kings saw his uncommonly large army on the way and considered him powerful enough to attack the three worlds. Harsha sat down with the army before Rájapurí. After a siege of one month, the food within the fort became scarce, and Sangrámapála, the king of the place, in order to relieve his men, went out to make peace, promising such tribute and homage as king Harsha might order. Harsha, fixed on his purpose of conquest, refused the terms; but the king of Rájapurí won over the avaricious Dandanáyaka by bribe. When the king of Káshmíra retired from the army to his camp, Dandanáyaka secretly induced the soldiers to demand extra pay for having left their country behind. The rude and proud soldiers demanded the extra pay, but they were disappointed, as the king's treasury was at a distance. Now, when the king was appeasing the soldiers, Dandanáyaka frightened him by saying that the Turashkas would attack him. The king had very little patience;

* We should make allowance for the facts and opinion of a historian who lived in the reign of one whose not very remote ancestor had usurped the throne of Harsha.

he withdrew his army from the place, and fled in fear, leaving his treasure and baggage in the way. Servants who are favored without being tested, bring on troubles in times of danger like a sword which is taken to battle without being examined. The king himself was unworthy, and disregarded worthy persons. From this time the fame of his power abated. Now he admitted the mighty prowess of Kandarpa, who had done what he and his army could not. The king wished to bring back Kandarpa, but was prevented by the wiles of Dandanáyaka. The king arrested Dandanáyaka, knowing his disaffection, but did not persecute him on account of entreaty of his courtiers. Dandanáyaka, when in confinement, did not take milk, nor the things sent to him by his friends, but stored them. The foolish king afterwards reinstated him in his former post, although he had deserved capital punishment. The courtiers again excited the king with flattery, as Karna, &c., did Duryyadhana after his defeat at Ghoshajátra. He who is beaten in arguments abuses his opponent, the unchaste woman scolds and taxes her husband, and the Káyastha who has robbed much wealth throws the king in trouble; thus they cover their own defects and prosper.

Now the selfish Hela, who had appropriated the money entrusted to him for distribution to others, became afraid, and tried to induce the king to some evil action. He advised him, in conjunction with the people of Lohara, to capture the fort of Dháta in order to subju-

gate the province of Darad. This fort was formerly held by Lakvanachandra the Dámara, but he was killed by Janaka the lord of Dvára by the orders of king Ananta, and his wife died of starvation at Dvára. But the fort was subsequently again taken by the king of Darad through the negligence of king Kalasha. The people of Darad had also taken Anantagráma. The king was ready to lead the army. In that country there was no lake, and the people used to collect snow for the purposes of water. In the present year there was no rain, and they had consumed their snow. Hela, otherwise called Mahattama, saw their weakness and excited the king against them, and the king prepared himself for the march. At this time the lord of Dvára was proceeding to Vataganda by the king's order. Champaka tried to betray him, but the king prevented him from proceeding and made him lord of Mandala, and he ruled over Dvára with other lords of Dvara. The king then took the lord of Dvára with him and, crossing the river Madhumatí, invested the fort with his army. He sent the officers of his army on all sides, and remained alone himself within his entrenchment at a distance from the army. The battle raged between the two armies, and the soldiers of Darad from within their fort hurled stones on their enemies. Malla, son of Gangga, with his sons, did many acts of valor at Dháta, and he also built a religious house. An astrologer had foretold that his son would get a kingdom, and so his heroic sons, Uch-

chala and Sussala, tried to increase their fame. The elder of them, aspiring to the throne, set out for the war on the side of the king, and won great reputation. The enemy could hardly keep the fort on account of want of rain and of the powers of the foe. But at this moment a heavy shower of rain, unfriendly to Harsha, overflowed the country; and the tops of the fort was covered with ice as if clad in mail. Fate raises the falling and throws down the aspiring, as if playing with a Kundaka (ball). Troubled with rain, and remembering the comforts of home, the wicked ministers collected themselves within the king's encampment. The king returned from the seat of war, disappointed of his hope of success, and the soldiers began to desert and run away, leaving behind their arms, baggage and treasure. They were pursued by the enemy, and many of them perished in the large river. On the waves of the Madhumatí floated the clothes, arms, horses, &c., of the retiring army. The number of men that perished in the river and the number killed or captured by the victorious army of Darad cannot be counted. Uchchala, with his younger brother, tried to save the soldiers of Káshmíra thus left without leaders. These two brothers, like two rocks on the beach, checked the rushing and sea-like army of Darada. They won great reputation by protecting the army, and henceforward people considered these two proud men, and not the impotent king, worthy of the kingdom. The veneration of the people for them rose still higher, because after such acts they did not condescend to pre-

sent themselves before the king. Harsha was now relieved of the fear of the enemy and entered his capital. The people compared the brothers with Ráma and Lakshmana and the king with Rávana, (thereby foreshadowing a coming event, viz., the dethronement of Harsha by the brothers).

The shameless and idle king, not in any way depressed by his late reverses, began to oppress his subjects as usual. Mean minded people punish those who are near for small offences, not those who commit serious crimes at a distance. The dog bites the stone, but not the man who throws it at him. The king once heard that Madana, whom he had created lord of Kampana, spoke of the king's late defeat; he was angry with him and wished for his death. He also found fault with him, because he did not perform certain act as the queen commanded. Madana was caught at Madava and was brought before the king, but in fear he took refuge in the house of the rich minister named Jhakka. Though his minister begged the king to spare Madana's life, yet the king caused Madana and his sons to be killed by his soldiers. The king's anger could never be appeased. Such is the doom of those who depend on their acquaintance with the great and serve them without fear. On the day of Madana's death on the banks of Karnejapa, the curse of queen Súryyamati was fully realized.

Afraid of the power of Kalasharája, the king confined him in the house of Lakshmídhara, and in order to kill him, sent to him his enemy, Udaya, on the pretence of

learning something from him. The proud Kalasharája saw the other blazing in prosperity, became very angry, and snatched a sword and killed him. But the angry servants of the murdered man killed Kalasharája. Thus the servants of the foolish king began to perish one after another.

As salt brings additional pain to sores, so the country, oppressed by the king, suffered additional calamities. The Vishas stole gold plates from the king's palace, but they died before the sun arose. A great pestilence broke out, and gradually increased, and the wailings of people and funeral music ceased not by day or by night. In the year 75 of the Káshmírian era, a famine broke out in the village of Udíyakradita, and all the stores became empty. One khári of grain sold at five hundred dínnáras, two pala of vine-juice sold for a dínnára, and one pala of wool sold at six dínnáras; while salt, black pepper, and assafœtida could not be had at all. Rivers were filled up with dead bodies, which were swollen with water. The king, on the other hand, perfectly indifferent to these calamities, observed that his capital could not be seen from a distance owing to the trees which surrounded it, and ordered them to be cut down. The trees, with flowers and fruits, were accordingly cut down, and the black bees moaned everywhere over them, as persons lament over the dead bodies of their relatives. Advised by the Káyasthas, the king severely oppressed the surviving people everywhere in cities and in villages. The

Dámaras became riotous, and he ordered the lord of Mandala to massacre them. The Dámaras inhabiting Madava and Lohara were first attacked and murdered like birds in the nests. Even the Bráhmanas who dwelt at Madava were not spared by the destroyer of the Lavanyas (Dámaras). Poles were fixed on the place where the Dámaras were executed. One wife of a Lavanya was impaled, the rest were terrified, and fled on all sides. Some fled to the country of the Mlechchhas and lived on beef, others took to working wheels at wells. The lord of Mandala sent to the fierce king many garlands made of the heads of the Lavanyas. The gates of the palace was seen filled with Dámara heads. Gold, cloth, and other valuable things were kept at the palace-gate, and whoever brought a Dámara head obtained one of them from the door as his reward. And the birds lingered at the king's gate to feed on human heads. Wherever the king stopped, the gates were adorned with garlands of Dámara heads. The bad smell which arose, and the cry of jackals, made the place appear like the spot assigned for the burning of the dead. From the tank at Valeraka to Lokapunya, the lord of Mandala erected a row of the impaled Dámaras. After having quite depopulated Madava of the Dámaras, the lord of Mandala intended to do the same with Kramarájya, and marched towards it. In despair the Dámaras of this place collected an army at Louláha. They fought a fierce battle, and the lord of Mandala was for a time baffled. But the king, like a

Rákshasa, was bent on destroying this beautiful kingdom. Some wise men of the time have said that the king was fond of revelry in the night, and sleep in the day; that he was fond of cruelty and tumult, disregarded duty and liked bad works. These are the peculiar vices of Rákshasas.

In the meantime the younger and youthful son of Malla became the delight of the wife of Lakshmídhara. The lady was enamoured of the prince Sussala, who lived in her neighbourhood, and disliked her husband, whose form was like that of a monkey. Now Lakshmídhara, urged by anger and jealousy, asked the king why, after murdering innumerable kinsmen, he had spared the two brothers, Uchchala and Sussala, who might be kings hereafter. The king had never felt any regret for the massacre of his kinsmen. But in the present instance, when Lakshmídhara repeatedly urged the same thing to the king, and caused it to be repeated by others; the king remembered the high spirit of the brothers, and was afraid to kill them. And forgetting the love which kinsmen bear to one another, he consulted his ministers, and came to the determination to murder them. Thakkaná, a prostitute who had heard the consultation, informed the youths of the king's evil design. The fact was confirmed by their friend Darshanapála, and they fled that very night with two or three attendants.

In the Káshmírian era 76, in the month of Agraháyana, the two brothers fled, and reached the seat of the

Dámaras. One of the Lavanyas, named Prashastarája, intending to rise against the king, sent his younger brother Sillarája, and invited the youths to his territory. But the elder Uchchala went to Rájapurí in the kingdom of Kahla, and the younger went to the king of Kálingjara. None ever thought at that time that these exiles would one day be kings. Only the king, who understood business and saw the state of things, became alarmed. Through Lakshmídhara, the king promised wealth to Sanggrámapála if he would murder Uchchala. But when the son of Malla (Uchchala) went to Sanggrámapála, the latter became afraid of him, and welcomed him and praised him. Even the enemy and the envious were led by fate to honor him who was destined to rise to fortune. The people of Rájapurí were the natural enemies of the people of Káshmíra, and were prepared to do anything against the latter when instigated and helped by influential enemies of Káshmíra. Uchchala had frequent interviews with some of the Dámaras who went to him. The oppressed Dámaras were thus greatly encouraged, and sent messengers with many presents to bring Uchchala back into Káshmíra. Janaka, son of Suryavarnachandra, sent him a diplomatic messenger and thereby encouraged him. Seeing so many messengers of the Dámaras, Sanggrámapála was relieved of his fear of the king, and now openly honored Uchchala. When Sanggrámapála was on the point of placing camphor on the head of Uchchala as a pledge of not harming

him, there came one Kalasharája, a principal Thakkura of Rájapurí, who was bribed by king Harsha; and he said the following words to Sanggrámapála in private :—"You have not done what would please king Harsha, and have come to serve Uchchala. Consider duly the power of the king of Káshmíra, and that of this beggar. Serve the king and so save yourself. Confine this man within the castle of Rájagirí, and then the king will give you what you desire; and out of fear (for having Uchchala in your hold) he will ever be thy friend." The king of the Khashas, when thus addressed, became frightened and consented to the proposal, and replied,—"I cannot capture this spirited man, but I shall send him to you on some pretence, and then you can bind him." Thus saying he sent Kalasharája to his house, and told Uchchala to go to Kalasharája on the morning. "He is the principal minister here," said Sanggrámapála to Uchchala, "and when you become his friend, we shall march with you and your followers to destroy your enemies." On the next day, when Uchchala was going to the minister's house, he saw ill omens, and was then told by his men about the purpose of the minister; and he fled from Rájapurí.

On the other hand, when the king of the Khashas heard that, owing to the discovery of the plan, his victim had fled, he set out with his army. On hearing of his approach, the great warrior Uchchala, with his followers, intended to meet him in battle. But when the battle

was about to commence, the king of the Khashas prevented the engagement, and brought Uchchala together with Kalasharája into his court. Disregarding the advice of his followers and burning with anger, Uchchala entered the court of this king. There was none who could now look the spirited and angry warrior in the face.

Uchchala thus addressed to the king and his ministers with harsh and angry words : "Formerly at Dárvvábhisára there lived a king named Nara of the Gotra of Bháradvája, who had a son named Naraváhana, and Naraváhana had a son named Phulla. Phulla had a son named Sárthaváhana, his son was Chandana, and Chandana had two sons, Gopála and Sinharája. Sinharája had several children, his daughter Diddá was married to Kshemagupta. Diddá made Sanggrámarája (son of her brother Udayarája) king. She had another brother, Kántirája, and he had a son named Jassarája. Sanggrámarája had a son named Ananta, while of Jassarája were born Tanvangga and Gungga. Ananta's son was Kalasharája, and of Gungga was born Malla. Kalasha's son is king Harshadeva, and we are Malla's sons !* Why then do the wicked enquire who we are ? But so long as the earth is for the enjoyment of the powerful, wherein is the necessity for genealogy ? And who is the friend of the powerful, but his own arms. Fortunately the

* Genealogy according to the speech of Uchchala at the court of Khasha.

kings of Káshmíra have ruled by their valor, not by the favor of their subordinates, and you will now see my valor." When he had said this, he went out for battle followed by one hundred foot soldiers. One man brought a dead hare before him, which he considered a good omen.

---

## NARA.

### King of Dárvvabhisara.

- Naravāhana.
  - Phulla.
    - Sárthaváhana.
      - Chandana.
        - Gopála.
        - Sinharája (had several children.)
          - Kantirája.
            - Jassarája.
              - Tanvangga.
              - Gungga.
                - Malla.
                  - Uchchala.
                  - Sussala.
          - Udayarája.
            - Sanggrámarája (King of Káshmíra.)
              - Ananta (King of Káshmíra.)
                - Kalasharája, (King of Káshmíra.)
                  - Harshadeva, (King of Káshmíra.)
          - Diddá married to Kshemagupta, (King of Káshmíra.)

Now Váttadeva and other Dámaras left their work at wheels and joined him. Uchchala left Sangrámapála and his army and arrived at Rájapurí, where the queens assisted him. He took his meals there, and when in the evening he was going to his residence, the army of Kalasharája attacked him outside the palace. The gates of the palace too were closed by the queens after he had gone out. In this affray, Uchchala lost Loshtávatta and others. And when the principal men of the place intervened and stopped the combat, Uchchala's small army became smaller..

He was reduced to much difficulty on the day of full-moon in the month of Chaitra, but on the fifth day of the dark moon he fearlessly set out for battle. He allowed Vattadeva and others to take their own course that they might create confusion in the kingdom. He intended to enter Káshmíra by the way which led through Kramarájya. Kapila, grandson of Kshema, whom the king had placed at Lohara after Udayasíha, fled as Uchchala entered the place. Uchchala moved before his army with sword and shield, and arrived at Parnotsa, and there compelled the royal army to fly. He captured Sujjaka, Lord of Dvára, who was reposing at ease and apprehended no danger, and soon entered Káshmíra. Some of the Dámaras and the people of Khasha, who inhabited the mountains and who were enemies of the king, now joined Uchchala.

King Harsha trembled to hear that the enemy was so near him, all unexpected, and as if he had fallen from the sky or risen from the ground. He was at a loss to think as to how to prevent Uchchala from entering Kramarájya and killing the Lord of Mandala. Dandanáyaka, who had collected an army, being delayed, the king sent Patta with a large force. But whether it was the will of the gods, or because he was seized with a desire to rise in rebellion, Patta avoided the enemy and loitered in the way. Tilakarája and others, whom the king had sent, joined Patta, but did not advance on the enemy. Dandanáyaka and others were also puzzled, so that Uchchala gained firm footing.

When Uchchala was entering Varáhamúla, a good-omened mare came to him from the enemy's side, and the garland fell from the neck of the Great Varáha (an incarnation of Vishnu) on his head, as if crowning him king of the world. Káka and other warriors, born of Vaidya caste, opposed Uchchala, so that he left Hushkapura and turned towards Kramarájya. Hearing of his approach, the Dámaras became excited and rebelled against the Lord of Mandala. They killed Yashارája and other good warriors, and defeated the Lord of Mandala and crippled his power. The Lord of Mandala slowly retreated to Táramúlaka, and the Dámaras, led by Uchchala, followed him there. The Lord of Mandala was at the head of his army and could not for a long time be captured. A great battle was fought between the two

armies. On the other hand A'nanda, maternal uncle of Uchchala, assisted by a great number of Dámaras, effected a rising at Madava. At the time of rebellion the Dámaras came from all sides by thousands, like the black bees from the caves of the Himálayas when the winter is over. The unfortunate king had under him Sahela the great at Kampana, who was useless to him, like the Lord of Dvára. He was attacked by A'nanda, and after fighting many battles fled from Madava. On the other hand, Uchchala surrounded the Lord of Mandala and captured him with his army. Who can describe the feeling of the soldiers when they knew that, armed and protected by mail as they were, they had been made captives. Though captured, the Lord of Mandala still remained loyal, wishing well of his king; for honorable persons, even when in extreme danger, do not forget their fidility to their masters. He advised the conqueror immediately to enter the town, (capital ?) inducing him to believe that he would not have another similar opportunity. He thought that Uchchala's army would be busy in plundering the villages and city when Uchchala would be entering the capital, and so there would be a diversion. Uchchala was accordingly induced immediately to enter Parihásapura, whence exit was difficult on account of the water on all sides. The Lord of Mandala then urged his own men to set fire at night to the house in which he and Uchchala lodged, but his men refused to do so and thus saved his life. If his body

had been as strong as his mind was vigorous, what would not he have effected who did not care for his own life. Fie to Fate, who is partial to the low, and makes heroes weak in body, while neuters receive full development. The hide of the tortoise which lives in water is impenetrable, while the skin of the lion, who braves battles, is left without the hard cover. The Lord of Mandala sent a message to the king that he had induced the fox (Uchchala) into that place, and had thrown him before the lion (the king), and asked him to come out and kill the fox. The king marched with his soldiers, all determined either to conquer or to die. The royal army reached the bridge of Bharata, and by some contrivance killed the enemy's soldiers and crossed the bridge. The Lord of Mandala, who was at the enemy's post, now joined the king's army, and attacked the enemy and killed many of them. When Uchchala's army was broken, some of the Jángdhikás fled, and some of the Dámaras took shelter within the Rájavihára. One Dámara named Trillasena entered the Vihára, the royalists mistook him for Uchchala, and burnt the building. Uchchala and Somapála fought for a long time in the midst of the royal cavalry, but were at last dissuaded by Janakachandra and others from the unequal fight, and were so rescued from the jaws of death.

Uchchala then went out of Parihásapura. At Gourikávála he crossed the Vitastá on horse back, and returned to Táramulaka with the Dámaras. Flushed

even as gamblers become with a little success, the king praised himself and returned to his capital. He did not pursue his enemies, a circumstance which encouraged the Dámaras, notwithstanding their defeat. In the month of Jaishtha the prudent Uchchala determined to re-assemble his men who had fled. This undaunted man, although defeated, had full reliance on his own strength, and made extraordinary preparations in the midst of a famine.* When Uchchala had got possession of Parihásakeshava he had preserved the image, but the king, on obtaining possession of the town, uprooted it, and from that time to the time of the king's decapitation, the sky remained pervaded with an ash color. This part of the country had formerly been dark, even in day time lighted only by *Rupiká* (a kind of plant), but had become lighted, as the people say, since the image of the god had been set up. Now it became dark again.

The king, now that the enemies were a little checked, became inflated. Sussala now appeared towards Shúrapura. He was the younger brother of Uchchala, and had lived at Avanáha, where he was roused from his lethargy by his father's rebuke and order to join his elder brother. The king of Kalpa assisted him with a few horsemen, and it was long before he could part from his benefactor, and hence his delay. The brothers, who had hitherto manifested a bitter hostility to the enemy, now employed milder means in order to deceive the

* See page 261.

enemy. Sussala gained a victory over the king's commander Mánikya, and won not only reputation, but wealth also from the battle-field of Shúrapura. Thus the opening of his career was brilliant. The king disregarded Uchchala and sent the Lord of Mandala, Patta and others, to fight with Sussala, who was rapidly advancing. Sussala broke the army at Shúrapura, and many of the king's soldiers were drowned and perished in the water of the Vaitaraní. In this battle the rebellious and powerful Darshanapála was defeated. The survivors of the king's broken army fled on the next day to Sahela, who lived at Lokapunya. Sahela fearing an attack from Sussala, took shelter with the remnant of that broken army within the city. Thus the king was brought to straits by Sussala. His brother Uchchala, who was at Táramula, gained ascendance.

Uchchala was led by the Dámaras, who were mostly foot soldiers, and who terrified the cavalry, and once more passed through the difficult mountain path which led to Lohara. The king too again made Udayarája Lord of Dvára, and sent the Lord of Mandala to Lohara to subdue Uchchala. The maternal uncle of Uchchala and Sussala now arrived at Padmapura, and none of the king's ministers ventured to accept from the king the governorship of Kampana. And the king asked, with a sigh, "who is there for me?" On which Chandrarája took from the king's hand the garland of investment to the lordship of Kampana. This man acted as befitted the

line of Jinduraja, &c., who slept with death. Thus he was made the Commander-in-Chief in the last hour of danger, just as the son of Drona was made by Duryodhana. He marched out, and drove the enemy from Padmapura. In the month of Bhádra, on the ninth bright lunar day, the usurper of Kampana (the maternal uncle of the rebel brothers) was killed at Avantipura by Chandrarája, who was slowly going on in his march of conquest. His death happened in this wise. Leaving his army to fight near Gobarddhanadhara, he was hearing songs, attended only by few persons, when he was surprised and killed by his enemy's cavalry which went by the way along the Vitastá. Where do the careless prosper? The king saw his head which Chandrarája had sent to him, and thought that fortune was yet in his favor, and hoped for victory. Fortune, when she deserts, sometimes turns back, even as a lion turns back when retreating. Chandrarája, thus strengthened, slowly entered Vijayakshetra, dividing his army into eight or ten divisions.

Like the weighman, Fortune would not keep the two scales unadjusted. On the third day, the Lord of Mandala's army were put to great trouble at Lohara by untimely rain. The soldiers, oppressed by the cold wind, and drowned in the mud of the paddy-fields, soon left their horses, swords, mails, &c. Though the kind-hearted Uchchala protected the Lord of Mandala, he was found out and killed by Ganakachandra and others. Harsha's

officers were mostly rebellious, but this man won fame by sacrificing himself. Like Devasharmma's, this man's high virtues are adorable; for had they been otherwise, some one or other at least would have spoken ill of him.

About this time Uchchala, who had been to Hiranyapura, was coronated by Bráhmanas there. Harsha heard this and became disheartened, and was advised by many ministers who were with him to go to the hills of Lohara with them,—"There the subjects were submissive to you before, and are displeased with their new king, and they will soon come to take you there, or you may yourself proceed to the spot." But the king replied that he could not depart all of a sudden leaving his wives, his treasures, his throne and other valuable things behind. His advisers urged that faithful men could ride with the females and treasures of the king, and as for the throne, it would be no disgrace if others sate on it, seeing that kings, who loved women of the low caste eating dog's flesh, had once filled it. "Let that go," said the king; "say if you have other advice to give." The ministers angrily replied that kings who ruled in accordance to the maxims of Kshetriyas, and considered death in a battle a blessing, gave no rest to their army in this world. Want of endeavour, vanity, fear, and difference among ministers and not enemies, were the foes that increased the danger of the kings. The idle who did not superintend his work, but relied on his servants, met

danger at every step, like a blind man who trusted to his staff. The fool, blinded with vanity, who did not arm himself even against a small enemy, wilfully suffered the enemy to gain strength. Even Indra in time might degenerate into a reptile, and even a reptile might attain the greatness of Indra. So to think that one is strong and another is weak was improper vanity. He whose preparations are incomplete can strike panic in a conqueror, can destroy him though he be complete in his preparations. Even the rich and well-to-do people were sometimes attacked by the poor, and those dependent on others; and why were the former overcome and were afraid of the latter? Or why could they not show their powers? Nothing could be accomplished when there was difference among the ministers, as in harrowing nothing was done if the two frames were drawn by turns instead of being drawn together. Though the king were possessed of all the resources of the country, but depended on hope, his enemy, though weak, could take his life and his kingdom. He who followed the enemy and marched only to places attacked by the foe, never conquered. Fortune might be adverse, yet if the king fall in battle, surrounded by warriors, he won fame. Only the fortunate fell in the furious battle-field, their pride satisfied, their persons deserving of respect, and all blessings realized in them. Considering death in battle a noble action, the Kshetriyas became fearless as gamblers.

The ministers who gave this advice were, however, asked by Harsha to give other counsel; on which they sighed and said to the king, whose time of death was drawing near,—"Can you die in the hour of danger as Utkarsha did, for otherwise some unworthy fate will befal you." He replied to them that he could not kill himself, and asked them to kill him when in extreme danger. When they heard the unmanly words of their master, they wept and said that they could not help him, as they were not bestowed with the power to do so. Surely the king had employed beasts in human shape. 'Though you may live for a yuga, still you shall have to die in the end; therefore it is shame for servants to display cowardice when success can be achieved by the sacrifice of ones body. Even women enter fire thinking of their love for their lords. Who then can be baser than he who forgets his love for his master? Those who, like actors, are unaffected by their master's sorrow, fear or timidity, make the earth unhallowed, although it be full of shrines. He who sees his son oppressed with hunger, his wife taking service under other men, his friends fainting, his cow, when yielding milk, crying for want of food, his parents dying but not getting food, and his master subdued by the enemy, has no worse thing to suffer in hell.

The king again said to these beasts in human form,—"I know what I should do, but my mind is bewildered as of one possessed with devils. No one

will enjoy the kingdom so well and so completely as I have lately done. The saying that death and prosperity live on the lips of kings is verified in me alone in Kali yuga. Why should a mortal grieve at the approach of death, when Rudra, Upendra, Mahendra shall pass away. One thought alone grieves me, *viz.*, that, through my fault, the world which was like a wife, will be like an old female servant in the possession of any one who is powerful enough to win her. From this time, now that the kingdom is weak, any one will aspire to it, knowing that it is attainable by conspiracy. Those that are rising, though of small strength, will laugh in pride to see the fruitlessness of mighty attempts. Even impartial people do not blame the endeavour if it ends in brilliant success. The parade of wealth that I made for the benefit of the people will now be reckoned as stupidity. Uchchala, who is rising by his own exertion, will laugh at my good works. I am calm through shame, and not through fear, for I wish for this sort of death. For I wish it to be said of me that if my own people had not snatched the kingdom from me, no one else could have taken it. In old times," continued Harsha, "there was a king named Muktápída, who was a shining light among kings. But his enemies took advantage of his weakness, and he died miserably. Muktápída had left his army at various places at Uttarápatha, and, when attended by a few men, had his passage opposed by his enemies over a difficult way. There king Shalya,

with eight lacs of horse, determined to capture him, without any arms as he was. Muktápída's judgment was bewildered at the failure of all his plans, and he asked his chief minister, Bhavasvámí, as to what was to be done. The minister, after cool deliberation as to the means of escape, and knowing destruction to be inevitable, said that those who aspire after fame, follow the path of duty and keep their judgment sedate. Those who understand their duty, try to maintain their fame, and the attainment of kingdom follows of itself. When the body perishes, and is reduced to ashes, man is remembered by his fame, even as camphor is known by smell. When life is extinct, the name of the renowned still dwells in the tongues of those who praise him. To be famous is to live till the end of time (kalpa), for fame exists without diminution. The sedate do not think of money when the enemy attempts to rob wealth and power. Brahmá often disgraces those in high position; through the agency of the elephant he destroys the lily from which he himself was born, and he insults the moon through the Chandála (eclipse). They who can maintain their fame from such vicissitudes which destroy renown, degrade one suddenly, are indeed fortunate. The cane that grows on the mountain and clings to the bamboo and sets fire to the wood to maintain its dignity is degraded by kings, who place it in the hands of door-keepers. 'Having enjoyed to the full thy heart's desires, you should now try to preserve the beauty of

thy fame. Pretend to be suddenly attacked with Dandakálasaka disease, which kills speedily, and I shall tell you to-morrow what more you will have to do to avert the danger.' Thus saying the prime minister withdrew, and reached his own house. The king pretended to have that disease, and rolled on the ground restlessly and wept, and kept his eyes steadfast. Perspiration, spasms, vomiting and pains in the body, indicated to the people that the king was dying. The minister pretended to believe that the king would die, and in order to show his gratitude, perished by entering into fire. The minister did not say to the king what was to be done next (as he had promised to do.) But the king was in heart pleased with him at his self-sacrifice, and said that he was young and was able to bear pain, and so he too entered into fire. Thus by his self-sacrifice he attained fame which he had not obtained by his deeds. So, if any disgrace comes to the great, they can rid themselves of it either by their own or by their minister's judgment."

When king Harsha had said this, the ministers advised him to send his son Bhoja within the fort that his line might not be extinct. After the prince had set out with due ceremonies, the king, through the advice of Dandanáyaka, caused him to return. Judgment, courage, and presence of mind, all were at once lost in the impending danger. Wealth, fame, heroism, and power, are all subservient to good fortune, even as lightening, herons, thunder, and rainbow, all depend upon clouds. In

his days of prosperity, the people wondered why the king, who was superior to all in wisdom and valor, did not attack Indra; and in the days of his misfortune, they wondered why the king, who was so foolish, infirm, inert and blind, was born on earth.

The king allowed travelling allowance to the Tantrí soldiers who were within the town, and whom he sent in order to oppose the enemy. The king's servants, with their friends, took shelter with the opposite party; and those who did not go were induced to remain by money. Only two or three remained faithful and did not think of going over to the enemy, but why should they be praised who died like women. There was one dancing girl named Kánashrávatí born in the family of dancing girls. She adopted one Jayamatí of unknown parentage as her child. Now, when this latter attained her youth, she did not marry, but loved Uchchala. Avaricious of wealth, she first entered the zenana of the Lord of Mandala; and on his death she shamelessly went over to Uchchala, and through her good fortune became the principal queen. The king's servants shamelessly went over to Uchchala, placing their guru at their head, and accepted his pay and thus lost the respect of the army.

Shrílekhá's nephew (brother's son) had a son named Vaddamanggala. The king attacked and killed him to give vent to his anger on the relatives of Malla. Shvashravá, wife of Vaddamanggala, and daughter of the maternal uncle of Uchchala, went to her home and burnt

herself. The daughters of Sháhi told the king that the great and proud Malla (Uchchala's father) concealed under his vow of silence a cruel heart, and was like Yama, and was creating disaffection among the king's people in order to obtain the kingdom for his son. They advised the king to kill him without fear. The king attacked his house in person, and remained stationed at the door. Malla came out to satisfy the king of his innocence, and though entreated by his sons, the saint-like man did not leave the king. In order to gain the king's confidence, Malla sent out from his house the step-brothers of Uchchala, named Sahlana, &c. The king, whose death was nigh, was angry with Malla, who lived as a hermit and worshipped fire. While he was worshipping his gods, he was summoned by his enemies, and he issued out in that very dress to fight. He issued out in his attire of devotion with ashes, &c., on his forehead. The black and the white hair on his head looked like the meeting of the rivers at Prayága. His cap was his helmet his umbrella, his shield, and his stick his sword. Some of his servants whom he had treated kindly fell in the scuffle before he came out. Two Bráhmanas, named Rathávatta and Vijaya, as well as Pouragava, Koshtaka and Sajjaka also perished in the affray. Udayarája was wounded, but not killed. When Malla saw the doors completely beset with the enemy's soldiers, he, leaving his work aside, leapt on their heads. White through age, he moved over the swords and shields, like a hangsa, over

the moss and lotus, and within a short time was seen lying down pierced with a hundred sharp arrows. The king was riding over the place and cut off, in his pride, the head of Udayarája, who was already dead. What action of the king was not miserable?

Queen Kusumalekha, beloved of Malla, perished by throwing herself in the fire that was kept up in the house. The young wives of Sahlana and Rahla, named Aptasatí and Sahajá, daughters-in-law of Malla, also perished in the fire. Six females of the family, delicately brought up, thus perished in the flames. These conflagrations took place on the left banks of the Vitastá; and the fires and hot tears warmed the waters of the river. Nandá (wife of Malla,) mother of the future kings, and descended of noble family, was living in the zenana on the other side of the river, when she saw the smoke of the fire and became anxious. She saw from the terrace of her house the armies of her sons on the north and south, and cursed the king that, within few days, her sons would revenge the death of their father, even as Parashuráma did. She then perished in the fire which was kept up in the house; as also Chándrá, a nurse who was unable to bear the sight of the fire nearly extinguished over the ashes of one girl whom she had nursed with her milk, and she burnt herself to death. The flames appeared like dancing female servants.

The king was nearly killed, but was accidentally saved by Darshanapala. He survived the rebellion in order to

suffer insults hereafter, and he was yet to live one year more. Malla was killed on the ninth dark lunar day in the month of Bhádra; and when his sons heard of it, their grief was only replaced by anger.

On the next day Sussala went in fury from the villages of Vahnipuraka, &c., to Vijayakshetra. Chandrarája set out to meet Sussala, but was deserted by Patta and Darshanapála with their armies; but though deserted, he fought gallantly for a long time with his small army in spite of great odds. In this battle, two of the king's favorites, Akshotamalla and Chácharimalla, fell. Chandrarája, and after him Indurája, were also killed. On the fall of Chandrarája, all hopes of success left king Harsha.

When Sussala entered the country, Patta and others were alarmed and wore the garb of king's flatterers, entered the palace, and shut and bolted the doors after them. The courtier Padma was wounded in the scuffle outside, and Lakshmídhara, who wished to die, was brought by the Dámaras bound. Sussala went up the treasury at Vijayeshvara, and saw below the royalists panic-struck like beasts. The wily Sussala smiled and gave assurance of safety, and so caused Patta and Darshanapála to be brought before him. As there was no staircase, the followers of Sussala pulled them up like dead-men with ropes tied round their hands. But Sussala relieved them of all troubles by consenting to their proposal of going out to foreign countries and hide their shame. But after listening to the kind words of

Sussala, and making a comfortable repast over fried meat, their ardour to leave the country cooled on that very day. Sussala obtained possession of the place by the most wonderful means. For Jásata, son of the maternal uncle of Harsha, and Umádhara, &c., three other Rájas, as well as Rajpoot cavalry and Tantri chieftains, and a large army, still remained on the side of the king. While these collected in the courtyard of god Vijayeshvara, Sussala went up, breaking through the gate, alone and sword in hand, and abused them in anger. They submitted, and he assured them of safety and made the god witness of his assurance. And when he had re-ascended his house, his people brought to his palace, adorned with gold and silver hilted swords, those royalists who had laid down their arms, their hands tied with ropes. He placed them under the custody of the Dámaras, and they were herded like beasts.

Sussala remained there for three days, after which he set out, and when he had reached the village of Suvarnasánura, he liberated Patta and Darshanapála, who consented to go into foreign countries. Patta then went to Súrapura, where he joined his wife, but the weak man forgot his promise to go into exile. And whatever intention Darshanapála may have had to leave his country, was now relinquished for his friendship for Patta.

Now Sussala obtained possession of the capital, and intended to usurp the kingdom for himself before his brother could arrive. And with this object he thought

of fighting with his elder. The two brothers loved each other, and were of the same age, and both were powerful, so that there was equality between them. In two or three days Sussala attacked several places, but remained in the neighbourhood of the capital.

Bhojadeva, otherwise called Vupya, son of king Harsha, set out for battle in order to burn Kalasha built by Sussala. Harsha, who feared that his sons might turn against him as he had rebelled against his father, brought them up as weak and spiritless men. But now, in this time of helplessness, when there was none to check the prince, he led armies in some battles. If this prince had been brought up as his great-grandfather had, could he not have cleared the country of the rebellious kinsmen? All men know politics, but mistake in its applications; many there are who are learned in the Shástras, but few are practical men. The son should not be blamed for the ingratitude of the father. Though tila (*sesamum orientale*) is covered with rind, yet who discards the perfumed oil which comes out of it. The prince showed great ability in fighting against his powerful enemy.

The wicked Pittha, son of Deveshvara, who had been honored and promoted by the king, joined the enemy's side. Pittha's son, Malla, requested the king to allow him to go to battle against Sussala, and was at last allowed by Harsha to go to battle. "You will know my heart to-day, O! king," said the proud Malla as he went

away. He washed the stain of his line (his father's disaffection) in battle in which he fell. The king was not more grieved at the entire ruin which came upon him, than he was because he knew not before the loyalty of this grateful man. Kings, puffed up with wealth and ignorance, know not the hearts of men until it is too late to do anything for them than to lament their loss.

The army of Sussala was defeated by prince Bhoja, and he fled from the battle to Lavanotsa. On the other hand, Bhoja returned from his victory, and suffering from the hot rays of the sun, sat for a short time with his father in a garden. He heard a voice from the north side of the palace saying "the elder son of Malla has arrived; prepare a bridge." Dandanáyaka had informed Uchchala that if he did not march that very day, Sussala would usurp the kingdom. Uchchala came in hastily, and in the very beginning of the fight killed Devanáyaka, who was stationed before Charadeva. Nága, the superintendent of the city, with the royal cavalry and a large body of infantry went out for battle. He had relied on this superior army in the battle against Sussala, and he did not now fear to meet Uchchala. Uchchala feared Nága, and had a smaller army, but Nága; when he approached him, took off his turban and bowed to him. But Uchchala did not trust him after his experience of the conduct of the Lord of Mandala, and told him to retire to his house at Dumba, which Nága did. The fruit of Nága's disaffection was visible in this

world, as he ended his life as a beggar in this very country.

On arriving to the river side, the king saw the Dámaras black and disfigured on the other side of the bridge; and among them Janakachandra shone in his white mail. The great bridge of boats which the king had built for his own purpose, now served the purpose of his foes. The king was disgusted with the people, and calmly saw the battle with his relatives on the other side of the bridge. On the other hand, the daughter of Sháhi and other queens intended to perish in the flames, and took some fire with them, and ascended a house which had a hundred doors. As the king's party was unable to overcome the opponents, the ladies were preparing to light the fire, when the king forbade them to commit suicide by fire, and went to the other side of the bridge to join the battle. Janakachandra and his men drove by their arrows the royal elephant which was in the front of the bridge. The beast, struck by arrows in a mortal part, retreated, vomiting and breathing hard and treading on the king's soldiers. This unfortunate accident caused numerous deaths among the cavalry and infantry of the royalists. Repulsed by the enemy, the king recrossed the bridge and entered the palace with a hundred doors. The king, who had never been seen even in privacy without garments, who even at the time of taking his meals did not cast away the signs of royalty, was now seen perspiring from fear and from

the heat of the sun, his armour repeatedly slipping from his shoulders, and as often replaced. Through his restlessness, the whip struck the horse and made the animal run, the reins fell from his hand, and were taken up and pulled again. His hair fell to his shoulders, and he drew them round his ears, which looked like caverns surrounded by black serpents; and the sword dropped from his hand. There were no ornaments in his ears, his red lips were pale and dried for want of betel, and he was frequently licking it with his tongue. There was dust in his eyes, which disfigured his face and made it pale. He was looking on his queens behind him, and moving about in the courtyard, and with his hand forbidding his queens to light the pile which they were ready to do.

There was a house of Mallarája near the capital, Janakachandra set fire to this after crossing the river. On seeing the flame approaching towards the capital, Bhoja thought the kingdom was lost, and fled. He rode out of the courtyard through the gate, pierced with the great lances of the enemies. With five or six horsemen he went towards Lohara, and crossing the bridge, arrived before the Matha of Sinharája. The king gazed with tearful eyes on the direction in which his son had disappeared, and with horsemen went round and round the house. In order to save some of the queens who in the meantime were intending to commit suicide, the king's men attempted to break in into the rectangular building. The daughters of Sháhi, believing that the enemies had

arrived, went up to the top of the rectangular house and set it on fire.

At this time the Dámaras who dwelt there, armed themselves and hurt one another, and plundered the palace with a hundred doors which was now on fire. In doing so, some died, some endangered their lives, and some got things they had never seen before, and became the objects of ridicule. Some took a mouthful of camphor, considering it to be white sugar, and burnt his mouth, and threw the pot into the river. Some took gold-colored pictures, and the burnt clothes and ashes of variagated hues, believing them to be gold. Some Dámara women thinking the pearls in which no holes had been made to be rice, pounded them in mills. Fortune now left the kingdom. The beautiful and well-dressed females of the king were seen at every step to be captured by the cruel Dámaras. Vasantalekhá and other sixteen queens, together with the wives of their sons, perished in the flames. The bursting sounds of the burning houses were heard like the roarings of the summer clouds on the sea. The king saw these things from the side of Shrípadmashrí, a place for the distribution of water, and often and often repeated the line composed by the Rishis, "The fire that rises for oppressing the subjects is not quenched till it has burnt the king's dynasty, fortune, and life."

Uchchala, accompanied by the Dámaras, thus burnt the capital, but finding the enemy still possessed of an

army, re-crossed the river. The king wished to die in battle, a wish worthy of his family, but was swayed every moment by the wavering opinions of the infantry. The king was going to battle through the advice of Anantapála and other Rajpoots, but was remonstrated by Dandanáyaka at every step. Champaka advised the king either to go to battle or to Lohara, and the latter step was deemed better by Prayága. But the king, not having heard anything of his son, became anxious, and ordered Champaka to follow the footsteps of prince Bhojadeva. Champaka sighed and said, "You will soon be left alone with Prayága, so do not send me away." And the king replied to him with tears in his eyes, that, "they say you never rebelled, then wherefore do you disobey my orders now. Though the sun shiues, I cannot see anything without my son, so you cannot be angry when he shall embrace me. Even in these days there is difference without cause between the prince and the minister." Thus rebuked by his master, Champaka, abashed and with downcast face, set out after the prince. Of his horsemen and followers and his brothers, fifty in all, who set out with him, only five were left, including himself, when he crossed the river. Not getting any news of the prince, he arrived in the evening at the junction of the Vitastá and the Sindhu. The king sent other faithful men in search of his son, while more of his people, on the pretence of searching for the prince, deserted him.

Dandanáyaka was now the king's adviser—the same man who had taken bribe in the wars with Rájapurí, &c., who had employed unworthy servants, who was the cause of the royal army being destroyed by fire, who had opposed the prince when he was going to Lohara, and who, when the king was busy in some other battle, had admitted the enemy into the city. Harsha, weak, and listening to various advices, could not determine what to do. As the pipe will not sound if one breathes through all the holes, even so the king could not come to any determination from the several advices he received. When even low people insolently offer advice, though unasked, according to their judgment it is a certain sign of the loss of fortune's favor. The charioteer, named Troilokya, who was speaking to Dandanáyaka, pulled the reins of his horse and said to the king: "On former days your grandfather conquered with the help of the Ekánngas, fighting side by side with the cavalry. So let us go near Akshapatala to collect a similar army; then falling on them we shall destroy the enemy whose army is mostly composed of infantry." But when he consented to move towards that place, his army scattered itself on all directions, as the crowd which comes to a theatre does when overtaken by rain. The king gave the jewelled ornaments of his neck to the Rajpoots, whom he found on the other side of the Vitastá, to defray the expenses of his son on the road. When these ensigns of royalty were given to his followers, the king looked

shorn of his glories. The number of his soldiers diminished at every step; and when he arrived at Akshapatala, there was none to attend him. The king felt suspicious, and in the evening went round the houses of the ministers; he waited at their doors, but none allowed him entrance. The false friends of the king did not help him in this last extremity. After passing by the houses of all for help, he entered the house of the minister Kapila. At that time Kapila was at Lohara, but his wife was willing to give him shelter, and afterwards to send him by boat to the fort of Lohara. But the king was bewildered, and did not accept the offer.

The king's sons who had rebelled against him as he did against his father, hid themselves from him as bankrupts hide from those who lend. The king now came to know that he had done many things wrong by hearing himself ill spoken of. Previous to this the ministers used to hide many things from him. Having lost hope in every thing, and mistrusting those around him, he passed with a small retinue to Pradyumna. When the darkness deepened and it deepened at every step, the horses stopped. At this time the proud Rajpoots, Anantapála and others, who counted their dynasties thirty-six generations back, deserted him. When the king arrived before the temple of Johila, he descended from his horse, and Dandanáyaka and the king's younger brother now deserted him. His younger brother left him on the pretence that there was his father-in-law's house in the neighbourhood, and that he would return

after paying a visit. Prayága asked the king's younger brother something for the king's food, and he gave him an ornament, but not saktu (powdered oats).

The king, whose life was nearly at its end, was shorn of his glories, and had only one piece of cloth to wear, and had Prayága for his only follower. One Mukta, cook of Jelaka, who was a servant of Champaka, now came to the king, and was received into his confidence. When they were wandering about, a woman from a cavern in a rock told them that the land before them was not passable, owing to the canals being cut for the supply of water. And when they had seated by the Vitastá, Prayága called for the boatmen, in order to go to Jayapura fort. Prayága made an agreement with the armed men who were in the neighbourhood to take them to the house of Bhimadeva, where the king wished to go. Bhímádeva was a partisan of Uchchala, but had said that he would follow the king if the king would come to his house. When the boat was brought in by the boatmen, the timid king who was hurrying to destruction would not get into it. At the time of destruction, the light of man's intellect fails and leads him to death. In this time of rebellion the proud Vimba of Niláshviya who, like ladies of the zenana, would not even look on others, with his friendly followers instead of joining the Dámaras went to the king who was looking out for help.

The rainy season now set in as if to wash the world guilty of rebellion; what did not the king suffer then? The earth seemed without men, the rains darkened all

sides, and he was without help and in fear of the enemy. For the interests of history, I must name those who should have been forgotten on account of their wicked acts. Within the forests of Pitrivana there are some revered gods who were named Someshvara; they belonged to Sománanda, the Siddha. There in the garden shaded by the trees was a cot of Shinna, an insignificant hermit. He, with a prostitute named Bhishchá, generally known as Virahabhujanggí, led the life of a procurer. The king was then near the temple of Pratapagaurisha, and was brought here by Mukta who considered it to be a place for holy men to live. Mukta led the way, the king followed him, and Prayága went last; and thus they went by the fitful light of the lightning. The king reached the cottage led by Mukta and Prayága, without turban, wearing a sewed piece of cloth, and sinking down with fatigue. He was grieved as he remembered the hero Kandarpa who was driven out by his evil ministers, and who could have extricated him from his present danger; he grieved even as Utpala had grieved when he thought of the Daitya. Mukta entered the cottage by scaling the wall, and then opened the door and the king entered the yard, but the hermit was not there. When the king was coming in, his right foot was cut by a stone and bled, and he knew by that bad omen that his death was nigh. The cottage room was barred, so that the king passed the dreadful and cloudy night in the yard. He passed the night sitting on

a muddy place which was prepared for sacrifice, and besmeared with mud, and covered with a servant's blanket. His cares made him sleepless, though much of his grief was allayed while he was nodding in sleep. "Who am I? Who has conquered me? Where am I to-day? Who is my follower? What should now be done?" Thus he thought and trembled every moment. "My kingdom is snatched away, my wives are burnt, my son separated from me, myself alone and without friends, without provisions for the road, and rolling in the yard of a beggar?" Thus thinking of his misfortunes, he could not find an instance, even in history, of a person whose end was as miserable as his own.

On the other hand, prince Bhoja reached Hastikarna with two or three horsemen. While thus travelling, he fancied that the kingdom would be theirs again in five or six days, even if Indra were their enemy. What does not a man, when excited by his valor, propose to do? But fortune mars all. He waited at Ranggaváta for his servant Nágeshvara, to whom his mother gave provision for the journey. Hearing of his servant's approach, h issued from the empty temple where he was living, suspecting nothing; but he was attacked by the rebels. When the treason was discovered, the prince, true to his Kshetriya caste, displayed wonderful feats of bravery. After killing his enemies in battle, like a lion, he died the death of a hero, besmeared with blood. Padma, son of his maternal uncle, and possessed of great valor, fell overwhelmed with numbers.

At night Uchchala entered the monastery of queen Surjjamatí. His brother, too, tired of wár, came from Lavanotsa. Hearing that prince Bhoja was dead, and Harsha alone was living, they felt as if a pale had been withdrawn from their mind, and only the point of a sword was left there.

On the morning Mukta sought out the hermit, who entered the cottage and bowed to the king and unbarred the door of his room. The king and Mukta entered the room which was full of gnats, and there was spread a grass mat, and the floor was sprinkled with water. He, whose words bestowed honor on kings before, now flattered a beggar through fear. The king was pained at the shameful words and behaviour of the beggar when requested for some beggarly food. Prayága gave the hermit his wearing sheet to sell, and sent him to a shop to buy food with its proceeds. This man, with his rude and indecent words, was a cause of uneasiness to the king, and the king feared he would be betrayed. At mid-day the beggar returned with a female hermit, on whose shoulder he had placed pots containing food. The king, finding himself seen by the woman, despaired of his life. Oppressed by grief, he, at the request of Prayága, merely touched the food presented to him by Prayága, but did not eat it. Prayága asked for news of the female hermit, who lived in village, whereupon she told him of the death of Bhoja. Prayága said that it was a lie, but the king believed the painful news. He had fallen in

battle, behaving as heroes covet to do at the time of their death, but the king through the excess of his grief lamented as if he had died on his lap. He saw in his own person the necklaces which should have adorned his youthful son, and became afflicted. He was ashamed to think that his boy, whom he should have protected, had died in that way, while he was saving his life by unworthy means.

Thus oppressed with unspeakable grief for his son, he spent the second night in the house of the hermit. Prayága asked the king to go to Bhagavanmatha, but that night he was unable through grief to think of it. The night having the moon for its face seemed to moan; and it seemed to cry in the cries of Chakraváka, and to weap in heavy dews. On the morning Prayága saw his master hungry and thirsty, and asked the hermit for breakfast. The hermit went out and brought two plates full of rice and curry. He said that he had stolen those two plates from a religious feast of a householder, on which Prayaga sighed and said:—"See, O king! see the rejoicings of the people on your dethronement." The king smiling replied:—"Why do you talk like a fool? He who is gone is gone; his loss does not create loss to other people. All seek for their own pleasure; no one grieves for others. When the sun, which is like the only eye of the earth, sets, the people sleep at ease. Who ever deprives himself of rest on account of his separation from the sun. Having heard of the death of my son,

who was the life of my life, I sit here apparently at ease. Why then blame others?" When the king had said so, Prayága rejected the two plates already brought and again privately sent the hermit to prepare food. The hermit said that what remained of the proceeds of the sale of the sheet, after defraying the expenses of the previous day, would hardly suffice to pay him, still he would try. Thus saying he went out as if grieved.

Men of poor worth cannot keep a secret; they can digest Amrita as little as mercury. Manoratha, the friend and adviser of the hermit, came to know of these things. He tempted the hermit and said that they would get riches if they discovered the king to his enemies. Manoratha was born of some low caste servant, for good or bad works of a man indicate his birth. Iltárája heard from them of Harsha's whereabouts and informed Uchchala of it, and Uchchala sent him to capture Harsha. Some say that one Bhúribhishcha, of the Káyastha caste, was the cause of the hermit and his friend going to Iltárája. If it be true, as many have heard, that this servant (Bhúribhishcha) acted treacherously, then the various insults that he was subsequently subjected to (making him ride on the shoulder of a Chandála who eats the flesh of dog, and his death in prison) were all well deserved.

On the other hand, Harsha, being excessively hungry, and being repeatedly asked by Prayaga, thought of taking some food in spite of his grief for his son. Expecting

the hermit every moment to arrive with food, they frequently looked out like young birds from the nest. They soon saw the cottage surrounded by armed men, and heard the noise made on the bars of the door at the courtyard. They found out their danger, and saw the vile hermit calling out from the yard to their enemies to approach Mukta who was armed. Leaving Mukta, the king opened the door, and fearlessly took up a light knife which was nigh. One cruel warrior encased in mail, and sword in hand, came to the king puffed up with pride and courage. Though the room was small, yet by his skill the king threw him on the ground, and through mercy spared his life. He proudly said even then, that no end would be gained by destroying that poor fallen man. Another person, lifting up one end of the roof of the cottage, entered the room, and he was followed by another, but they saw him armed and fell to the ground through fear. The king was standing on the body of the one who had first entered the room, and for a moment looked like the goddess on the lion. This last battle of the king was not attended with loud yells or war music, or the sound of the warlike instruments. The armed Dámaras were entered into the room noiselessly as cats to kill a rat in an earthen pot. Another person entered the room through the roof, killed Prayága, and wounded the king in the head and arm; and having eluded the blow aimed by the king, hastily struck him twice on his breast with his knife. Harsha twice called

out the name of god Maheshvara, and fell dead on the ground like a tree severed at its stem. He was a king, but was killed in the hut like a thief who had fled into a room. Never did he look so noble as now, nor were his faults ever so completely hid from view as at this moment. Possibly, it was his aversion to war which alone spoilt the nobility of his soul. Possibly his fault lay in being led by the counsel of others. It was the fault of his ministers which brought on misfortunes. He died in the Káshmírian era seventy-seven, on the fifth day of the bright moon, in the month of Bhádra, aged forty-two years and eight months. It was by magic that this king wishing, like Dúryyodhana to destroy his relatives, caused the extirpation of his own line and kindred. He was born when the Sun was in the Cancer.

The low ( un-Bráhmanical ) people severed the head of their master as of a thief, and sent it to his enemy. When his head was severed the whole world shook, and although there were no clouds in the sky, it rained heavily. They who fixed the head on a stick and did other improper acts suffered greatly for those actions. The beheading of kings, even like the destruction of images of gods, had only recently been introduced in this country. Uchchala, through a sense of propriety, refrained from looking on the head when it was sent to him ; he remained thoughtful for some time, and had it burnt. O ! fie, that the body of the late king, like that of a thief, should not have received the benefit of funeral

rites without the orders of Uchchalà. Deserted by his servants, his own race extirpated, himself naked, Harsha's remains like those of a helpless man were burnt by one Gouraka, a wood-seller.

This long history of Harsha is as wonderful as Rámáyana or Mahávárata. Fortune is restless like the lightning in the clouds; and sudden rising brings evil consequences in the end. Still the pride of wealth of those men, whose aspiration is clouded by ignorance, is not assuaged. Though the late king had many women in the zenana, none wept for him; though he had many servants, none followed him or retired to the shrines. It is shameful that men's minds do not become indifferent to worldly affairs, and that they themselves do not retire to forests, after seeing this heartlessness of persons whose minds are engrossed in their own pléasures. It cannot be ascertained what there was before life began, nor what will come after death. Between the two stages, living beings are suddenly subjected to miseries, and then retire no one knows where, even like an actor without head or legs, who acts for a while, and then retires behind the screen.

As the sun leaving the godless peak of the Himálaya dwells on Sumaru, so the splendour of royalty left the fallen race of Udayarája and rested on that of Sátaváhana. Here ends the seventh book of Rájatarangginí by Kahlana, son of Champakáprabhu the great minister of Káshmíra.

During ninety-seven years, eleven months and twenty-seven days, there reigned six kings of the line of Udayarája.

# APPENDIX A.

HERE we give a line-for-line translation of Kahlana Pandita's calculation, fixing the age of Gonanda, the first king of Káshmíra, mentioned in his book.

Line 48. In Kali Yuga, Gonanda and others reigned in Káshmíra for 2,268 years.

" 49. Some authors have made this erroneous calculation (as given in line 48) being misled by the supposition that the battle described in Mahávárata took place at the end of the Dvápara Yuga.

" 50. For, if the number of years during which these kings reigned be added together, and the sum be deducted from the years of Kali Yuga which are past, there remains nothing.

" 51. The Kurus and the Pándavas lived when 653 years of Kali were past.

" 52. Now the 24th year of the Laukika (current) era coincides with 1070 of Saka era.

" 53. From the time when Gonanda lived 2,330 years are past.

" 54. The fifty-two kings (whose history is a blank) reigned for 1,266 years.

" 55. In Chitrashikhandi it is said that to travel from one star (Riksha) to another, the Great Bear (Munis) takes a hundred years; and historians have given the following calculations.

" 56. When Yudhishthira reigned the Great Bear was at Maghá star. He therefore reigned at 2,526th year (before) the Saka era.

NOTE.—Kahlana Pandita makes Gonanda contemporaneous with the battle of Mahávárata, and fixes the date of that event at 653rd year of Kali. He rejects the opinion held by some that it took place at the end of Dvápara. Now the reigns of the kings whose history is known, covered a period of 2,330 years, up to the time of Kahlana Pandita; and those of the fifty-two kings whose history is not known covered a period of 1,266 years, making a total of 3,596 years, between the time of the first king of Káshmíra and Kahlana. But the first king, Gonanda, lived in

653 of the Kali Yuga, hence Kahlana lived in the year 4,249th of Kali. Again the author says, that he wrote his book in the year 1070 of Saka era; and we have just seen that Gonanda lived 3,596 years before Kahlana, hence we find that Gonanda reigned 2,526 years before the Saka era (as stated in line 56). There prevailed a peculiar era in Káshmíra called the Laukika, or the current era, according to which, as each century was completed, it was left out of calculation. We have the author's statement that he was writing on the 24th of this era. Deducting 24 from 3,596 we get 3,572 (from the time of Gonanda), and this year was therefore the close of a century of the Laukika era. Dividing it by 100 we have 35.72, *i.e.*, Gonanda was reigning on the 72nd year of the 36th century before the current Laukika century in which the historian wrote.

From the above, it is easy to fix dates according to the Christian era which is, roughly speaking, 78 years before the Saka era. The following statement of the times of Gonanda and Kahlana Pandita respectively, will shew the dates at a glance:—

| | | Kali. | Saka | Laukika. | Christian Era. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | (Before.) | (Before.) | B. C. |
| Gonanda | ... | 653 | 2,526 | *36.72 | 2,448 |
| | | (After.) | | (After.) | A. D. |
| Kahlana | ... | 4,249 | 1,070 | 1.24 | 1,148 |

## APPENDIX B.

The story of the Bráhmana and his Nága wife is thus related: There was a tank in a garden which had clear and sweet water, and in it lived a Nága, named Sushravá. Now a certain young Bráhmana named Visikha, being weary of long travelling, once rested in the shade of a tree beside the tank in the garden. And when he was relieved of weariness by the pleasant air he fetched some water from the tank and was going to eat

* Reckoning as 1 the current Laukika century in which Kahlana wrote.

oat-flour when he heard the music of small bells, and saw two beautiful girls with sweet white eyes dressed in blue were issuing out of the grove before him. Their eyes were lined with fine lines of collyrium, and the gentle wind was moving like banners the ends of their garments over their shoulders. The girls were eating some pulse. The Bráhmana stopped taking his meal out of shame, and was grieved to see creatures so beautiful taking such coarse food. He therefore invited them to what he had for meal, and brought them water from the tank, and expressed his love for them at the same time. And when they had washed their faces and were seated, the Bráhmana began to fan them with the fan made of leaves, and said that it must be in consequence of some virtuous actions done by him in times past that he had met them. With the curiosity of a Bráhmana he also asked them as to what race they graced by their birth, and how came they to be so hungry that they were eating such coarse food. One of them replied that they were the daughters of Nága Sushravá and that they saw no reason why they should not eat coarse food when better food was wanting. "My name," continued she, "is Irávartí, and my father intends to marry me to Vidyádharendra; and this is my youngest sister named Chandralekhá." The Bráhmana again asked them the reason of their poverty, to which they replied that he might put that question to their father, for he only knew the cause. "He will come," said they, "on the month of Jaishta on the twelvth dark lunar day, during the festival of Takshakayátrá. You will be able to know him by his crystal crown, and we will also be near him." Thus saying they went away.

Now, when the festival approached, and the dancers and singers and spectators gathered, the Bráhmana too wandered about there, drawn by his curiosity, and recognized the father of the damsels by the signs they told him. The father too had been informed by his daughters about their meeting with the Bráhmana, and now came forward to welcome him. In the course of conversation, the Bráhmana asked the Nága the reason of his poverty. "The proud and wise man who has the sense to distinguish right from wrong," replied the Nága with a sigh, "will rather prefer to hide his sorrow which cannot be remedied, than loudly complain of it. A good man when he hears of the misery of others will be sorry if he cannot remove it. An ordinary man places much value on everything that he does, and laments loudly at every misfortune that he

sufters. He praises himself, and thinks himself wronged when he has to bear any misfortune, and suggests to himself unfair means to get rid of it. He thinks that his miseries will last for ever, and grieves from the very bottom of his heart, and talks loudly of his grief and suffers eternally. Who can know, however, the sorrow of those who are reserved, if their children and servants do not give them out; but since mine has been betrayed to you by my girls, I will not hide it any longer. See if you can do anything to alleviate it. Yonder you see a hermit under the tree, who watches the fields rich with harvest. It is through fear of him that we have fled. We cannot eat anything of the new harvest because he eats nothing, so we are wellnigh starved. If you can do anything to destroy his austerity, and to make him eat of the new harvest, we know how to reward the service of him who does us a benefit." Be it so, said the Bráhmana as he went away, and began to think day and night as to how he could accomplish the task.

Once when the hermit was sitting while his food was being cooked, the Bráhmana stole into the place and dropped some new rice into the cooking pot. And when the food was ready the hermit ate it. Thus relieved of the religious prohibition, the Nága greedily ate of the new fruits which he brought down from the trees by pelting at them, and his misery was removed. He then invited the Bráhmana to his house, and told his daughters to entertain the host and benefactor. After a few days had passed, the Bráhmana expressed his wish to return home asking at the same time his youngest daughter, Chandralekhá, in marriage as the favor he was promised. Though the parties were not marriageable (he being a Bráhmana and she a Nága girl), the father consented, and also loaded him with riches. He returned to Narapura where he was passing his days in happiness and mutual affection when the event narrated in the text happened.

---

## APPENDIX C.

SANDHIMATI died impaled by the orders of his master, and his corpse was thrown into the field where the dead were burnt; as has been stated

in the text. The story of his reviving is as follows :— His religious instructor named Ishána, though he was master of his passions, was much afflicted to learn of his death, and went to that place to perform the last ceremonies due to the remains of his pupil. Here he found the body fixed to the pale (pike), and reduced to skeleton, the wolves having devoured the flesh; and the wind was passing through the hole in his head. Ishána began to weep as he disengaged the stick from the body; and driving back the howling wolves, he dragged away the corpse from the place; the hair of his late pupil covered with dust touched his feet. But when he was going to perform the last ceremony, the following lines marked on his forehead by Vidhátá caught his eye : "Poverty so long as he lives, ten years' imprisonment, death on a pale, and then kingdom again." Seeing that the first three lines had agreed with the fact, he became much anxious to know how the fourth would come to pass. He thought that Fate was irresistible, and in spite of every opposition what was writ by Fate must come to happen. He recollected the history of king Pártha of Manipura, who, when killed, was brought back to life by the daughter of a Nága; and Parikshita when burnt in his mother's womb by the arrow of Ashvatthamá, was revived by Krishna. Who but Fate brought to life again Kacha who was burnt by Daitya, and the Nágas who were devoured by Garúda? Saying all these to himself, he watched the skeleton in hope to see it revive again.

Now, at midnight, while he was watching, his thoughts having driven sleep away, he felt the smell of burning incense, and then he heard the loud sound of drums. Soon after he saw Yoginís coming that way with a burning light. They then got hold of the skeleton and ran away with it. Much astonished he ran after them sword in hand. He found them among the trees, seated around the skeleton, and repairing it. Each of them lent it a member of her own body, and having finished the whole, they began to dance around it. The corpse then rose as from a sleep, and each of them began to caress him for which purpose they had brought him to life. When the night began to wane, Ishána feared that they would take back the members which they had supplied, and so he with a yell rushed into their circle. The Yoginís fled at the same time bidding him not to fear, for they would not take back the members they had given, nor would they themselves be mutilated because of their gift; and assuring

him that through their blessings he would be king under the name of Aryyarája.

Sandhimati clothed in heavenly robes and garlands, and remembering the facts before his death, bowed to his Guru. He, too, in excess of delight embraced him whom he never hoped to see alive again. They then, in wise conversation, began to discuss on the worthlessness of the world. The citizens in the meantime having learnt what had happened came to the spot, both young and old, with the ministers of the State. They at first doubted the identity of Sandhimati, but his speech dispelled their doubts. The Bráhmanas then bathed his newly received heavenly body in the neighbouring grove, and he entered the city accompanied by his army.

---

## APPENDIX D.

THE stories that are related of king Meghaváhana, are as follow :— One day when he was walking, he heard a cry near him of "thief thief," and he also heard the voice of weeping. "Who is there, kill the thief," said the king in anger; after which the crying ceased, but he saw not the thief. Two or three days after when he went out to ride, some two or three beautiful women came to him for help. The kind-hearted king stopped his horse, and heard what they had to say. They made their obeisance and said : "O merciful king! Since thou hast begun to reign, who shall fear the oppression of other men ? Once, when the sky was covered with clouds, and the peasants were afraid of a hail storm and anxious to protect their fields of ripened corn, they got angry with the Nágas who were our husbands and raised the cry of 'thief.' You heard it and ordered that thy should be killed, and they were bound with ropes. Now have mercy on us and on them." The king smiled and ordered them to be released. The Nágas, thus freed, bowed to the king and went away with their wives.

It is related that in an expedition which this king led against others, he meditated when his soldiers were sleeping at ease under the Palm trees, how he could conquer the island before him. While thus thinking, he heard a cry from the seaside forest exclaiming "Even in the reign

of Meghavâhana this man is killed." Grieved to hear this the king went to the spot taking with him an umbrella; and there he saw a hunter chief killing a man before the temple of Chandí. "Fie to your wicked act," said the king to the hunter, "you do not know what may betide you." The hunter became afraid, and replied that his child was lying on the point of death, and a heavenly voice had proclaimed that if he sacrificed the man before the shrine of Chandí his child would be saved. For a long time he offered no sacrifice, and hence his child was dying, and his many friends also would die, for the child was the life of all. "You protect the helpless, and why do you not protect the child whose death many will lament." When the king heard the words of the hunter and looked on the suppliant look of the man who was being sacrificed, he thus said "Hear O! hunter, I shall protect both you and your child and its many friends, as also this friendless man. Here I offer myself a sacrifice before the goddess, kill me without fear, and let them both live. Astonished at this great self-sacrifice of the king, the hunter replied "your mercy, O! king, has got the better of your reason; why should you disregard your valuable life which should be saved at the cost of the three worlds? Kings should not care for pride or fame or virtue or wealth or friends or wives or sons when their own life is in danger. Therefore have no mercy on this man. If you live, your subjects as well as my son will live." To this the king who was willing to offer himself a sacrifice thus replied: "What do you know of justice, you who dwell in forests; the inhabitants of the deserts know not the pleasure of bathing in the Ganges. Do you, O! fool, oppose my attempt to buy immortal glory with this mortal body? Speak no more, if you feel hesitation to strike me, cannot I do so with my own sword?" Thus saying he drew his sword, and when he was on the point of striking himself, his hand was stayed by a heavenly being, and his head was crowned with flowers. And he saw not the goddess nor the hunter nor the victim nor the child. A divine personage introduced himself to the king as Varuna. He said that the umbrella which stood over the king's head was captured by the king's father-in-law named Rauma from his city in former times. "Without the umbrella," said Varuna, "our subjects are subjected to endless dangers. Therefore, before

taking back this umbrella, I have tested your kindness, and this magical show was my own creation." The king then delivered the umbrella to Varuna, and also offered prayers to him, and said that "even the kalpa tree was not equal to good beings. For the tree gave blessings when asked, while the good gave benefits unasked. If you had not asked the umbrella for the benefit of your subjects, but had taken it for your own use, your act would not have been righteous. Charitable men do not favor their dependants by halves, a tree gives shade as well as fruits. Urged by my dependants I ask for some favor. With your favor I have conquered the whole earth, now advise me how I can cross the ocean to the island." Then replied Varuna that "if you wish to cross the sea I will make its water hard." The king acknowledged the favor when the god disappeared with the umbrella. On the next day, the king crossed the hardened sea with his astonished army.

It is said that some time after he had forbidden the killing of animals, a Bráhmana took his dead son and came to the king's door and began to weep. He said that as he had given no sacrifice to Durgá who wanted some, his only son had died of fever that day. "If you do not save my son O! king! by permitting the sacrifice of a living being I shall hold thee as the cause of the child's death. Say thou O! chief of men! if there is no difference between the life of a Bráhmana and that of a beast. Those kings are dead, O! mother earth! who killed even Rishis to save Bráhmanas." When the Bráhmana had said these and other harsh words through grief, the king thought that he had resolved not to kill animals, and asked himself if he should break his vow for the Bráhmana. "But if he dies for me," he thought, "I shall be guilty of greater sin, my mind is in doubt, nor can it choose either alternative, like the flower which falls in the whirl-pool where many currents meet. Therefore, by sacrificing myself, I shall satisfy Durgá, I shall save the life of the Bráhmana and of his son, as well as keep my promise." Thus determining he dismissed the Bráhmana, promising to revive his son the next day. In the night, when the king was going to sacrifice himself, Durgá prevented him from so doing, and brought the Bráhmana's dead son to life again.

# APPENDIX E.

The visit of Shiva to the king is thus narrated:

At Shrí hill the prince met a follower of Shiva named Ashvapáda, who gave him some roots, &c., to eat and said that in a former birth he (Ashvapáda) had attained perfection and had asked the prince what he wanted, and the prince had asked to have a kingdom. "And when I was thinking as to how your desire could be attained, Mahádeva said to me that you were his favored follower, and that he would fulfil your desire. Thus saying, Mahádeva disappeared." These words reminded the prince of his former life, and with a desire of getting the kingdom, he worshipped Shiva for one year, after which period Shiva appeared to him in the form of a hermit, and promised him to give whatever he wanted. The prince wanted to be king of the world. "Wherefore do you ask," questioned the god in the form of a hermit, "temporary enjoyment instead of salvation." The prince answered, "I asked you for the kingdom believing you to be a false hermit, for surely you are not Shiva, the great guru of the world. For the great give more than what is asked of them, they will give milk if a thirsty man asks for water. You cannot know the pain which I feel for not getting salvation." Shiva became glad, and showed his real person to him and said that "in due course, when you will be reigning, Ashvapáda by my orders will warn you of your salvation." When Shiva disappeared, the prince took leave of Ashvapáda and came to Káshmíra.

The death of king Pravarasena is thus told:

By the orders of Shiva, Ashvapáda addressed one Jayanta, a Káshmírian Bráhmana, saying "I hope you are not weary of travelling, show this letter to the king." But the Bráhmana said that he was weary of travelling, and could not set out that day. Whereupon Ashvapáda replied that he was a hermit of the class that carried human skulls, and as he had touched him, he should bathe. So saying he pushed the Bráhmana into a pond. Rising from the water, when Jayanta opened his eyes, he saw himself in his native country, and the servants of the king busy in fetching water from the river for the king to worship. Jayanta found opportunity to put the billet hastily in one of the water-vessels. Now, when the king was bathing Shiva Pravaresha, the letter dropped from the pot, he

read it, and sent for Jayanta whom he dismissed satisfied with royal presents. The contents of the letter were as follow :— "You have done what should have been done, you have given large gifts, and enjoyed what should have been enjoyed, your years are on the decline, what more shall you do? Come to the house of Shiva." The king ascended the heaven piercing through the stony house and the people saw him going towards Kailása across the clear sky, like another sun. The king reached the court of Shiva in his human body. Even to this day may be seen the passage through which the king made his exit into heaven.

Jayanta who got riches by this strange means, built a village inhabited by Bráhmanas, and called it after his name.

---

# APPENDIX F.

The selection of the spot for the construction of the new city is thus narrated :—

One night the king set out in order to ascertain the best place and time to build his city. The stars were reflected on the jewels of his crown, and looked like mustard kept for charming away evil spirits. He then saw on the banks of a river the trees lighted up by the light of the burning dead; and on the other side of the river he saw a gigantic Rákshasa with hands uplifted and making a hedious yell. The fiery glance of the Rákshasa fell on him which made him turn pale; while the being filled the air with yells, and laughing aloud, said "If you and Vikramáditya and Shúdraka be excepted, patience exists not in this earth. I will O king! fulfil your desire, so cross the bridge and come over to my side." So saying he stretched his leg and made a bridge of it over the river. Seeing the bridge made of his limb, the king drew out his knife, and having cut out some flesh he made something like steps. The place where he crossed is still called Kshurikávála. When the king had gone over to the other side, the Rákshasa advised him to build the city where in the morning the king would see a thread spread by him, and then disappeared. In the village of Sháritaka the seat of Yaksha Atta and the goddess Sháriká, the king found the thread left by the Rákshasa.

# APPENDIX G.

Here is an account of the lives of this king and queen on their previous births :—

The king in his former life was a dice-player; he lost everything in the play, and became indifferent to worldly life. He then wished to commit suicide. Thus dice-players are never satisfied till they have lost everything. But then he felt a desire to see the goddess Bhramaravásiní who was in the Vindhyá hills, though the attempt might cost him his life, and to get her blessing. For five yoyanas round the place where the goddess resided, the black bees used to sting those who approached, and so made the place inaccessible. But the dice-player thought light of the danger, for life he thought was transient. He first covered himself with mail, then with buffalo hide, and then with clay and dung. The sun dried up the clay, which gave him pain, and he looked like a moving brick. Despairing of life he left the direct way and went through deep dark caverns. The noise of the black bees which deafened the ear, rose like the sound of death. The dust that rose from the first layer of clay blinded their eyes, and though they stung, yet they could not oppose him. They retired for a time, but after the pilgrim had proceeded three yoyanas, the first layer of clay was all rubbed away. Then the bees fell on the buffalo hide, and made a loud "chata-chatá" sound. When he had proceeded half a yoyana more, he knew by the "rana-raná" sound that the bees had fallen on his iron mail. He then began to run fast, but the iron cover was cut by the bees and fell off from his body, but still he did not lose patience. When the house of the goddess was yet two kroshas distant, he began to run driving the black bees with his hands. When he reached her house, only bones and small blood-vessels were left, his flesh being torn off; and his eyes were protected with his hands. Then the bees ceased to sting, he looked round, and fell almost dead at the feet of the goddess. The goddess touched him with her hand and revived him, and renewed his body and made it good. He soon revived by the touch of the heavenly hand and looked round, but saw not the awful figure of the goddess seated on the lion that he had seen when he had entered the room. But he saw a young woman

by the side of a tank in the midst of a garden. Her necklace was flowing over her swelling bosom, her small feet were dyed red, and her lips were of the same color. Her hair was black, and moon-like was her face, and small was her waist. Finding her so lovely and alone, he felt a passion for her, and thought her to be an Apsará. The girl then addressed him with kindness "you have suffered weariness in your way, O! beautiful, rest yourself and ask for blessing." "My weariness is gone," replied he, "at your sight, and how can I ask you for blessing, you are not the goddess." "How you are mistaken," exclaimed she, "be I goddess or not I can bestow favor on you." When she promised that she would give him whatever he might ask for, he disrespectfully asked permission to be familiar with her. "How evil-minded you are," she exclaimed, "ask for any thing else, for I am the goddess Bhramaravásiní." Even when he knew her to be the goddess, his mind would not be calm, for who can oppose desires even to the next life. He said that if she wished to redeem her promise, she must grant what he had asked for, for he wished for nothing else. "Not the least part of that," continued he, "which is fixed by fate is left undone. Be you goddess or be you the wife of Shiva, be you hedious or lovely, I see in you the same being that I saw before." Seeing him fixed in his determination, she said that his desire would be fulfilled in his next birth. "Heavenly beings do not wish to cohabit with mortals, so begone," she said and disappeared. He then went to Prayága, and fell from the Vata tree; his soul left his body, wishing in the last moment that the words of the goddess might be fulfilled. He then became Ranáditya, and the goddess became Ranarambhá in their next births, and they did not forget the history of their past births.

---

## APPENDIX H.

The following story is related of the two images mentioned in the text :—

On the day following, when the ceremony of invoking the divine spirit into the images was about to be commenced, an astrologer from a foreign country found fault with the images as they were filled with frogs and stones inside. And when

the king was meditating as to what to do, his goddess queen said to him that when the daughter of Himálaya was being married to Shiva, Brahmá who served as priest worshipped Vishnu. But since it was as useless to worship Vishnu alone as to worship Sakti without Linga, he made a Linga also. These images of Vishnu and Linga were then taken from Brahmá by Rávana and were worshipped at Lanká, and were kept there for a long time. But after Rávana's death, the monkeys took possession of them, and not knowing their value, threw them into the lake Mánasa. "From that lake, I have caused them to be taken out, and you shall see them to-morrow morning." She then went into her apartment, and through her invisible agents, caused them to be got out of the lake, and the king to his great surprise saw them in the morning. Suddenly another image of Shiva, named Ranasvámí, arose from the earth penetrating the ground, and then ascended to the heaven unperceived. Some say, however, that it was seen by all men. In honor of this god, the queen made the holy Siddha versed in Vedas perform many religious ceremonies. Before god Pradyumna, the king and the queen raised two images of Shiva, named Ranárambhasvámí, and built a house for Shaivas.

## APPENDIX I.

Once upon a time a Bráhmana woman appeared in the court, and, when asked by a Justice as to the reason of her coming, replied to the king that her husband had been murdered, while the punisher of the wicked still reigned. It was a shame to a holy king that an untimely death should overtake his subject. "If you attribute it to Kali yuga," she continued, "still you should not be indifferent to such a heinous crime. I do not remember that my husband had quarrels with any one. He was neither envious, nor arrogant, nor avaricious, but of sweet words, and spoke with every one, nor did he bear malice to any." She then said, that she suspected one Bráhmana who lived near Mákshikasvámí, who was of the same age with her husband, and was his fellow-student, though inferior to him in learning, and who knew magic. "The ignorant and the low," she said, "oppose out of envy the doings of the great, in order to dim their reputation. He who frequents not

the house of prostitutes is not a bad character, he who injures not others, does not remain in constant fear, he who talks not much, speaketh no lie, he who is not a Káyastha, is not ungrateful, he who is not born in the house of a bountiful man, is not avaricious, he who is not envious is not ever unhappy, he who is not henpecked is not laughed at, he who is not old, speaks not politely, he who is not illegitimate, does not blame his father, he who is not in love is not bashful, he who is not half-educated is not vicious. This is the true saying." When she had said thus, the king ordered the suspected Bráḥmana to be brought and to be examined by ordeal. Whereupon the Bráhmana woman again said "O king! he knows magic, and can remain under water, so that examination by ordeal will be useless for him." "How can we act," replied the king, "against law, when the crime is not proved, punishment cannot be awarded to any one, far less to a Bráhmana, who, even when guilty, cannot be killed." But the Bráhmana woman said that she had taken food for four nights, and had not followed her husband to the other world, only to have that criminal punished; and if he was not punished, she would starve herself to death.

When the Bráhmana woman remained without food, the king also remained in the same state, trusting on the god Tribhuvanasvámí. When three nights were thus passed, at about dawn, the king learnt the truth from Tribhuvanasvámí in a dream. "You should not," said the god, "thus seek for divine revelation in Kali yuga, for who can bring the sun in the middle of the night? But only on account of your virtues, you will be favored with the revelation for once. Scatter in the yard of my temple the powdered dust of shâli grain, and let every one go round over it, and then you will be able to know the murderer by his foot-marks which will be like those of the Bráhmana-slayer, and he should be punished. Do this during night, for in the day time the sun eliminates sins." The king, accordingly, found out the criminal and punished him, though he did not kill him for he was a Bráhmana. When the man was punished, the woman blessed the king, and said that of all kings he and Kártavíryya alone had punished offenders for sins done in secret. "While you reign, O king! who can live without feeling for you love or friendship."

# APPENDIX J.

The king was greater than Indra, his orders were not slighted even by gods. Once, for instance, when he was encamping with his army on the shores of the Eastern Sea (Bay of Bengal), he ordered for a Kapittha fruit, and his men knew not whence to bring it. But a being from heaven brought the thing to him. The king accepted the present and made a sign to his sentinel to ask who he was. The person replied that he was the gardener of Indra, and had been sent by his master, and that he had some message to deliver in private. The sentinel, accordingly, removed other men from the king's presence. He then said that Indra had sent him a message which, though harsh, was intended for his good, and which he would have the goodness to forgive. "Hear, O king!" continued the messenger of Indra, "why even in Kali yuga, your words have been obeyed by gods. In your previous life, you were employed by a rich villager to till his grounds. One summer day, you were driving your bullocks in a wood where there was no water, and in the evening, when you were tired with the day's work, some one brought to you cake and water from your master's house. But when, after washing your hands and feet, you were going to eat, you saw a Bráhmana dying of hunger. He forbade you to eat, since he was dying of starvation; and, though the man who brought to you your food advised you not to give it to the Bráhmana, yet you gladly gave him half of the cake and water, sweetening your offer with kind words. And for that timely gift the gods undertook to obey one hundred of your orders. It is for this that rivers of pure water have flowed at your bidding in the sandy desert. Though the gift be small, yet, when given in good spirit and with kind words, and to a deserving person, is more beneficial than Kalpa tree. But with indiscretion you have wellnigh spent the stock of one hundred orders, and there are only a few remaining. Being a wise man, why have you lost your discretion like an ordinary king? How can the fruit that grows in Káshmíra in the rainy season be had in winter in the shores of the Eastern Sea? That the gods obey you wherever you may be, is owing to the gift you made in your former life. Now, in the East, Indra obeys you with reluctance, you having come nearly to the end of your stock

of orders. Do not give such orders unless in emergency, for there are only a few remaining which will be obeyed." The king became astonished to learn the value of gifts, and to obtain such benefits again, he caused a permanent asylum for the poor to be built at Parihásapura; and to this asylum he presented one lac and one plates with food. And for the same reason, he also caused a city to be constructed in a barren place, that thirsty men might find water there.

---

## APPENDIX K.

The following is the story told of the mysterious jewels:—Changkuna used to augment gold in the king's treasury by magic. In Pangchanada at the confluence of the rivers the king was once detained with his army being unable to cross over, and consulted with his minister as to the means of crossing. At this time Changkuna threw a jewel into the deep river, which divided the waters into two parts, and when the king and his army had crossed the river to the other side, the magician drew out his talisman by another jewel, and the waters flowed as before. Astonished at this, the king praised him and asked for those two jewels. Changkuna smiled and said that they were fit for himself but were unworthy of the king. A good thing is admired when among common things and not when it is with other good things. The moon-stone which perspires in the moonlight is fit to be seen at the sea-shore and not when it is under the sea (its moisture being then lost in the sea water). The king smiled and asked what better jewels he possessed. "Give me those," he continued, "in exchange of what you think to be more precious, or of whatever I have in my treasury." "This is a great boon," said Changkuna, "oblige me by giving what I desire, the statue of Buddha which you brought on elephant from Magadha. Take the jewels that will carry thee safe through the waters, and give me that which will carry me safe through this world." The king made the exchange.

---

# APPENDIX L.

The discovery of the copper ore is thus related :—

One day the king saw in a vision a heavenly person who told him "I am Mohápadma, king of the Nágas. I am happy in your friendship and live in your kingdom, and now I come to ask you for protection. A charmer from Drávira wants to capture me and sell me to the people of a desert where they are hankering after water. If you can protect me from him, I shall show you a hill where gold can be found." The king heard these words in dream, and caused the charmer to be brought and asked him his purpose, assuring him at the same time of his safety. The charmer confessed to him all that the king had heard in his dream, whereupon the king wondered, and again asked him as to how he could take out the serpent from the lake which extended over several yojanas. "O king!" replied the charmer, "the powers of magic are beyond thought, and if you want to see it, come quickly." The king then followed him to the lake which the magician dried up by his arrow discharged with spells. The king then saw in the mud, surrounded by numerous other serpents, a snake having the face of man, and a span in length. "I have shortened him by my spells," said the charmer, "and I capture him now." But the king forbade him to capture the king of the snakes. The magician obeyed the king, and made the lake full of water as it was before. The king dismissed the Drávarian with gifts of money, and wondered the serpent did not show him the promised hill where gold was to be found. When he thought thus, the serpent appeared to him in a dream, and asked him, "For what benefit shall I show you the golden mount? It is through the chance of birth that one country is our native land, and another foreign, there is no real difference between them. For fear of humiliation I asked your protection, but you subjected me to that humiliation. What is more humiliating than to be insulted before those whom I protect? How shall I see the faces of my females who found me unable to save them from the power of another? You and myself are born of the same source, but for your pastime we were insulted. Those who are blind with their prosperity and heedless in their action, think that they have done great favors in whatever they

do. Kings deem it but play to insult others, but those who are insulted, think themselves as dead as long as they breathe. Kings slight the honor of other people when it comes in contact with their interest, but great men try to preserve their honor even at the sacrifice of life. How can they understand what honor is, who insult the proud. Still however your expectations from me will not be altogether disappointed, for I shall show you the hill where there is copper ore." Then he gave such directions in dream as enabled the king, when he rose in the morning, to discover the hill with copper ore.

# *List of Kings of Káshmíra.*

| | Kali. | Saka. | Loukika.* | B. C. | Period of reign. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Book I— | | (Before) | | | Y. M. D. |
| Gonanda I ... .. | 653 | 2526 | I 28 | 2448 | |
| Dámodara I ... .. | | | | | |
| Yasovati ... ... | | | | | |
| Gonanda II ... ... | | | | | |
| [Here records of 35 kings are lost.] ... | | | | | |
| Lava ... ... | | | | | |
| Kusheshaya ... ... | | | | | |
| Khagendra ... ... | | | | | |
| Surendra ... ... | | | | | 1226† |
| Godhara ... ... | | | | | |
| Suvarna ... ... | | | | | |
| Janaka ... ... | | | | | |
| Shachinara ... ... | | | | | |
| Ashoka ... ... | | | | | |
| Jaloka ... ... | | | | | |
| Dámodara II ... ... | | | | | |
| Hushka, Jushka, and Kanishka ... ... | | | | | |
| Abhimanyu I... ... | | | | | |

* In Appendix A we calculated the Loukika era by fixing the century in which Kahlana wrote as the first. But we find it more convenient to make the century in which Gonanda reigned as the first. According to this calculation the reign of Gonanda began on the 28th year of the century, in which he reigned, or what we now call the first century. For we know that Kahlana wrote the work 3,596 years after the commencement of Gonanda's reign, and that this was the 24th year of a new century. This century, therefore, must have begun 3,572 years after the commencement of Gonanda's reign. Therefore our first Loukika century must have commenced 28 years before the commencement of Gonanda's reign; or Gonanda reigned on the 28th year of the first century, which we represent in the table thus.—I 28.

† These are from Gonanda I to Abhimanyu, 52 kings, whose accounts were lost, but of whom Kahlana could find the names of all except 35.

| | Kali. | Saka. | Loukika. | B. C. | Period of reign. | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | (Before) | | | Y. | M. | D. |
| Gonanda III ... ... | 1919 | 1260 | XIII 94 | 1182 | 35 | 0 | 0 |
| Vibhíshana I ... ... | 1954 | 1225 | XIV 29 | 1147 | 53 | 0 | 0 |
| Indrajita ... ... | 2007 | 1172 | XIV 82 | 1094 | 35 | 6 | 0 |
| Rávana ... ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | | | |
| Vibhishana II ... | 2043 | 1136 | XV 18 | 1058 | 35 | 6 | 0 |
| Nara *alias* Kinnara ... | 2078 | 1101 | XV 53 | 1023 | 39 | 9 | 0 |
| Sidha ... ... | 2118 | 1061 | XV 93 | 983 | 60 | 0 | 0 |
| Utpaláksha ... ... | 2178 | 1001 | XVI 53 | 923 | 30 | 6 | 0 |
| Hiranyáksha ... ... | 2208 | 971 | XVI 83 | 893 | 37 | 7 | 0 |
| Hiranyakula ... ... | 2246 | 933 | XVII 21 | 855 | 60 | 0 | 0 |
| Mukula *alias* Vasukula... | 2306 | 873 | XVII 81 | 795 | 60 | 0 | 0 |
| Mihirakula ... ... | 2366 | 813 | XVIII 41 | 735 | 70 | 0 | 0 |
| Vaka ... ... | 2436 | 743 | XIX 11 | 665 | 63 | 0 | 13 |
| Kshitinanda ... ... | 2499 | 680 | XIX 74 | 602 | 30 | 0 | 0 |
| Vasunanda ... ... | 2529 | 650 | XX 4 | 572 | 52 | 2 | 0 |
| Nara II ... ... | 2581 | 598 | XX 56 | 520 | 60 | 0 | 0 |
| Aksha ... ... | 2641 | 538 | XXI 16 | 460 | 60 | 0 | 0 |
| Gopáditya ... ... | 2701 | 478 | XXI 76 | 400 | 60 | 0 | 6 |
| Gokarna ... ... | 2761 | 418 | XXII 36 | 340 | 57 | 11 | 0 |
| Narendráditya I *alias* Khingkhila ... ... | 2819 | 360 | XXII 94 | 282 | 36 | 3 | 10 |
| Yudhisthira I... ... | 2855 | 324 | XXIII 30 | 246 | 79 | 5 | 10* |
| Book II— | | | | | | | |
| Pratápáditya I ... | 2934 | 245 | XXIV 9 | 167 | 32 | 0 | 0 |
| Jalauka ... ... | 2966 | 213 | XXIV 41 | 135 | 32 | 0 | 0 |
| Tungjina I ... ... | 2998 | 181 | XXIV 73 | 103 | 36 | 0 | 0 |
| Vijaya ... ... | 3034 | 145 | XXV 9 | 67 | 8 | 0 | 0 |
| Jayendra ... ... | 3042 | 137 | XXV 17 | 59 | 37 | 0 | 0 |
| Sandhimati *alias* Aryyarája ... ... | 3079 | 100 | XXV 54 | 22 | 47 | 0 | 0 |

* The period of the reign of Yudhisthira I is not mentioned in the text, but the above figure has been obtained by subtracting the total period of reigns of the previous kings from the total period of reigns of all the kings given at the end of Book I.

| | Kali. | Saka. | Loukika. | A.D. | Period of reign. Y. | M. | D. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **Book III**— | | (Before) | | | | | |
| Meghaváhana ... ... | 3126 | 53 | XXVI 1 | 25 | 34 | 0 | 0 |
| Shreshtasena *alias* Pravarasena I *alias* Tungjina II ... ... | 3160 | 19 | XXVI 35 | 59 | 30 | 0 | 0 |
| | | After | | | | | |
| Hiranya ... ... | 3190 | 11 | XXVI 65 | 89 | 30 | 2 | 0 |
| Mátrigupta ... .. | 3221 | 42 | XXVI 96 | 120 | 4 | 9 | 1 |
| Pravarasena II ... | 3226 | 47 | XXVII 1 | 125 | 60 | 0 | 0 |
| Yudhishthira II ... | 3286 | 107 | XXVII 61 | 185 | 21 | 3 | 0 |
| Narendráditya I *alias* Lakshmana ... ... | 3307 | 128 | XXVII 82 | 206 | 13 | 0 | 0 |
| Ranáditya I *alias* Tungjina III ... ... | 3320 | 141 | XXVII 95 | 219 | 300 | 0 | 0 |
| Vikramáditya... ... | 3620 | 441 | XXX 95 | 519 | 42 | 0 | 0 |
| Báláditya ... ... | 3662 | 483 | XXXI 37 | 561 | 37 | 4 | 0 |
| **Book IV**— | | | | | | | |
| Durlabhavardhana ... | 3699 | 520 | XXXI 74 | 598 | 36 | 0 | 0 |
| Durlabhaka *alias* Pratápáditya II ... ... | 3735 | 556 | XXXII 10 | 634 | 50 | 0 | 0 |
| Chandrápíra *alias* Vajráditya I ... ... | 3785 | 606 | XXXII 60 | 684 | 8 | 8 | 0 |
| Tárápíra ... ... | 3794 | 615 | XXXII 69 | 693 | 4 | 0 | 24 |
| Lalitáditya I ... ... | 3798 | 619 | XXXII 73 | 697 | 36 | 7 | 11 |
| Kuvalayápíra ... | 3834 | 655 | XXXIII 9 | 733 | 1 | 0 | 15 |
| Vajráditya II *alias* Vappiyaka *alias* Lalitáditya II ... ... | 3835 | 656 | XXXIII 10 | 734 | 7 | 0 | 0 |
| Prithivyápíra I ... | 3842 | 663 | XXXIII 17 | 741 | 4 | 1 | 0 |
| Sangrámapíra I ... | 3846 | 667 | XXXIII 21 | 745 | 0 | 0 | 7 |
| Jayápíra (together with usurpation of Jajja) ... | 3846 | 667 | XXXIII 21 | 745 | 31 | 0 | 0 |

| | Kali. | Saka. | Loukika. | A.D. | Period of reign. | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | (After) | | | Y. | M. | D. |
| Lalitápira ... .. | 3877 | 698 | XXXIII 52 | 776 | 12 | 0 | 0 |
| Sangrámapíra II *alias* Prithivyápíra II ... | 3889 | 710 | XXXIII 64 | 788 | 7 | 0 | 0 |
| Chippatajayápira *alias* Vrihaspati ... ... | 3896 | 717 | XXXIII 71 | 795 | 12 | 0 | 0 |
| Ajitápira ... ... | 3914 | 735 | XXXIII 89* | 813 | 36 | 0 | 0 |
| Ananggapíra ... ... | 3950 | 771 | XXXIV 25 | 849 | 3 | 0 | 0 |
| Utpalápira ... .. | 3953 | 774 | XXXIV 28 | 852 | 3 | 0 | 0 |
| Book V— | | | | | | | |
| Avantivarmmá ... | 3956 | 777 | XXXIV 31 | 855 | 28 | 0 | 0 |
| Shangkaravarmmá ... | 3984 | 805 | XXXIV 59 | 883 | 18 | 8 | 4 |
| Gopálavarmmá ... | 4003 | 824 | XXXIV 78 | 902 | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Sangkata ... ... | 4005 | 826 | XXXIV 80 | 904 | 0 | 0 | 10 |
| Sugandhá ... ... | 4005 | 826 | XXXIV 80 | 904 | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Pártha ... ... | 4007 | 828 | XXXIV 82 | 906 | 15 | 10 | 0 |
| Nirjjitavarmmá ... | 4022 | 843 | XXXIV 97 | 921 | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Chakravarmmá ... | 4023 | 844 | XXXIV 98 | 922 | 10 | 0 | 0 |
| Shuravarmmá I .. | 4034 | 855 | XXXV 9 | 933 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Pártha (2nd time) ... | 4035 | 856 | XXXV 10 | 934 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Chakravarmmá (2nd time) ... ... | 4036 | 857 | XXXV 11 | 935 | 0 | 6 | 0 |
| Shambhubardhana ... Chakravarmmá (3rd time) ... ... | 4036 | 857 | XXXV 11 | 935 | 1 | 5 | 0 |
| Unmattávanti ... | 4038 | 859 | XXXV 13 | 937 | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Suravarmmá II ... | 4040 | 861 | XXXV 15 | 939 | ... | | |
| Book VI— | | | | | | | |
| Yashaskara ... .. | 4040 | 861 | XXXV 15 | 939 | 9 | 0 | 0 |
| Varnata ... ... | 4049 | 870 | XXXV 24 | 948 | ... | | |

* According to our calculation, the reign of Ajitápira would fall in the year XXXIII, 83; but as it is mentioned in the text that he reigned in 89, we adopt it. There is thus a difference of only 6 years. Calculation according to other eras has been similarly modified.

| | Kali. | Saka. | Loukika. | A.D. | Period of reign. | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | (After) | | | | | |
| Sanggráma I ... ... | 4049 | 870 | XXXV 24 | 948 | ·0 | 6 | 0 |
| Parvvagupta ... ... | 4049 | 870 | XXXV 24 | 948 | 1 | 4 | 0 |
| Kshemagupta... ... | 4051 | 872 | XXXV 26 | 950 | 8 | 6 | 0 |
| Abhimanyu II ... | 4059 | 880 | XXXV 34 | 958 | 13 | 10 | 0 |
| Nandigupta ... ... | 4073 | 894 | XXXV 48 | 972 | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Tribhuvanagupta ... | 4074 | 895 | XXXV 49 | 973 | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Bhímagupta ... ... | 4076 | 897 | XXXV 51 | 975 | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| Diddá ... ... | 4081 | 902 | XXXV 56 | 980 | 23 | 0 | 0 |
| Book VII— | | | | | | | |
| Sanggrámarája *alias* Kshamápati ... | 4104 | 925 | XXXV 79 | 1003 | 24 | 10 | 0 |
| Harirája ... ... | 4129 | 950 | XXXVI 4 | 1028 | 0 | 0 | 22 |
| Anantadeva ... ... | 4129 | 950 | XXXVI 4 | 1028 | 35 | 1 | 5 |
| Ranáditya II *alias* Kalasha ... .. | 4164 | 985 | XXXVI 39 | 1063 | 26 | 4 | 0 |
| Utkarsha ... ... | 4190 | 1011 | XXXVI 65 | 1089 | 0 | 0 | 22 |
| Harsha ... ... | 4190 | 1011 | XXXVI 65 | 1089 | 11 | 8 | 13 |
| (died) ... | 4202 | 1023 | XXXVI 77 | 1101 | ... | | |

After Kahlana's death, his narrative was continued by four other chroniclers successively and their work constitutes the subject matter of Volume III.

An important feature of the present set of volumes is the inclusion in Volume II of a masterly review of Kahlana's work by R. C. Dutt, analysing its contents and structure, which had originally appeared in the Calcutta Review.

Rs. 900 (Set)